

Eliza Chaplin 1777

THE
T A L E S
OF THE
G E N I I:
OR, THE
DELIGHTFUL LESSONS
OF
H O R A M,
THE SON OF ASMAR.

Faithfully TRANSLATED from the
PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT;
AND

Compared with the French and Spanish EDITIONS
Published at PARIS and MADRID.

By Sir CHARLES MORELL,
Formerly Ambassador from the British Settlements in India
to the GREAT MOGUL;

VOLUME II.

L O N D O N:
Printed for J. WILKIE, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.
MDCCCLXIV.

THE
T. A. L. E. S.
OF THE
G. E. N. I. I.
OF THE
DELICIOUS LESSONS
OF
M. A. R. O.
THE SON OF ASMAR.



Compared with the original and second editions
Published at Paris and Madrid.

By ST CHARLES MORRELL
Formerly Ambassador from the British Government in India
to the Great Mogul.

VOLUME II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WALKER, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

MDCCLXIV.



THE
T A L E S
OF THE
G E N I I.



THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF
THE INCHANTERS; OR MIS-
NAR, THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.

THE Sultan, though much averse
to such Pageantry, was yet per-
suaded by his Viziar to sleep in his
new Pavilion, and the glorious
Appearance which it made, brought Thou-
sands to view the magnificent Abode of their
Sultan.

The Account of this splendid Tent, soon
reached *Abubal's* Army, and every one extolled
the glorious Pavilion, so that *Abubal's* Tent
seemed as nothing in Comparison of the Sultan's.

VOL. II.

B

Akaback

2 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

Ababack and *Desra*, who were in the Prince's Pavilion, hearing the Account, resolved to go invisibly and examine it.

They left the Prince, and putting each a Ring on their Fingers, passed the Centinels and Watches of both Armies.

But if the Sight of the Pavilion filled them with Malice and Envy, the Histories of their Brethren's Death increased that Malice, and urged them to Revenge.

They returned hastily to *Abubal's* Pavilion, and related to him what they had seen.

Abubal's Heart rankled at their Account, and his Visage fell, to hear how much his Brother had outdone him in Magnificence.

"Get me a Tent more splendid than the Sultan's, said he to the Inchanters, or disband your Armies, and leave me to my Fate!"

"My Prince, answered *Ababack*, let not such a Trifle discompose you : It is true, we could in a Moment erect a Pavilion more magnificent than the Sultan's, but it will be most glorious to dispossess him of that which he has built, and to set my Prince upon the Throne of his Father, for which Purpose, let the Trumpets sound on the Morrow; the Truce is at an End, or if it were not, we mean not to keep our Faith with an Usurper; and ere the Sultan be prepared, let us fall upon
6 "him;

“ him; who knows but we may sleep To-morrow Night in this Pavilion, which now causes our Uneasiness.”

The Counsel of *Ababack* pleased both *Desra* and *Abubal*, and they gave Orders for the Troops to march in the Morning, and attack the Army of the Sultan.

The Forces of *Misnar* were sleeping in their Tents, when the Alarm was spread that the Enemy were upon them.

The Viziar *Horam* arose in Haste, and put himself at the Head of the Army; but instead of leading them to their Enemies, he fled off to the Right with the choicest of the Troops, and took Possession of a Pass in the Mountains behind the Pavilion, from whence he sent a Messenger to the Sultan, that he had secured him a Retreat, in Case the Armies of *Abubal* should conquer.

The Sultan being at the Extremity of his Army, knew not of the confused Attack, till it was too late to redeem his lost Opportunity. He collected his scattered Troops together, and led them toward the Enemy, at the same Time sending a Message to *Horam* to leave the Mountains and support him.

The Captains and Officers that followed *Misnar*, behaved with great Resolution and Intrepidity, and the Sultan exposed himself frequently

4 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

to the Darts and missile Weapons of his Enemies; till overpowered by Numbers, and his own Troops on all Sides giving Way, through the Confusion which prevaled, he was forced to make to the Mountains, where his Viziar still continued, though he had received the Sultan's Commands.

The Troops of *Akubal* pursued the Sultan's scattered Forces to the Mountains, where the Viziar's Troops opened to receive their Friends, and then opposed the Rebels, who were faint with the Fatigues of the Day.

After a great Slaughter the Rebels were forced to give over, and returned to the Encampment of the Sultan, from whence they loaded themselves with the Spoils of their Enemies.

Ababack and *Defra* were greatly elated at their Success, and *Abubal*, in one Day, found himself Master of *India*; his Brother defeated; and his gaudy Pavilion wrested from him.

Akubal beheld with Surprise the Magnificence of the Pavilion, and seeing the invidious Workmanship on the Outside, where the Deaths of his former Friends were displayed:

“ *Ababack* and *Defra* said the Prince, it is but
“ just that you should revenge yourselves on my
“ proud Brother. For my Part, I can never in-
“ habit a Pavilion which was meant to triumph
“ over my Friends; but you may justly take up
“ your

“ your Abode here, that the Nations may at once
 “ learn, when they see you in this Pavilion,
 “ the former Misfortunes of your Brethren, and
 “ your present and well-earned Success. Where-
 “ fore To-night, my Friends, take up your
 “ Residence here, as this Place is most worthy
 “ to hold you, and To-morrow I will order my
 “ Workmen to remove the Pavilion next my
 “ own.”

The Inchanters were pleased at the Speech of
Abubal, and the Banquet was prepared for the
 Conquerors, in the gay Pavilion of the unfortu-
 nate Sultan, while he remained among the
 Mountains, wanting even the Necessaries of
 Life for himself and his Army.

But the Sultan's Misfortunes did not make
 him forget the Cause of them. He called a
 Council of his Captains, and commanded the
 Viziar *Horam* to be brought before them. The
 Viziar was condemned by every Voice, and *Mis-
 nar*, with Tears in his Eyes, pronounced the
 Sentence of Death against him.

“ To-morrow, said the Sultan, must the
 “ ill-fated *Horam* be numbered with the Dead.”

Horam heard the Sentence without Emotion :

“ My Life, said he, is in the Hand of my Lord,
 “ and he is welcome to the Blood of his Slave.”

The

6 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

The Viziar was then ordered into the Custody of an hundred Men, and a Captain was appointed to guard him until the Morning.

The unfortunate Sultan then retired to Rest, in an obscure Tent, or rather not to rest, but to an irksome Contemplation.

“ My Kingdom, said he, is passed from me,
 “ and worse than my Kingdom, my Friend,
 “ my dearly beloved *Horam*, has proved a Traitor
 “ to his Master ! Were we not as the Cedars of
 “ the Forest, and grew together as the Trees
 “ that are planted beside the Rivers of *Arvar* !
 “ Our Souls were as twin Sisters, and our
 “ Minds were like the Stars *Leman* and *Upnor*,
 “ which twinkle not singly in the Dead of
 “ Night ! The Heart of *Misnar* was in the Bo-
 “ som of his Friend, it lay upon his Bosom as
 “ the Infant lieth in its Mother’s Arms, it
 “ smiled, and was secure on the Bosom of
 “ *Horam* ———.”

As the Sultan was filled with these Meditations, his Guards gave him Notice, that the Captain who was set over the Viziar, had brought *Horam* to communicate an Affair of Moment to him.

“ Is there Deceit in *Horam*, said the Sultan,
 “ that he cometh like a Thief in the Night ; if
 “ *Horam* is false, farewell my Life, let him that
 “ destroyed my Kingdom, complete his Ingrati-
 “ tude by finishing my Fate !”

The

The Captain then entered the Tent of his Sultan, with *Horam* in Chains.

“ Life of my Life, and Master of my Thoughts, said the Viziar; ere I die, I am constrained to shew thee among these Mountains, far greater Riches than are in thy Palace at *Delly*, or in the Tents of thine Enemies; Riches that will restore thy Affairs, and turn thy Tears into Showers of Joy.”

“ Are not you satisfied, said *Misnar*, O ill-fated *Horam*, that you come to deceive me with new Illusions. Where is my Kingdom! Where my Royalty! where my Army? by thy fatal Counsels destroyed, overwhelmed, confounded! Now then lead the Way, and let me see these curious Treasures which are to recompense the Loss of all my Hopes.”

The Captain then led *Horam* out of the Tent, and the Sultan followed.

The Viziar being in Chains, moved but slowly, and the Captain of the Guard dismissing his Men, drew his Sabre, and held it naked over the Head of the Viziar.

The Darkness of the Night prevented the Sultan from seeing whither he was carried by his Viziar.

They passed over various Rocks, and were obliged to wade through some small Brooks or Rivulets, which fell from the Tops of the Mountains,

Mountains, till at length they arrived at a spacious Cavern, which was formed by two pendent Rocks.

Here the Viziar entered, and lifting up his Chains, knocked against a small Door, which was at the Extremity of the Cavern.

In a Moment the Door opened, and four Slaves came forward with Flambeaux in their Hands.

The Slaves seeing their Master and the Sultan, fell prostrate, and *Horam* enquired, whether all was safe.

"Yes, my Lord, answered the Slaves, we have not been disturbed since my Lord first brought us to this gloomy Cavern."

"Where is *Camul*, said the Viziar?"

"He watches, replied the Slaves, with the Ax in his Hand."

"What Hour of the Night is it, said *Horam* to his Slaves?"

"The third Watch of the Night is passed, answered his Slaves."

"Then enter, my Sultan, said *Horam*, and see thine Enemies perish from before thee."

"What Enemies, and what mysterious Place is this, said the Sultan? Who is *Camul*, and what Ax doth he bear in his Hand? Lead me, *Horam*, not into Danger, and remember,

“ber, that the Sabre of my Captain hangeth
“over thy Head.”

The Sultan then entered in at the little Door, and followed the Viziar and his Guard, and the four Slaves with Flambeaux in their Hands.

In this Manner the Sultan passed through a long Passage, hewn out of the solid Rock, till he beheld at a Distance a Man seated on a Stone, with an Ax in his Hand, and nine Lamps burning before him.

As they drew near, the Man fell prostrate before them, and the Viziar also falling prostrate, desired *Misnar* to take the Ax out of the Hand of *Camul* his Slave.

“What wonderful Ax is this, said the Sultan;
“that it is thus preserved in the Bowels of the
“Earth?”

The Sultan took the Ax, and *Camul* the Slave removing the Stone on which he sat, there appeared a strong Rope underneath, one End of which passed through the Rocks, and the other was fastened to an enormous Ring of Iron.

“Strike, royal Master, said *Horam*, and sever that Rope from the Ring of Iron.”

The Sultan did as *Horam* desired, and struck the Rope with his Ax, and divided it from the Ring.

The Rope being released, flew with great Swiftneſs through the Hole in the Rock, and

Misnar waited some Time to see what might be the Consequence of cutting it asunder, but nothing appearing, he said to the Viziar, "Where
 " are the Riches, *Horam*, which I left my Bed
 " to view ; is this like the rest of your Pro-
 " mises, and am I brought here to be again de-
 " ceived ?"

" Royal Master, answered *Horam*, let me die
 " the Death of a Rebel ; I have nothing more
 " to discover ; pardon my Follies ; and avenge
 " thine own Losses by the Sword of Justice."

" What, said the Sultan enraged, hast thou
 " brought me through the dangerous Passes of
 " the Mountains by Night, only to cut a Rope
 " asunder ? And was I called forth to see only a
 " Passage made in the Rocks, and the Slaves of
 " *Horam* as ill employed as their Master lately
 " has been ? Lead me, Villain, continued he,
 " back to my Tent, and expect with the rising
 " Sun the Fate you have so amply merited."

Thus saying, the Sultan returned, and the Captain of the Guard led *Horam* back in Chains to his Place of Confinement.

In the Morning the Army of the Sultan which had escaped to the Mountains, were all drawn out, the Cymbals sounded, and a Gibbet forty Feet high was erected in their Front, to which the Captain of the Guard led the unfortunate Viziar *Horam*.

At the Sound of the Cymbals the Sultan came from his Tent, and gave Orders that *Horam* should be led to his Fate.

The Vizar, unmoved at his Doom, surrendered himself to the Officer, who was to execute the Sentence of the Sultan, and the ignominious Rope was put about his Neck, when a Messenger, attended by several Centinels, came running into the Camp.

The Messenger hastened to the Sultan, and thus delivered his Message :

“ *Ababack* and *Defra*, the wicked Inchanters
 “ who have upheld thy rebellious Brother, are
 “ dead, the Army of *Abubal* is in the utmost
 “ Consternation, and the Friends of the Sultan
 “ wish to see thee hunting thine Enemies, as the
 “ Lion hunts the wild Asses in the Forests.”

This Messenger was succeeded by several of the Sultan's Spies, who confirmed the Account.

Misnar then put himself at the Head of his Troops, ordered *Horam* back to his former Confinement, and hastened to fall upon the Troops of the Rebels.

Early the same Morning the Prince *Abubal* was awakened by his Guards, who with Countenances of Woe declared to him the Death of his Friends *Ababack* and *Defra*.

“ Are my Friends dead, said *Abubal* trem-
 “ bling, by what Misfortune am I bereaved of
 C 2 “ them ?

12 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ them? What new Device has *Misnar* practised against them? Are not these wise and sage Magicians then a Match for a Boy’s Prudence? Alas, what can I effect against him, when these fall away before his victorious Arm!”

“ Prince, answered his Guards, we have too late discovered the Wiles of our Enemies, over the magnificent Pavilion of the Sultan, which *Horam* built for his Master, the artful Viziar had concealed a ponderous Stone, which covered the whole Pavilion. This, by some secret Means, he contrived in the Night to release from its Confinement, while *Ababack* and *Defra* were sleeping on the Sofas beneath it; and ere Day began to arise, their Guards were surprised by the Fall, and ran to release their Masters from the Stone: But, alas, their Bodies were crushed to Atoms, and still remain buried under the Pavilion, as fifty of the strongest of thy Troops were unable to remove the Stone from the Ground.”

At these Words the Countenance and the Heart of *Abubal* sunk, and ere he could recover, Word was brought him, that the Sultan’s Troops were in the Midst of his Army, and that none dared stand against them, unless he approached to encourage them.

Abubal

Abubal was so overwhelmed with Fear and Grief, that, instead of leading his Troops, he prepared himself for Flight, and *Misnar* pursuing his good Fortune, was in a few Hours in Possession, not only of his own Tents, but also of those of the Enemy.

Having gained a complete Victory, and sent Part of his Troops after those that were fled, the Sultan commanded his Viziar to be brought before him, and in the Sight of his Army asked him, what Merit he could challenge in the Success of that Day.

“ Glory of mine Eyes, and Light of my
 “ Paths, said *Horam*, the Contrivance of thy
 “ Slave had been useless, if a less than my Sul-
 “ tan had afterward led his Troops to the Battle.
 “ Therefore thine only be the Glory and the
 “ Honor of the Day ; but my Lord must know
 “ that some Time since we were informed, that
 “ the Inchanters *Ababack* and *Defra* were pre-
 “ paring to uphold thy rebellious Brother, and
 “ well I knew that Prudence, and not Force,
 “ must prevale against them.

“ I therefore besought my Lord, to grant me
 “ the chief Command for twenty Days, and
 “ neglected to take such Advantages over *Abu-
 “ bal's* Troops, as the Captains of thy Armies
 “ advised.

“ This

14 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ This I did, knowing that any Victory
“ would be vain and fruitless, if the Inchanters
“ were not involved in the Ruin; and that while
“ they were safe, a second Army would spring
“ up as soon as the first was destroyed.

“ For these Reasons, I endeavoured to
“ strengthen my Sultan's Army, that when the
“ Reinforcements of *Ababack* and *Desfra* should
“ arrive, their Number might not prevale
“ against us.

“ In the mean Time, the sumptuous Pavi-
“ lion which was built for *Abubal*, inspired me
“ with a Device, which I hoped would put the
“ Inchanters in my Power.

“ Studious that no one might interrupt or be-
“ tray my Designs, I inclosed a Place near the
“ Mountains surrounded with Trees, where I be-
“ gan to build a Pavilion, which I gave out was
“ erected in Honor of my Lord the Sultan. Within
“ this Pavilion I concealed a massy Stone, which
“ was sawn out of the solid Rock, and which,
“ by the Help of several Engines, was hung
“ upon four Pillars of Gold, and covered the
“ whole Pavilion.

“ The Rope which upheld this massy Stone,
“ passed through one of the golden Pillars into
“ the Earth beneath, and by a secret Channel cut
“ in the Rock was carried onward through the
“ Side of the Mountain, and was fastened to a
“ Ring

“ Ring of Iron in a Cave, hollowed out of the
“ Rock on the opposite Side.

“ By the Time the Inchanters were arrived in
“ the Camp of *Abubal*, the Pavilion was finished;
“ and although I had secret Advice, that my
“ Sultan’s Troops were to be attacked on the
“ Morrow, yet I chose to conceal that Know-
“ ledge, and so to dispose of the Army, that
“ the chief Part might fly with me behind the
“ Mountains which hung over the Pavilion, and
“ that the rest, having no Conductor, might be
“ put to flight with as little Slaughter as possi-
“ ble.

“ This I did, expecting that *Ababack* and
“ *Defra*, puffed up with their Success, would
“ take Possession of my Sultan’s Pavilion.”

“ Rise, faithful *Horam*, said the Sultan *Mis-*
“ *nar*, your Plot is sufficiently unravelled; but
“ why did you hide your Intentions from your
“ Lord?”

“ Lord of my Life, answered the Viziar, be-
“ cause I was resolved, in case my Plot did not
“ succeed, to bear the Burden myself, that my
“ Sultan’s Honor might not be lessened in the
“ Eyes of his Troops.”

This noble Confession of the Viziar’s pleased
the whole Army, and they waited with the
utmost Impatience to hear his Pardon pro-
nounced.

The

16 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

The Sultan then embraced his Viziar, and the Shouts of his Army were, " Long live
" *Misnar* the Lord of our Hearts, and *Horam*
" the first, and the most faithful of his Slaves!"

The Army of *Abubal* still continued to fly after their Prince, whose Fear did not suffer him to direct those who came up with him. And now, in a few Days, the Army had been totally dispersed, had not the Giant *Kifri*, enraged at the Death of his Brethren, and travelling, in his Fury, appeared before the Eyes of the terrified Prince and his Troops, in a narrow Pass among the Rocks.

The Presence of *Kifri* was not less terrifying than the Noise of the Pursuers, and *Abubal*, at the Sight of the Monster, fell with his Face to the Ground.

" Who art thou, said *Kifri*, with the Voice
" of Thunder, that fliest like the Roebuck,
" and tremblest like the Heart-stricken Antelope? Who art thou, that fliest as the Virgin from the Noise of the Battle, and that increasest the Shrieks of the Fallen, being wounded by thy Fears?"

" Prince of Earth, said *Abubal*, I am the
" Friend of *Ulin*, of *Happuck*, of *Ollomand*, of
" *Tasnar*, of *Ababack* and *Desra*. I am he,
" who through the Power of the Inchanters,
" have contended for the Throne of *India*."

“Curfed then are they that league with thee,
 “answered the Giant *Kifri*, thou Son of Fear,
 “thou Wretch, unworthy of fuch godlike
 “Support! Was it for thee, bafe Coward, that
 “*Ollomand* poured forth his unnumbered Stores,
 “that the Plains of *India* were dyed with the
 “Blood of *Defra*, the Miftrefs of our Race. Be
 “Witness for me Earth, this Reptile is un-
 “worthy of our Affiftance, and to fight for him
 “is to league with *Mahomet*, to offer up the
 “Blood of Freedom, on the false Altars of
 “Faith. O ye Spirits of the Brave, my Soul
 “is on Fire to fee fo many of our Friends lie
 “ftretched on the Plains! their Blood, curfed
 “and ill-fated Coward, overwhelm thy Head!”

As *Kifri* fpake thus, his broad Eye-balls glowed like the red Orb of Day, when covered with dark fleeting Clouds, and from his Nostrils iffued forth the Tempeft and the Flame.

In an Instant he feized on the Fear-shaken *Abubal*, as the Vulture fhuts within her bloody Talons, the Body of the affrighted trembling Hare; and lifting him high in the Air, he dafhed the wretched Prince againft the ragged Face of the Mountains: The Blood of *Abubal* ran down from the Mountain’s Side, like the Rain which is poured forth out of the ftormy Cloud, and his mangled Limbs, crufted by the Fall, hung quivering on the pointed Rocks.

18 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

The Death of *Abubal* lessened not the Fury of *Kifri*, but all that followed the unhappy Prince experienced his Rage; till glutted with Blood, and tired of his Revenge, the monstrous Giant sunk to Rest, and stretched out his Limbs upon the Tops of the Mountains.

But the Sleep of *Kifri* was cumbrous as his Body, and the Dreams of the Giant were as the Thoughts of the Enemies of God. In the Visions of the Night came *Ulin* before him; and the Ghost of the murdered *Happuck* was in the Eye of his Fancy.

“ Enemy of our Race, said they, where is he
 “ who was to redeem our Glory, and to revenge
 “ our Blood? Where is *Abubal*, of whom the
 “ dark Saying went forth, that none but our
 “ Race could overpower him? The dark Say-
 “ ing is now interpreted by thy shameful Deed,
 “ and the Powers of Inchantment are at an
 “ End!”

The Giant, disturbed at his Visions started up: The Moon rode high above the Mountains, and the Trees of the Forest looked broad with the Shades of Night: He cast his black Eyes to the South, and saw the Storm rolling forth his Clouds: The Tempest gathered around him, and poured its Fury against him. His long disordered Locks streamed out like the shattered Canvass of the ship-wrecked Vessel.

The

The lofty Pines rolled down the rocky Precipices, and the Fragments of the Mountains tumbled in wide Confusion at his Feet.

The Eye balls of *Kifri*, inflamed with Anger and Despair, appeared like two Meteors in the Storm; he viewed the War of Elements with Contempt, and mocked *Alla* and *Mahamet* aloud, and said:

“ Is this the God of Nature’s Work? Is he
 “ angry with the Bauble he has made? Has he
 “ given his parsimonious Drops of Rain to these
 “ Forests, and toiled for Years to raise their
 “ Head to Heaven, that he may scatter them
 “ in Sport, and destroy them with his Thun-
 “ derbolts? Let him then view a new Ruin be-
 “ yond his Power to compass, for *Kifri* will no
 “ longer live his Slave upon Earth, but will
 “ join his Fate to the Fate of *Ollomand*, his
 “ Brother*!”

So saying, the Giant bent his Body toward an huge Rock whereon he had slept, and straining his tough Sinews, tore up the mighty Fragment from the Ground.

* The original Speech of *Kifri*’s is much longer, but his Blasphemies, though in Character, are yet too offensive for Christian Ears. The Editor would not have inserted any Part of this Speech, did not the immediate Death of the Giant, and the Manner of it, lead to an excellent Moral; for as Infidels and Atheists are in real Life always railing at Providence, so their wicked Thoughts generally end like *Kifri*’s, in a violent Attempt on their own Lives.

The Earth felt the Shock, and its dark Entrails trembled ; but *Kifri* undismayed, threw the wild Ruin to the Clouds.

The laboring Mountain returning quickly on the rebellious Head of the Giant, crushed him beneath its ponderous Substance, and finished, by its Descent, the Life and the Presumption of *Kifri*. The Cities of *India* were shaken at its Fall, and the Ocean ran back from the Shores of *Asia* ; Fear and Dismay were on the Inhabitants of the East, till *Alla* sent his Sun on their Borders, and enlightened the Realms which his Favorites inherit.

The News of *Kifri's* Death was brought to the Sultan by one of the Followers of *Abubal*, who at the first Approach of the Giant, had ran from his Presence, and hid himself in a Cave in the Rocks.

“ *Horam*, said the Sultan, our Enemies are
 “ no more, seven are destroyed, and one weak
 “ Woman only remains ; but since *Kifri*, the
 “ Terror of *Asia*, has fallen a Sacrifice to the Cause
 “ of *Abubal*, and since the Rebel is himself de-
 “ stroyed, what has *Misnar* more to fear. How-
 “ ever, let our Army be yet increased, let trusty
 “ Nabobs be sent into every Province, and no-
 “ thing omitted which may preserve the Peace
 “ of my Empire ; 'tis the Part of Prudence to
 “ watch

“ watch most, where there is the least Appearance of Danger.”

The Viziar *Horam* obeyed his Master's Command, and *Misnar* having regulated his Army, returned in Triumph to *Delly*, his Capital.

The Sultan having restored Peace to his Kingdoms, began to administer impartial Justice to his Subjects; and although the Faith of *Horam* had been often tried, yet *Misnar* chose not to rely altogether on any but himself.

“ Viziar, said the Sultan, as *Horam* was standing before him, Are my People happy? ’Tis for them I rule, and not for myself; and though I take Pleasure in punishing the licentious and rebellious, yet shall I ever study to gain the Hearts of my obedient Subjects; a Father's Frown may restrain his Children, but his Smile can only bless them. Dost not thou remember, *Horam*, the Story of *Maboud*, the Son of the Jeweller? And how am I sure, but even now, private Malice may be wreaking as great Cruelty upon some innocent Person, as the Princess *Hemjunab* suffered from the Inchanter *Bennaskar*.”

“ My Prince, answered the Viziar, the Toils and the Dangers of the War, have never for a Moment driven from my Mind the Memory of that Princess, who, with *Maboud*, underwent

22 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ underwent the most odious Transformation,
“ through the Power of *Ulin*.”

“ Nor have I, answered the Sultan, forgot
“ their Distress, but the Cares of Empire have
“ hitherto prevented my Search after them:
“ As to the Princess, she is possibly with her
“ Father at *Cassimir*, but *Maboud* is doubtless
“ an Inhabitant of *Delly*, where he lived before
“ his Transformation: Therefore, O Viziar,
“ give immediate Orders, that the respective
“ Cadi's of each Division of the City, who
“ have the Numbers and the Names of every
“ Inhabitant within their District, be questioned
“ concerning this Jeweller's Son; and let him
“ To-morrow be brought before me.”

The Viziar *Horam* did as he was commanded,
and sent for all the Cadi's of the City, and examined them concerning *Maboud*, but no one could give any Account of him.

The next Morning *Horam* attended the Divan, and acquainted the Sultan with his fruitless Search.

The Sultan was much dissatisfied at his Viziar's Report, and after he had answered the Petitioners and dismissed them, he sent again for his favorite Viziar.

“ *Horam*, said the Sultan, my Cadi's are re-
“ miss in their Duty, *Maboud* is certainly hid
“ in my City; all is not right, *Horam*; the

“ poor Son of the Jeweller would be proud to
 “ own, that he was formerly the Companion of
 “ the Sultan of the *Indies*, though in his Dis-
 “ tress; he had long ere this been at the Foot
 “ of my Throne, did not somewhat prevent
 “ him.”

“ Prince of my Life, answered the Viziar,
 “ if *Mahoud* is in this City, he is doubtless dis-
 “ guised, and has Reasons to concele himself;
 “ and how shall thy Officers of Justice discover
 “ among many Millions, one obscure Person,
 “ who is studious to concele himself?”

“ In a well regulated City, answered the Sul-
 “ tan, every one is known, and sound Policy
 “ has always inyented such Distinctions, as
 “ may prevent the Disguise of designing and
 “ wicked Men. The Man who cannot give a
 “ just Account of himself is an Enemy to So-
 “ ciety, and it is no Infringement on the Free-
 “ dom of the Honest, to oblige them, by their
 “ Dress and Appearance, to shew forth their
 “ Manner of Life. They only need concele
 “ their Actions, who are ashamed of their
 “ Deeds, and it behoves the Magistrate to place
 “ such in the Sight of all Men. Secrecy
 “ and Retirement are the Handmaids of Sin,
 “ and the Prince who would prevent both
 “ private and publick Wrongs, should study
 “ to fix a Mark of Distinction on all his
 “ Subjects,

24 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

" Subjects, for Villainy loves the Masque of
 " Hypocrisy, and evil-minded Men affect the
 " Appearance of the Sanctified. But till my
 " Capital is better regulated, I mean to take
 " Advantage myself of the Confusion of my
 " City, and examine, in Disguise, those private
 " Outrages which are screened from the publick
 " Eye of Justice. Wherefore, *Horam*, procure
 " two Disguises for yourself and me, and let the
 " Emir *Matserak* be sent Ambassador to the
 " Sultan of *Cassimir*, to enquire after the Wel-
 " fare of the Princess *Hemjunab*."

The Viziar, in Obedience to the Sultan's Orders, sent the Habits of two Fakirs into the Palace, and at Evening the Sultan, accompanied by his Viziar, went forth in his Disguise.

As they passed through the second Street from the royal Palace, one habited like a Fakir, with his Horn in his Hand, saluted them, and asked them to partake of the Alms he had received.

The Sultan readily accepted his Offer, lest the Brother of his Order should be offended.

They immediately retired into a remote Place, and the strange Fakir pulling out the Provision he had received, they began their Repast.

" Brother, said the Fakir to the disguised
 " Sultan, you are, I perceive, but a Novice in
 " your Profession; you are neither so free nor so
 " ready

“ ready as I could wish ; you have seen but
 “ little of Life, and you would be puzzled,
 “ were you to encounter such Wonders as I ex-
 “ perienced but last Night in my Approach to
 “ this City.”

“ What, answered the Sultan hastily, were
 “ they ? Perhaps, Brother, you mistake me,
 “ possibly ; though not so communicative as
 “ yourself, I may nevertheless be as brave and
 “ resolute.”

“ Alas, answered the Fakir, I begin to sus-
 “ pect you are no true Brother, you know we
 “ are communicative among ourselves, but se-
 “ cret to the World about us. What Seve-
 “ rities have you practised ? what Scars of
 “ self-inflicted Austerities have you to shew ?
 “ By the Faith which I profess, I will hold no
 “ longer Converse with you, unless you give
 “ me some convincing Proofs of the Genuineness
 “ of your Profession.”

Here the Viziar perceiving the Sultan to be
 hard pressed, interrupted the Fakir, and said,

“ O holy Fakir, but Stranger to our Tribe,
 “ from whence comest thou, that thou knowest
 “ not *Elezren*, the Prince of Devotees in the
 “ City of *Delly*, to whom the Emirs bow, and
 “ before whom the Populace lay prostrate as he
 “ passes ; thou art indeed but newly come to
 Vol. II. E “ *Delly*,

“ *Delly*, since the Fame of *Elezren* hath not
 “ been founded in thine Ears.”

“ Brother, answered the Fakir, the Fame of
 “ *Elezren* is not confined to *Delly* alone, since all
 “ *Asia* receives him as a Saint; but where are
 “ the silver Marks of Wisdom on his Cheeks,
 “ and the Furrows of Affliction which are deep
 “ wrought in the aged Front of *Elezren* the
 “ Favorite of Heaven? No, young Hypo-
 “ crites, Age and Experience are not to be
 “ caught in the Snares of Youth, nor the saga-
 “ cious Elephant in the Toils of the Unwise.
 “ But think not your idle Presumption shall
 “ go unpunished, or that the Holiness and Pu-
 “ rity of our Cast shall be stained by the un-
 “ hallowed Mirth of a Boy’s Folly.”

At these Words the Fakir sprung from the
 Ground, and running into the Streets, he made
 the Air echo with his Complaints.

The Mob hearing, that two young Men had
 personated the Appearance of the holy Cast,
 crowded to the Place where the Sultan and his
 Viziar sat trembling at their own Temerity, and
 were just about to tear them to Pieces, when the
 Viziar, stepping forward to meet them, cried
 aloud, “ Slaves, presume not to approach your
 “ Sultan, for know, that *Misnar*, the Idol of
 “ his People, sits here disguised as a Fakir.”

Luckily for the Prince, several of the foremost were well acquainted with his Features, or it is probable the Mob would have looked upon the Viziar's Speech, only as a Device to prevent their Fury. But when the Fakir perceived the foremost of the Crowd acknowledged *Misnar* as their Sultan, and fall down before him, he endeavoured to escape.

" My Friends, said the Sultan, secure that
 " Wretch, and suffer him not to escape; and
 " *Horam*, said he, turning to his Viziar, let
 " him be confined in a Dungeon this Night,
 " and To-morrow brought before me in the
 " Divan of Justice."

" The Words of my Lord, answered *Horam*,
 " are a Law which cannot be changed. But
 " let me beseech my Prince to retire from the
 " Crowd."

Misnar willingly did as *Horam* advised, and the People made Way for him to the Palace, crying out, " Long live *Misnar*, the Pride of
 " his Slaves!"

The Sultan being returned to his Palace with his Viziar,

" *Horam*, said he, each Man has his Part in
 " Life allotted to him, and the Folly of those,
 " who leaving the right and regular Path,
 " strike into the Mazes of their own unconnected
 " Fancy, is sufficiently seen from our Adven-
 " ture

" ture this Day : Wherefore, I would have
 " every Man endeavour to fill his real Character,
 " and to shine in that, and not attempt what
 " belongs to another, in which he can gain no
 " Credit, and runs a great Hazard of Disgrace.
 " But as the Examination of this Fakir in our
 " publick Divan, may rather increase, than
 " cover our Shame, I would have him brought
 " before me immediately, and with as little
 " Noise as possible. Alas, *Horam*, since the
 " Follies of Princes are so glaring, how cautious
 " should we be in our Deportment and Beha-
 " viour !"

The Viziar obeying, went forth, and in a
 short Time brought the Fakir bound in Chains,
 before the Sultan.

The Fakir advanced to the Presence of the
 Sultan full of Shame and Fear, and falling at
 his Footstool cried out,

" I call *Mahomet* to witness, I slew not the
 " Man in Wrath but in mine own Defence !"

" What Man, said the Sultan, astonished at
 " his Words, whom hast thou slain O wicked
 " Fakir, that thine own Fears should turn Evi-
 " dence against thee ?"

" Alas, answered the Fakir, hear me, most
 " injured Lord, for the Blood of my Brother
 " presseth me fore.

" As

“ As I journeyed Yesterday, and was arrived
 “ within a League of the City of *Delly*, I turned
 “ me toward a Place walled round, which I sup-
 “ posed was the Repository for the Dead, and
 “ finding the Iron Gate open, I entered into it,
 “ intending to shelter myself for a few Minutes
 “ against the scorching Sun.

“ As I entered, I perceived at one End a
 “ Stone Sepulchre, whose Mouth was opened,
 “ and the Stone rolled from it. Surprised at
 “ the Sight, I walked forward toward the Vault,
 “ and heard within the Voices of several Per-
 “ sons. At this I was in Doubt whether to
 “ proceed or retire, supposing that some Rob-
 “ bers had taken up their Residence there.

“ In the Midst of my Confusion a young
 “ Man, with a Turban hanging over his Face,
 “ came out, and seeing me he drew his Sabre,
 “ and made toward me to kill me. Whereupon
 “ I took up a large Fragment of the Wall which
 “ lay at my Feet, and as he came forward I
 “ threw it, and felled him to the Ground,
 “ then running up, I snatched the Sabre from
 “ his Hand, and would have destroyed him,
 “ but he cried out, saying, Take Care what
 “ thou doest, rash Man, for it is not one, but
 “ two Lives, that thou takest away, when
 “ thou destroyest me.

“ Amazed

30 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ Amazed and confounded how it was possi-
 “ ble for me to destroy two Lives, by revenging
 “ myself on one Wretch, who, without Of-
 “ fence had meditated my Death, I stopped
 “ my Hand ; which the young Man seeing, he
 “ aimed to pull the Sabre out of my Hand,
 “ whereupon avoiding his Effort, and lifting up
 “ the Sabre above his Head, I at one Blow se-
 “ vered it from his Body.

“ Immediately seeing the Blood start from his
 “ Veins, I ran out of the Inclosure, fearing lest
 “ any of his Company should overtake me,
 “ and flew till I reached the City of *Delly*,
 “ where I subsisted that Night and this Day on
 “ the Alms of the Faithful, till I met my Sul-
 “ tan and his Viziar in the Habit of two
 “ Fakirs.”

“ And what, said the Sultan, has made thee
 “ thine own Accuser, since the Life you shed
 “ was in your own Defence ?”

“ Pattern of the Just, answered the Fakir,
 “ my Revenge on the young Man made me not
 “ sorrowful, as my Conscience bears me Wit-
 “ ness, I took not his Life till Necessity, and
 “ mine own Preservation required it ; but my
 “ Mind is restless because he said, I should take
 “ two Lives away when I destroyed him, therefore
 “ I concluded, that there was some Mystery in
 “ his Fate, or that he prophesied in his last
 “ Agonies,

“ Agonies, that his Death should occasion
“ mine.

“ If thy Tale be true, continued the Sultan,
“ his Blood rests on his own Head who was the
“ Aggressor : But the Story is so very singu-
“ lar, that I shall detain thee till my Viziar,
“ and a Party of Soldiers be sent, to search the
“ Inclosure you have mentioned.”

The Viziar then gave Orders for the Guard to mount their Horses, and the Curiosity of the Sultan was so great, that although it was Night, he resolved to accompany his Viziar.

In a short Time the Guards being drawn up, the Sultan and Viziar mounted their Courfers, and the Fakir was carried between two of the Guards, to point out the Scene of his Encounter.

The Party being arrived at the Iron Gate of the Inclosure, *Horam* with ten of the Guards went in on Foot, and marched with the Fakir to the Tomb where he had heard the Voices, and from whence the young Man issued forth.

As they approached to the Tomb, they beheld the Body of the young Man on the Ground, and his Head at a Distance, which induced them to give the more Credit to the Fakir.

The Guards entering the Tomb found no one within, but at the upper End they saw a Stone
Cafe,

Cafe, supported by two Blocks of black Marble.

The Stone Cafe was covered with a flat Marble, which the Guards could not remove from its Place.

The Viziar being acquainted with these Particulars, returned to the Sultan, and related to him what the Guards had discovered. But *Misnar* recollecting the many Devices which the Inchanters had prepared to insnare him, was doubtful what Course to take.

On a sudden the Moon, which shone exceeding bright, was overcast, and the Clouds appeared of a glowing red, like the fiery Heat of a burning Furnace: Hollow Murmurs were heard at a Distance, and a Stench arose of a putrid and suffocating Smell, when in the Midst of the fiery Clouds a black Form appeared of an hagged and distorted Female, furiously riding on a bulky and unweildy Monster with many Legs.

In an Instant the Clouds to the East disappeared, and the Heavens from that Quarter, shone like the meridian Sun, and discovered a lovely graceful Nymph, the Brightness of whose Features, expressed the liveliest Marks of Meekness, Grace, and Love.

“ *Hyppacus*, said the amiable fair one, addressing herself to the Hag, why wilt thou
“ vainly

“ vainly brandish thy rebellious Arms against
 “ the Powers of Heaven, if the Sultan, tho’
 “ he be the Favorite of *Alla*, do Wrong, the
 “ Mighty one, who delighteth in Justice, will
 “ make thee the Instrument of his Vengeance
 “ on the offending Prince. But know the Ex-
 “ tent of thy Power, vain Woman, and pre-
 “ sume not to war against the Will of Heaven,
 “ lest the Battle of the faithful *Genii* be set in
 “ Array against thee, and thou be joined to the
 “ Number of those who are already fallen.”

“ Proud Vassal of Light, answered the In-
 “ chantress *Hyppacusian*, I fear not thy Threats,
 “ nor the bright Pageants that surround thee ;
 “ War, Tumult, Chaos, Darkness, Fear, and
 “ Dismay, are to me more welcome than the
 “ idle Splendors of thy Master’s Heavens :
 “ For know, spruce-gilded Spirit, I had ra-
 “ ther inhabit the gloomy Caverns of Death,
 “ and brood over the mangled Carcasses of the
 “ Slain, than sit with Slaves like thee, in the
 “ soft tasteless Bowers of Paradise —”

“ Graceless and abandoned Wretch, answered
 “ the bright fair one, defile not thy Maker’s
 “ Creations by thy blasphemous Tongue, but
 “ learn at least to fear that mighty One thou art
 “ not worthy to honor.”

Thus saying she blew from her Mouth a vivid Flame, like a sharp two-edged Sword, which entering into the red Clouds which surrounded *Hyppacus*, the Hag gave an horrible Shriek, and the thick Clouds rolling around her, she flew away into the western Darkness.

The fair one then descending toward the Sultan, the Brightness disappeared, and *Misnar*, the Viziar, and his Guards, fell prostrate before her.

“ Arise, *Misnar*, said she, Heaven’s peculiar
 “ Favorite, and fear not to enter the Tomb
 “ where the Inchantments of *Hyppacus* are
 “ now at an End.”

The Sultan was about to answer, but the fair one led the Way to the Tomb, and commanded the Sultan to enter with her, and uncover the Stone Case which stood at the upper End.

As the Lid was removing, a Sigh issued from the Case, and an exquisite Beauty arose as from a deep Sleep.

“ Adorable fair one, said the Sultan kneeling, inform me whom it is my happy Fate
 “ to release from this wretched Confinement.”

“ Alas, answered the beauteous Maid, art
 “ thou the vile *Bennaskar*, or the still more
 “ vile *Maboud*! O let me sleep till Death,
 “ and never more behold the Wretchedness of
 “ Life!”

“ What,

“ What, said the Sultan, starting from his
“ Knees, do I behold the unfortunate Princess
“ of *Cassimir* !”

“ Illustrious *Hemjunah*, said the Viziar *Ho-*
“ *ram*, as the Princess stared wildly about
“ her, *Misnar*, the Sultan of *India*, is before
“ thee.”

“ Yes, interrupted the fair Spirit, doubt not,
“ *Hemjunah*, the Truth of the Viziar *Horam*,
“ for behold *Macoma*, thy guardian *Genius*,
“ assures thee of the Reality of what you be-
“ hold.”

“ Helper of the Afflicted, answered the
“ Princess of *Cassimir*, Doubt vanishes when
“ you are present ; but wonder not at my Incre-
“ dulity, since my whole Life has been as a
“ false Illusion before mine Eyes. O *Alla*, where-
“ fore hast thou made the Weakest the most
“ subject to Deceit !”

“ To call in Question the Wisdom of *Alla*,
“ answered the *Genius Macoma*, is to act like
“ the Child of Folly, arrayed in the Garments
“ of Reason : Go then, thou Mirror of Justice
“ and Understanding, and span with thy mighty
“ Arms the numberless Heavens of the Faith-
“ ful ; weigh in thy just Balance the Wisdom of
“ thy Maker, and the Fitness of his Creation,
“ and joined with the evil Race, from whom

36 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ I have preserved thee, rail at that Goodness
 “ thou canst not comprehend —”

“ Spare me, just *Genius*, answered the Prin-
 “ cess of *Cassimir*, spare the Weakness of my
 “ disordered Head, I confess the Folly of my
 “ Thoughts, but weak is the Offspring of
 “ Weakness.”

“ True, replied the *Genius*, but although
 “ you are weak, ought you therefore to be pre-
 “ sumptuous? Knowest thou not that the Sul-
 “ tan *Misnar* suffered with you because he de-
 “ spaired, and now would *Hyppacusen* return
 “ thee to thy former Slumbers, did not *Alla*,
 “ who has beheld thy former Sufferings, in
 “ Pity forgive the vain Thoughts of Mortality.”

“ Blessed is his Goodness, answered the Prin-
 “ cess, and blessed are his Servants, who de-
 “ light in succouring and instructing the Weak
 “ and Distressed.”

“ To be sorry for our Errors, said the *Genius*,
 “ is to bring down the Pardon of Heaven, and
 “ *Hemjunab*, though so long overpowered by
 “ the Malicious, is nevertheless among the
 “ loveliest of her Sex. But I shall not anti-
 “ cipate the fair one's Relation of her own
 “ Distresses, since they best can describe the
 “ Misfortunes of Life, who have been used to
 “ feel them.

“ Sultan

“ Sultan of *India*, continued *Macoma*, turn-
 “ ing to *Misnar*, I leave the Princess of *Cassmir*
 “ to your Care, in full Assurance that the Deli-
 “ cacy of her Sentiments will not be offended
 “ by your royal and noble Treatment of her.
 “ But let an Ambassador be immediately dis-
 “ patched from your Court, to inform her
 “ aged and pious Father of the Safety of his
 “ Daughter.”

“ The Dictates of *Macoma*, answered the Sul-
 “ tan, bowing before her, are the Dictates of
 “ Virtue and Humanity, and her Will shall be
 “ religiously obeyed.”

At these Words the *Genius* vanished, and the Sultan bid Part of his Guards return to *Delly*, to the Chief of his Eunuchs, and order him to prepare a Palanquin, and proper Attendants, to convey the Princess of *Cassmir* to the royal Palace.

While these Preparations were making, the Sultan and his Vizier endeavoured to sooth and entertain the Princess of *Cassmir*; and tho' *Horam* was desirous of hearing her Adventures, yet the Sultan would not suffer him to request *Hemjunab's* Relation, till she was carried to the Palace, and refreshed after her strange Fatigues.

The Chief of the Eunuchs arrived in a short Time, and the Princess was conveyed, ere Morning, to the Palace of *Misnar*, where the female Apartments were prepared for her Reception,

ception, and a Number of the first Ladies of *Delly* appointed to attend her.

The Sultan, in the mean Time, having ordered the Fakir to be released, and sent out of the City, entered the Divan with his Viziar, and having dispatched the Complainers, retired to Rest.

In the Evening of the same Day, the Princess being recovered from her Fatigue, sent the Chief of the Eunuchs to the Sultan, and desired Leave to throw herself at his Feet, in Gratitude for her Escape.

The Sultan received the Message with Joy, and ordering *Horani* his Viziar to be called, they both went into the Apartments of the Females, where the Princess of *Cassimir* was seated on a Throne of Ivory, and surrounded by the Slaves of the Seraglio.

The Princess descended from her Throne at the Approach of the Sultan, and fell at his Feet; but *Misnar* taking her by the Hand, “ Rise, “ adorable Princess, said he, and injure not “ your Honor, by thus abasing yourself before “ your Slave.”

“ Fame, answered the Princess, which generally increases the Virtues of the Great, can “ represent but Part of the Merit of the Sultan “ of *India*; they who have not seen him, can “ form no true Judgment of his Perfection.”

“ Could

“ Could Flattery, answered the Sultan, be ever
 “ pleasing to me, it must be from the Mouth of
 “ the Princess of *Cassimir*; but I mean to turn
 “ your Thoughts from me to a more worthy
 “ Subject, where you may safely lavish your
 “ Praises, without fearing to exaggerate. The
 “ lovely *Hemjunab* has promised to relate her
 “ wonderful Adventures, and *Horam*, the faith-
 “ ful Friend of my Bosom, and our former Fel-
 “ low-sufferer, is come to partake with me in the
 “ charming Relation.”

“ Prince, said *Hemjunab*, I shall not concele
 “ what you are so desirous of knowing.”

The Sultan then waved his Hand; and the
 Slaves withdrew.

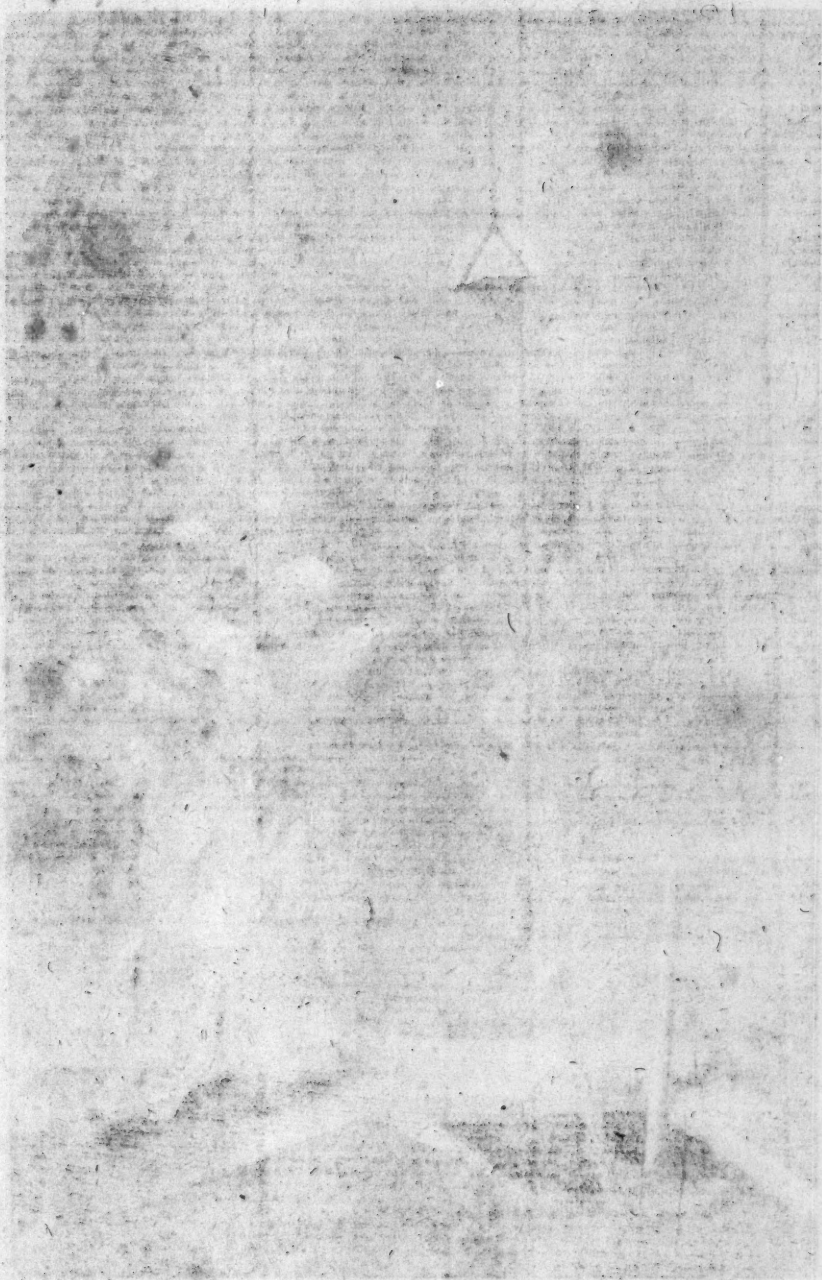


THE
HISTORY
OF THE

PRINCESS OF CASSIMIR,

TALE THE SEVENTH.

IT is often, said the Princess of *Cassim*
mir, the Fate of the Greatest, to have
 their private Interests sacrificed to the
 publick Good. Glory and Honor
 in your Sex, O Prince, are Motives which make
 this Sacrifice the less lamented, but in ours, we
 have no Way of becoming useful to the Pub-
 lick, but by joining Hands where Hearts are
 rarely consulted. Such was to have been my
 Fate. Ere I had attained my thirteenth Year,
 my Father propos'd to marry me to the Prince
 of *Georgia*. It was in vain, that when my Mo-
 ther disclosed the fatal News to me, I urged
 my Youth, and my intire Ignorance of the
 Prince or his Qualities.





*Hemjunah in the Vaulted Chamber with
Mahoud & Bennaskar.*

“ My Child, said *Chederazade*, to make our-
 “ selves happy, we must be useful to the World.
 “ The Prince of *Georgia* has done your Father
 “ great Service in the Wars, and you are de-
 “ stined to reward his Toils; all the Subjects
 “ of *Cassimir* will look upon your Choice as a
 “ Compliment to them, and they will rejoice to
 “ see their Benefactor blessed with the Hand of
 “ their Princess.”

“ But, Madam, answered I, does the Hap-
 “ piness of my Father’s Subjects require such a
 “ Sacrifice in me; must I live in a Country to
 “ whose Language and Manners I am a Stran-
 “ ger, must I be for ever banished, and must
 “ the Realms of *Cassimir* look upon me as a
 “ Monster, whose Absence alone can effect their
 “ Comfort and Glory? O where will be the
 “ soft Intercourse of Hearts, or the mutual Plea-
 “ sures of Love, in a Match with such a
 “ Stranger!”

“ The idle Dreams of Love, said my Mo-
 “ ther *Chederazade*, were invented by the evil
 “ *Genii*, to increase the Number of the Chil-
 “ dren of Disobedience; sound Reason and Poli-
 “ cy acknowledge no such Intruder; Convenience
 “ should first beget Alliance, and mutual Affec-
 “ tion must be the Fruit of mutual Intercourse.
 “ The Flame of Love is subdued by Caprice,
 “ by Satiety, by Disgust, and Reflection, and

“ the strongest Band either of private or publick
 “ Societies, must be Interest and Utility. These,
 “ *Hemjunah*, are sufficient Reasons to engage
 “ your Compliance with your Father’s Desire,
 “ and these will influence you, if Prudence and
 “ Wisdom are the Motives of your Choice ;
 “ and if you want Prudence, it is fit those who
 “ are able to instruct you, should also guide and
 “ direct your Actions.”

At these Words *Cbederazade* left me bathed in Tears, and trembling at my Fate.

My Nurse *Eloubrou* was Witness to the hard Command my Mother had imposed upon me, and endeavoured to comfort me in my Affliction, but her Words were but as the Wind on the Surface of the Rock ; and to add to my Griefs, in a few Minutes after, the Chief of the Eunuchs entered the Seraglio, and bid me prepare to receive the Sultan my Father.

The Sultan of *Cassimir* entering my Apartment, I fell at his Feet.

“ *Hemjunah*, said he, the Prince of *Georgia*
 “ is my Friend, and I intend to give my Daugh-
 “ ter to his Arms.”

Shocked at these successive Declarations of my Fate, which I had no Reason to suspect the Day before, I fainted away, and when I recovered, found myself on a Sofa, with *Eloubrou* lying at my Feet.

“ My lovely Princess, said *Eloubrou*, how
 “ little am I able to see you thus, and yet I fear
 “ the News I have to impart to you, may re-
 “ duce you to your former Condition!”

“ Alas, said I, Nurse, what new Evil has be-
 “ fallen me, what worse can happen than my
 “ Marriage with a Stranger?”

“ Princess, replied *Eloubrou*, my Nurse, the
 “ Prince is to see you this Night; nay, the Cere-
 “ monies are preparing, the Changes of Vest-
 “ ment, the Desert, and the choral Bands.”

“ Ah, said I, Nurse, cruel *Eloubrou*, what
 “ hast thou said, am I to be sacrificed this
 “ Night to my Father’s Policy, am I to be
 “ given as a Fee to the Plunderer of Cities and
 “ the Ravisher of Virgins, for such are they
 “ whose Profession is Arms!”

“ No, most adorable Princess, said a young
 “ female Slave, who attended on *Eloubrou*, trust
 “ but to me, and the Prince of *Georgia* shall
 “ in vain seek the Honor of your Alliance.”

The faithful *Eloubrou* shrieked at the Words
 of the female Slave, and endeavoured to clap
 her Hands, and to bring the Chief of the
 Eunuchs to her Assistance; but the female
 Slave waved her left Hand, and *Eloubrou*, and
 the rest of the Slaves, stood motionless before
 her.

44 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ Most adorable Princess, said she, I am the
 “ Friend of the Distressed, and I love to prevent
 “ the severe and ill-natured Authority of Pa-
 “ rents; give me your Hand, and I will de-
 “ liver you from that Monster the Prince of
 “ Georgia.”

“ What, answered I, shall I trust to a Stranger,
 “ whom I know not, and fly from my Father’s
 “ Court! No——”

“ Well then, said she, I hear the Cymbals
 “ playing before the Prince, and the Trumpets,
 “ and the Kettle-Drums; farewell, sweet Mis-
 “ tress of the fierce and unconquerable Prince
 “ of Georgia.”

As she spake, the warlike Musick sounded in
 my Ears, and not doubting but that the Prince
 and my Father were coming, I held out my
 Hand to the female Slave, and said, “ Save
 “ me, O save me from my Father’s Frown!”

The Slave eagerly snatched my Hand, and
 blowing forth a small Vapor from her Mouth,
 it filled the Room, and we arose in a Cloud.

The Manner of my Flight from my Father’s
 Palace I know not, as I immediately fainted;
 for as soon as I recovered, I found myself in a
 magnificent Apartment, and a Youth standing
 before me.

“ Charming and adorable *Hemjunab*, said he,
 “ falling at my Feet, may I hope that the Ser-
 “ vice

“vice I have performed, in delivering you from
 “the Prince of *Georgia* will merit your At-
 “tention.”

“Alas, said I, what Service hast thou per-
 “formed? Who art thou, bold Man, that
 “durst stand before the Princess of *Cassimir*?
 “*Eloubrou*, said I, faithful *Eloubrou*, where art
 “thou? where is *Picksag*, the Chief of my Eu-
 “nuchs? where are my Slaves, where are the
 “Guards of the Seraglio?”

“Princess, answered the young Man, fatigue
 “not yourself with calling after them, since
 “they are in the Kingdom of *Cassimir*, and you
 “are in the House of *Bennaskar*, the Merchant
 “of *Delly*: But not to keep you in Suspense,
 “O Princess, know that I have, for several
 “Years traded from *Cassimir* to *Delly*, and al-
 “though I never saw you till lately, yet the
 “Fame of your opening Beauties was so great,
 “that it fired the Hearts of all the young Men
 “in your Father’s Kingdom. Every Time
 “I arrived at *Cassimir*, the Subject of all Con-
 “versation was the adorable Princess *Hemjunah*,
 “and it was in vain any other Beauty was men-
 “tioned.

“Fired by these Encomiums, I resolved to
 “see you or die. For this Purpose I attempted
 “at different Times the Faith of the Guards,
 “the Eunuchs, and even of *Eloubrou* your Nurse;
 “but

46 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ but in vain, your faithful Servants were deaf
 “ to my Intreaties. Finding human Policy
 “ fruitless, I sought after those who have Power
 “ in Inchantments, but I began to doubt even
 “ the Reality of these, as I could no where
 “ hear of any one who professed Magick.

“ As I was one Day returning from my
 “ Warehouse, I heard one call me by my Name,
 “ and looking behind, I perceived a Female
 “ dressed in a dark-colored Mantle, with a Veil
 “ upon her Face; *Bennaskar*, said she, Follow
 “ me.

“ As we are always apt to hope every unex-
 “ pected Adventure will lead us to the wished-
 “ for Point; so I had no Doubt but the Female
 “ behind me was apprized of my Desires, and
 “ willing to forward them. I therefore gathered
 “ up my Garments, and followed her through
 “ several Streets.

“ At length the Female stopped at the Door
 “ of a large House; and when I expected the
 “ Door would have been opened unto her, she
 “ sunk into the Earth, and disappeared from
 “ my Sight.

“ I waited at the Door of the House till
 “ Night, every Moment expecting to see it
 “ open, or that the Female would appear
 “ again.

“ But

“ But my Hope was vain, and after several
 “ Hours Expectation, I was obliged to return to
 “ my Lodging, full of Vexation and Disap-
 “ pointment.

“ The next Morning I arose, and went into
 “ the Street, and saw the same Female beckon-
 “ ing to me ; I hesitated not a Moment to fol-
 “ low her.

“ She is certainly, said I to myself, possessed
 “ of supernatural Powers, and as she has taken
 “ Notice of me, I will shew myself obedient to
 “ her Commands.

“ She led me again by the same Way to the
 “ House, before which I had spent the greater
 “ Part of the preceding Day, and as soon as
 “ we arrived there, sunk again into the
 “ Ground.

“ Though I was heartily vexed at this second
 “ Illusion, yet I resolved to stay on the Spot,
 “ till Night and the City Guard made my Stay
 “ impossible.

“ But Night came without satisfying my Curi-
 “ osity ; I returned again to my Lodgings, and
 “ knew no more than at first, the Meaning of
 “ the Female’s Appearance.

“ The third Day I proceeded as usual to my
 “ Warehouse, and as I was about to unlock
 “ them, saw the Female again in the Market-
 “ place, beckoning to me as before.

“ As

48 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ As I had now entered into her Service, so
 “ I resolved to continue in it, and therefore
 “ went behind her to the House, which I re-
 “ membered well, having contemplated its Front
 “ two Days successively.

“ The Female stopped as before, at the En-
 “ trance of the House, and sunk a third Time
 “ into the Earth.

“ But I will not tire your Patience, adorable
 “ Princess, with a minute Relation of my Fa-
 “ tiques, for eleven Days successively was I thus
 “ deceived, and on the twelfth, as I was stand-
 “ ing in my usual Place, several Slaves issued
 “ out with Chabouks, saying, that I was a
 “ Thief, and had for some Time been seen
 “ lurking about, and examining the House.

“ Though I assured them I was a Merchant,
 “ I did not find the *Chabouk* come the slower on
 “ my Back; wherefore supposing it vain to resist,
 “ I ran as fast I could from them, and as Fear
 “ and Pain are excellent Remedies against
 “ Sloth, so I found I had soon left the Slaves
 “ behind me.

“ Having entered my Lodging, I began to
 “ lament my Fate, and the Cruelty of her who
 “ had so often deceived me. But in the Midst
 “ of my Lamentations I felt the Room shake,
 “ and in an Instant saw the Female rise through
 “ the Floor, and stand before me.

“ *Bennaskar,*

“ *Bennaskar*, said she, I am *Ulin*, the Friend
 “ of the Distressed, and the Helper of all
 “ those who will put their Trust and Confidence
 “ in my Inchantments; I have long watched
 “ your Motions, and know your Thoughts,
 “ and willing to try your Faith in the magick
 “ Arts, I have thus often deceived you. *Alla*
 “ requires a reasonable Worship from his Vota-
 “ ries, but we, who love to contradict him in
 “ all Things, expect in our Dependants a blind
 “ and obsequious Obedience.”

“ Princess, or *Genii*, or whatever thou art,
 “ answered I, give but *Hemjunab* to my Arms,
 “ and my Life shall be spent as you direct.”

“ If I find you faithful, answered *Ulin*, you
 “ shall, ere To-morrow’s Sun depart hence,
 “ and have the Princess in your Possession.

“ *Ulin* then declared to me what she expected,
 “ in Return for her Goodness to me, and I
 “ swore to act in Obedience to her Commands.

“ Go, happy Bridegroom, said *Ulin*, and
 “ prepare thy Palace at *Delly*, my Slaves shall
 “ carry thee thither, and I, in the mean Time,
 “ will personate one of the Slaves of the Palace
 “ of *Cassimir*, and doubt not, but ere the pro-
 “ mised Time, I will convey the Princess to
 “ thy Palace.

“ She then muttered with her Lips, and a
 “ tall black Slave arose through the Floor.

“ Carry my Friend, said *Ulin*, to *Delly*, and
 “ heap in his Treasury a large Portion of my
 “ Niceties.

“ The black Slave took me in his Arms, and
 “ in an Instant I found myself in the Saloon of
 “ this Palace, and this Day my Mistress *Ulin*
 “ has fulfilled her Promise, and brought the
 “ lovely *Hemjunab* to my Arms.”

“ Merchant, answered I, talk not so boldly,
 “ it would better become you to apprize the Sul-
 “ tan of *India* of my Arrival, that I may be
 “ carried to the Sultan’s my Father’s.”

“ Nay, pretty Princess, answered *Bennaskar*,
 “ be not so imperious, but recollect that you
 “ are at my Disposal.”

“ Wretch, said I, *Mahomet* will never suffer
 “ thee to destroy the Innocence of one who
 “ never offended thee.”

“ Alas, answered *Bennaskar*, *Mahomet* would
 “ be well set to work to prevent all the Evils of
 “ this World: No, no, my Princess, we are
 “ secure here, and I fear no Interruption while
 “ *Ulin* is my Friend.”

“ And what Promise didst thou make her,
 “ returned I, what hast thou given up, to
 “ make such a Wretch of me as you seem to
 “ wish?”

“ That, said *Bennaskar*, you will shortly see,
 “ nay, you shall see it this Instant, if you will
 “ but

“ but vouchsafe, adorable *Hemjunab*, to ascend
 “ the bridal Chamber.”

“ Infamous Wretch, said I, bursting into
 “ Tears, how durst thou make Use of such
 “ Expressions!”

“ Nay, continued the Wretch, I must be
 “ plain with you, Madam, either attend me
 “ with Chearfulness, or expect to be com-
 “ pelled.”

“ O, said I, with an aching and distracted
 “ Heart, where is my dear Mother *Chederazade*!
 “ where is my royal Father, the Sultan of
 “ *Cassimir*! where the Millions of Subjects that
 “ doat on their Lord! that his Daughter must
 “ be ravished by a vile Merchant, and there is
 “ none to help her.”

The wicked *Bennaskar* paid no Regard to my
 Tears, but taking me in his Arms, carried me
 by Force out of the Room where first we met.

I filled the House with my Cries and Lamen-
 tations, but in vain; *Bennaskar* still continued to
 carry me through several Apartments, and was
 deaf to my Tears, my Cries, and my Prayers.

Seeing my Honor thus at the Disposal of an
 hardened Wretch; the Creature of a vile Magi-
 cian, a sudden Thought came into my Head,
 which I hoped, would at least put off for a short
 Time the villainous Intentions of the dishonor-
 able Merchant.

“ O *Bennaskar*, said I, why do you thus
 “ hurry me, like a Criminal, and a Slave,
 “ through your Apartments? Surely you will
 “ not dishonor the royal Blood of my Family;
 “ let me loose from your Arms, and send for
 “ the Cadi, that since it is my Fate to be the
 “ Consort of *Bennaskar*, I may at least have a
 “ Writing of Marriage.”

“ No, no, Princess, answered the fierce,
 “ cruel Wretch, our Sex seldom desire the
 “ Trouble of Marriage Contracts to prolong the
 “ Days of Impatience, when we have the Fair
 “ in Possession without them; To-morrow we
 “ shall have Leisure to talk of those Matters,
 “ but the present Moments are too precious to
 “ waste in needless Forms.”

As the Villain said this, he arrived with me
 in a vaulted Chamber, where releasing me from
 his Arms, he secured the Entrance.

“ And now, Princess, continued the Wretch,
 “ I am bound to perform my Promise to *Ulin*,
 “ before I take Possession of your Charms.”

Though I was dumb with Terror and Vexa-
 tion, yet I hoped for a short Release from the
 Words of the vile Merchant; nor was I deceived,
Bennaskar took the Lamp from the Center of the
 Chamber, and sprinkled a little Powder on the
 Flame, and repeted these, or the like Words,

“ Silly

“ Silly Guardian of *Hemjunab*’s Virtue, hasten
 “ hither, and behold the Triumphs of *Ulin*
 “ thy Foe.”

At these Words the Apartment shook, and
 the Countenance of *Bennaskar* fell, but a Voice
 issuing out of the Wall, cried, “ *Bennaskar*,
 “ seize thy Prey, and fear not the harmless
 “ Presence of my Foe *Macoma*.”

The vile Merchant then seized me in his
 Arms, and was about to lead me to his detested
 Bed, when, in a gentle Cloud, a venerable
 and majestick Personage descended into the
 Apartment.

“ Unhappy Princess of *Cassimir*, said she,
 “ how has thy Imprudence weakened my Power,
 “ and destroyed thine own Safety; if thou hadst
 “ not yielded to the false female Slave, the
 “ Sorceress *Ulin* had not triumphed over thee
 “ and me; but now she has given thee unto the
 “ Power and Possession of *Bennaskar*, and I am
 “ not permitted to rescue thee from the Clutches
 “ of this detested Merchant.”

“ Then, said *Bennaskar*, (who before was
 “ awed by the Presence of the *Genius Macoma*)
 “ *Hemjunab* is my own, and my faithful *Ulin*
 “ has not deceived me. Come, continued the
 “ abandoned Villain, come, Princess, let us
 “ divert your Guardian *Genius* with our connu-
 “ bial Rites.”

At

At these Words, exerting all his Strength, the Villain threw me beneath him, but his Triumph was but short, for the *Genius* advancing, immediately touched him with her Wand, and said,

“ Wretched Slave of Iniquity, think not
 “ Heaven will suffer thee to complete the cursed
 “ Purpose of thy black Heart. Though I am
 “ not permitted to rescue the Princess, yet have
 “ I Power over thee base Tool of Sin: There-
 “ fore, whenever you look upon the Princess,
 “ you shall deprive her of Sensation, and your-
 “ self be deprived of Desire.”

“ Then, cried *Bennaskar*, rising and turning
 “ from me, I will at present disappoint thy
 “ Power, till I receive my Commands from
 “ the Mouth of *Ulin*, the Mistress of my Fate.”

“ Ah, cried the Inchantress *Ulin*, who that
 “ Moment entered the vaulted Chamber from
 “ the Closet (which my Prince you have heard
 “ described by *Maboud*,) What hast thou done,
 “ thou Enemy of our Race! Accursed, and
 “ fatal Neglect, that I had not first secured *Ben-
 “ naskar* from thy Power! But since the inexo-
 “ rable Word is gone forth, I will add to thy
 “ Sentence.

“ Here, continued she, stamping with her
 “ Foot, and an ugly Dwarf arose through a
 “ Trap Door in the Chamber, *Nego*, be it thy
 “ Business to attend my Servant *Bennaskar*, and
 “ whenever

“ whenever thou seest that Female deprived of
 “ Sensation, do you bury her in the Earth be-
 “ neath this Chamber: And, *Bennaskar*, conti-
 “ nued the Inchantress, do you take this Vial,
 “ and whenever you want to converse with this
 “ stubborn Female, let one of your Slaves,
 “ whom you can trust, pour Part of the Li-
 “ quor into her Mouth, and she shall recover;
 “ only retire yourself into the Closet; that you
 “ be not seen of her, at least till she consent to
 “ your Will, for then the Inchantments of *Ma-*
 “ *coma* shall no longer prevale against you.”

“ The Inchantments, said *Miacoma*, O wretch-
 “ ed *Ulin*, are not yet complete, there is yet a
 “ Moment left, and both our Power over *Hem-*
 “ *junab* and *Bennaskar* will be at an End.

“ Therefore thus shall it be, although *Ben-*
 “ *naskar* is possessed of the Princess, yet shall
 “ these Apartments be hidden from the Sight of
 “ all Men, except on that Day when thy evil
 “ Race prevales. On the full of the Moon only
 “ shall *Bennaskar* be able to explore these Rooms;
 “ and fear not, amiable *Hemjunab*, said the
 “ *Genius*, addressing herself to me, for neither
 “ Force nor Inchantment shall work your Ruin
 “ without your own Consent; and although
 “ *Mabomet*, displeased at your late Imprudence,
 “ for a Time permits this Inchantment, yet at
 “ length,

“ length, if you continue faithful and virtuous,
 “ he will assuredly deliver you.”

At these Words *Bennaskar* turned toward me with Anger and Disappointment in his Eye, and immediately I was seized with a deep Sleep, and what passed afterward I know not.

I found myself awakened by the Descent of some Liquor in my Mouth, and saw a black Slave standing before me. At the same Time the Voice of *Bennaskar* issued forth from the Closet.

“ Ill-fated Princess *Hemjunah*, thy Tyrant
 “ *Genius* hath now hidden thee a Month from
 “ my Sight, while thy Friends *Ulin* and *Ben-*
 “ *naskar* seek to restore thee to Light and to
 “ Life ; say but therefore thou wilt yield to my
 “ Will, and the Incantments of *Macoma* will
 “ be destroyed.”

“ Wretched *Bennaskar*, answered I, I knew
 “ not that my Sleep had continued a Month,
 “ but if it be so long since I saw the *Genius Ma-*
 “ *coma* in this Chamber, I thank *Mahomet* that
 “ he hath so long hidden me from the Perse-
 “ cutions of *Bennaskar*.”

“ Haughty Princess, answered the vile *Ben-*
 “ *naskar* from the Closet, my Slave shall inspire
 “ you with humbler Words.” Whereupon he
 ordered the black Slave to give me fifty Lashes
 with the *Chabouk*.

But

But it is needless, O Prince, to repete the various Designs of that Wretch; for three Months was I thus confined, and *Bennaskar* having exercised, through the Hands of his Slave, the Cruelties of his Heart, used at length (when he found me persist in my Resolution) to come forth, and by his Presence, deprive me of Sensation.

The Adventures of the third Month you have heard from the Mouth of *Maboud*, I shall therefore only continue my Adventures from the Time that he left me with the Book in my Hand.

Bennaskar seeing his Friend *Maboud* had left him, went out, and soon returned again with him, and taking him into the Closet, in a Moment came forth, and touching me, he said, "Come, fair Princess, the Inchantments of
" *Macoma* are now at an End, and thou art
" given up entirely to the Possession of *Bennaskar*."

I shrieked at his Words, hoping the Cadi would hear me, but in vain; *Bennaskar* rose with me through the vaulted Roof, and I found myself with him in a wide-extended Plain.

"Wretch, said the *Genius Macoma*, who that
" Moment appeared, hast thou dared to dis-
" obey my Commands, and remove the Prin-
" cess from the vaulted Chamber, where even
Vol. II. I thy

“ thy Mistress yielded to my Power ; but I
 “ thank thee, what the imprudent *Maboud* could
 “ not accomplish against thee thou hast effected
 “ thyself.”

As she spake the Form of *Bennaskar* perished
 from the Face of the Plane, and his Body crum-
 bled to Atoms, and mixed with the Dust of the
 Earth ; but from his Ashes the Inchantress *Ulin*
 arose, and with an enraged Visage turned toward
 me, and said,

“ Thou art still the Victim of my Power,
 “ and since *Bennaskar* is no more, go, sweet
 “ Princess, and join thy delicate Form to the
 “ Form of thy Preserver *Maboud*, whom I de-
 “ signed for the Flames, but my Will being op-
 “ posed, he is rescued from thence, and now
 “ defiles the Air of *Tarapajan* with his pestife-
 “ rous Breath.”

Such, Sultan of *India*, were the Consequences
 of my Imprudence, and thus are our Sex, by the
 smallest Deviations, often led through perpetual
 Scenes of Misery and Distress.

“ Lovely Princess of *Cassimir*, said the Sultan
 “ *Misnâr*, I have felt more Anxiety during this
 “ short Interval in which you have related your
 “ Adventures, than in all the Campaigns I
 “ have made. But suffer us, O Princess, to
 “ add a further Trouble to you by a second Re-
 “ quest,

“ quest, for I am as anxious to hear by what
 “ Misfortune you were inclosed in the Tomb of
 “ Death, as I was to know in what Manner you
 “ were subjected to the villainous Cruelties of
 “ the Wretch *Bennaskar*.”

“ The Tale, O Prince, said the fair *Hemjunah*,
 “ *nab*, is wonderful, but alas, new Indif-
 “ cretions drew upon me the Severities I have
 “ experienced.”

As soon as by our Restoration to our pristine
 Forms, we were apprized of your Victory over
 the Inchantress *Ulin*, I found myself in the Se-
 raglio of my Father's Palace.

In the Apartment from which I was taken by
 the wicked Inchantress I beheld my Nurse *Elou-
 brou*. She was prostrate on the Ground, and
 the Palace was filled with her Cries.

“ Faithful *Eloubrou*, said I, arise, and look
 “ upon thy beloved *Hemjunah*; where is my roy-
 “ al Father *Nebenezer*, and the fond *Chedera-
 “ zade*, the Mother of my Heart?”

Eloubrou at my Voice started up like one
 awakened from a Trance,

“ What is it, said she in Emotion, what is it
 “ I behold? Art thou the departed Shade of
 “ my once loved *Hemjunah*!”

“ No Shade, said I, beloved *Eloubrou*, running
 “ to her, but the true Princess of *Cassimir*,
 I 2 “ whom

60 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ whom *Misnar*, the Sultan of *India*, hath
 “ rescued from the Inchantments of the wicked
 “ *Ulin*.”

“ O that thy royal Mother, said *Eloubrou*
 “ were, like me, blessed with the Sight of thy
 “ Return!”

“ What, said I, *Eloubrou*, what dost thou
 “ say! Where then is the much honored *Cbede-*
 “ *razade*! Where is the dear Parent of my
 “ Life?”

“ Alas, said *Eloubrou*, who shall tell the dis-
 “ mal Tale to thy tender Heart ——!”

“ Ah, said I, is my beloved Mother no
 “ more, is she gone to seek her disobedient
 “ Daughter over the burning Lake !”

At these Words my Spirits failed, and I sunk
 motionless to the Ground.

But my Lord must forgive me if I hasten
 over the dreadful Scene that followed. The
 Report of *Eloubrou* was too true, *Cbederazade*,
 the dearest *Cbederazade*, had been ten Days dead
 when I was restored to my Father's Palace,
 and *Zebenexer*, distracted at the double Loss of
 his Consort and his Child, had shut himself up
 in the Tomb of my Mother.

Eloubrou hastened to the Tomb wherein my
 Father poured forth his Tears, and acquainted
 the Guards who watched without, that I was re-
 turned.

The

The sorrowful *Zebenezzer*, although he was rejoiced at the News, resolved not to come forth out of his Confort's Tomb till the Month was expired according to his Oath, and gave Orders, that during that Interval, I should be obeyed by his Subjects.

My Mourning was not less severe than my royal Father's; I shut myself up in my Apartments, and would suffer none but *Eloubrou* to see me.

Nine Days passed in Silence, our Loss affected both, and *Eloubrou* was as little disposed as myself to forget the Cause of her Grievs.

The tenth Morning *Eloubrou* was called out by the Grand Viziar, who then had the Command of my Father's Kingdom.

She returned in Haste :

“ Princess of *Cassimir*, said she, one who
 “ calleth himself *Maboud* enquires for thee,
 “ and the Grand Viziar understanding that he
 “ was instrumental in your Release, waits with-
 “ out to know your Will.”

At the Name of *Maboud* I started from my Reverie.

“ *Maboud*, said I, O *Eloubrou*, deserves my
 “ Notice, and the Son of the Jeweller of *Delly*
 “ shall be rewarded for his Services to your
 “ Mistress.”

“ Alas,

62 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ Alas, answered *Eloubrou*, my lovely Mistress is distracted with her Sorrows, and supposes the Prince *Maboud* to be the Offspring of a Slave.”

“ If he be a Prince, answered I, he has hitherto concealed his Circumstances, and Birth from me, or he is not that *Maboud* whom I remember in the Desarts of *Tarapajan*.”

“ That, answered *Eloubrou*, you will soon discover when you see him; but, continued she, he desires a private Audience.”

“ Well then, replied I, introduce him *Eloubrou*, but let my Slaves be ready to enter at my Call.”

Eloubrou obeyed, and brought the Merchant *Maboud* into my Presence, and then retired.

Maboud fell at my Feet, and said,

“ Forgive, O loveliest Creation of *Alla*, my Presumption in approaching the Throne of *Cassimir*, and that I have added Hypocrisy to my Boldness, by assuming the Title of a Prince, which I confess I have no Pretension to take upon me, nor Abilities to support.”

“ What then, answered I sternly, has induced you to deceive my Court?”

“ Let Death, said *Maboud*, falling again before me, let Death atone for my Crime, but

“ first

“ first permit me to explain the Motives of my
 “ Presumption.”

“ Proceed, said I.”

“ As soon, continued *Maboud*, as our unna-
 “ tural Transformation was at an End, I per-
 “ ceived myself in the Capital of *Delly*, near the
 “ very House into which *Bennaskar* invited me.
 “ The Sight of that detested Place gave Wings
 “ to my Feet, and I ran forward, indifferent
 “ where I went to avoid that Spot, till I came in-
 “ to the Street, wherein I had spent my Fa-
 “ ther’s Fortune. A Crowd of Attendants
 “ waited at the House, which now was possessed
 “ by a more fortunate Inhabitant.

“ Sick of the Sight I flew onward, in Hopes
 “ of finding in a different Quarter a Place of
 “ Rest; but in turning down a little Alley, I
 “ came out upon the Area where the Cadi had
 “ condemned me to the Flames.

“ At the Sight of this Place my Blood cur-
 “ dled, and my Hair stood an End: Ah, said
 “ I, unhappy *Maboud*, the Capital of *Delly* will
 “ renew thy Distresses; by refreshing thy Me-
 “ mory with unfortunate Scenes; and as thou
 “ hast no Dependance here since thy Sultan is
 “ with his Army in the Field, why shouldest
 “ thou not join thyself to the Troops that daily
 “ march out of the City; and when thou art

64 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ arrived at the Camp, throw thyself at the Feet
“ of the Sultan *Misnar*.

“ Full of these Thoughts, I advanced toward
“ the royal Parade, and offered my Services to
“ the Captain of one of the Troops, that
“ were drawn out in the Square.

“ The Captain readily accepted my Offer,
“ and I was enrolled among the Number of my
“ Sultan's Forces.

“ Fortunately for me the Troop was then
“ drawn out, in Order to be sent to the main
“ Army, and being furnished with an Horse,
“ I went with my Companions, and before Night
“ we joined the Encampment.

“ Immediately I flew toward the royal Pavi-
“ lion, and fortunately met the Viziar *Horam*,
“ with his Attendants, going to the Sultan.

“ I threw myself at his Feet, and told him
“ who I was, but the proud Viziar spurned me
“ from him with his Foot, and bid the Guards
“ chastize me.”

Here the Sultan looked sternly at his Viziar,
and *Horam* stood in silent Amazement.

The Princess, although she saw the Emotions
of the Sultan and his Viziar, yet still continued
her Adventures without Interruption.

THE



THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF
THE PRINCESS OF CASSIMIR.

MAHOUD said the Princess, proceeded
thus:

“ Seeing I had no Hopes of Fa-
“ vor or Protection from the Viziar
“ *Horam*, I flew to the royal Tent, and as the
“ Sultan came forth to meet his Viziar, I fell
“ prostrate before him; but, alas, the Pride of
“ Greatness casts a Film over the Eyes of all Mer-
“ The Sultan *Misnar* hearing me speak of his
“ Transformation and my own, commanded
“ his Troops to cast that Lyar forth out of the
“ Camp.”

At these Words the Countenance of *Misnar*
changed, and he said, “ Judge, O Princess,
“ from the Actions of *Misnar*, whether that Re-
“ bel lied before thee or not; when I heard
“ from your Mouth, that *Horam* had spurned
“ him with his Foot, I was enraged at my Vizi-
“ ar, but now I am convinced he has alike tra-
“ duced us both.”

66 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ I will not, said the Princess *Hemjunab*,
 “ anticipate my Tale, the Sequel will satisfy
 “ both my Sultan and his Viziar.”

“ I was immediately, continued *Maboud*,
 “ carried to the Extremity of the Encampment,
 “ and turned out with Hissings and Abuse.

“ I fled as fast as my Feet would permit, and
 “ in a few Hours joined a Caravan, who fortunately for me, were journeying to *Cassimir*.

“ During my Journey hither, O Princess,
 “ I lived on the Alms of Merchants, and at my
 “ Arrival found the Capital in Confusion. I
 “ heard that your royal Father *Zebenezer* was retired,
 “ that my lovely Princess saw none but
 “ *Eloubrou*, the Partner of her Afflictions, and
 “ that the Viziar *Hobaddan* directed every Thing.

“ Ah, said I to myself, is there then no Way
 “ of seeing the Princess but through the Indulgence
 “ of her Prime Viziar, and what Hope have I, that he
 “ will hearken to the Tale of an unknown Beggar, when
 “ *Horam* would not acknowledge the Brother of his Afflictions !

“ In this Distress I knew not where to turn,
 “ but happily one saw my Afflictions. A Merchant
 “ who was standing in his Shop, and had observed me
 “ lift up my Eyes to Heaven, called out, and said,
 “ Young Man, what is the Cause of your excessive
 “ Afflictions ? I looked round, and saw the Merchant,
 “ and as I was going

“ going up to him, Fortune inspired me with
 “ a Tale that softened his Heart.

“ I told him that I was a Prince, and well
 “ known to you, O Glory of *Cassimir*; and that
 “ if he would, only for the Space of one Day,
 “ furnish me with a proper Habit and Atten-
 “ dants to appear before you, O Princess, I
 “ would pay him tenfold for his Kindness

“ It is not likely, said the Merchant, that a
 “ Prince and a Beggar should be one and the
 “ same Person, but as I have taken the Pains to
 “ enquire into your Affairs, I will furnish you
 “ as you desire, upon Condition, that if you
 “ are not what you say, you shall go before the
 “ Cadi, and bind yourself to me for ten Years
 “ as my Slave.

“ Being hard pressed by Penury and Want,
 “ I readily embraced the Merchant's Offer; we
 “ went before the Cadi, I signed the Condi-
 “ tions, that being properly furnished by the
 “ Merchant to appear before the Princess,
 “ if the Princess of *Cassimir*, did not acknow-
 “ ledge me to be Prince *Mahoud* and her Deli-
 “ verer in the Afflictions she had lately experi-
 “ enced, I would submit to be the Merchant's
 “ Slave for ten Years.

“ This being executed, the Merchant pro-
 “ cured me the Robes in which I now stand be-
 “ fore my Princess, and Slaves to attend me,

“and by his Interest with the Viziar, I was introduced into your Presence: And now, O Princess, unless you favor my innocent Deceit, by which alone I was able to obtain a Sight of my Benefactress, I must return from your Presence into the Chains of Slavery, and be exposed to the Scoffs of Ignominy.”

“There is no Occasion, said I, of giving you a false Title, *Maboud*, I will send for the Merchant, and buy off your ten Years Slavery, and give you sufficient to live creditably as a Merchant.”

“Alas, answered *Maboud*, the cunning Merchant, O Princess, will never know how to ask enough for my Redemption, when he finds I am favored by the Princess of *Cassimir*; and if he should, I shall become the Joke and Contempt of the Merchants, who will neither give me Credit nor Countenance.”

“Well then, said I, poor Merchant, since you are so unwilling to part with your new assumed Honors, be a Prince.” Then clapping my Hands *Eloubrou* appeared, and I said, “*Eloubrou*, let the Prince *Maboud* be lodged in my Father’s Palace, and let a proper Number of Slaves attend him, and do you acquaint the Viziar with his Quality.”

Eloubrou

Eloubrou did as I commanded, and *Maboud*, full of Joy, fell down at my Feet, and kissed the Hem of my Garment.

“ Prince, said I, arise, and *Eloubrou* shall
“ conduct you to my Father’s Palace.”

A few Days Experience made me repent my Folly in giving Credit to the Falsities of *Maboud*, for the insolent Merchant grew proud of his new assumed Honors, and soon forgot that his Title was only the Phantom of his own Brain.

He came daily, and was introduced to me, and every Time assumed greater State, till at last he dared declare his Passion for me, and talked of asking my Father’s Consent, as soon as the Days of his Sorrow should be accomplished.

Astonished at his Insolence, I bid him depart from my Presence, which he did with Difficulty, muttering Revenge as he went.

As soon as he was gone forth, I acquainted *Eloubrou* with *Maboud*’s Story, his ridiculous and insolent Behaviour; and that he had even dared to threaten me with Revenge.

“ The Threats of *Maboud*, said *Eloubrou*, are
“ of little Consequence, though Prudence
“ should never esteem the least Enemy unwor-
“ thy of its Notice; but Care shall be taken of
“ this insolent Merchant. However, my Prin-
“ cess, continued the experienced *Eloubrou*, must
“ suffer

“ suffer me to deliver the Sentiments of my
 “ Heart.

“ Our Sex can never give greater Encourage-
 “ ment to Man, than by submitting to become
 “ Parties in their Deceits, and she who helps to
 “ exalt one of that faithless Sex, must soon ex-
 “ pect that he will debase her. Love and Pre-
 “ sumption united, cannot distinguish the Valley
 “ from the Mountain; and the Afs crops
 “ alike the Thistle or the Rose: If *Maboud*
 “ dared first assume Honors that did not belong
 “ to him, what should prevent his more as-
 “ piring Thought. They that will not destroy
 “ the Weed before it produces the Stalk and the
 “ Pod, shall not prevale against it when it
 “ scatters forth its Seeds, and gives its Progeny
 “ to be dispersed by the Winds.”

As *Eloubrou* delivered this Instruction before
 me, one of the Slaves entered the Apartment,
 and gave me Notice, that *Zebenezzer*, my Father,
 expected me in the Tomb immediately.

I put on the solemn Veil, and followed the
 Guard to the Tomb of *Chederazade*, the Favorite
 of *Alla*.

I entered the lonely Mansions of the Dead
 with Fear and Trembling, and at the upper End
 of the vaulted Tomb, saw my Father kneeling
 before the embalmed Corpse of the Parent of my
 Life.

“ Unhappy

“ Unhappy *Hemjunab*, said the aged Form,
“ come hither and behold the sad Remains of
“ my dearest *Chederazade*.”

Athough my Heart sunk with Grief, and my
Limbs tottered, yet I essayed to reach the Place
where *Chederazade* laid embalmed, and fell at
the Feet of my Father *Zebenezér*.

“ Rise, said he, O Daughter” and caught
me suddenly in his Arms, when, O fearful
Sight, I perceived his Visage alter, and that the
villainous *Maboud* had seized me in his Arms.

Struck with Horror and Despair, I essayed to
cry out, but in vain ; my Voice was fled, and
the Powers of Speech were taken from me.

“ No, said he, with a fierce Air, your Struggles
“ and Resistance, O prudent Princess, are all vain,
“ for she who will join to deceive others, must
“ expect to be deceived when there is none to help
“ her ; therefore Speech, if you resist, is taken
“ from you.”

“ What, said I, cruel *Maboud*, recollecting
“ myself, and endeavouring to soften him, is
“ this the Return my Friendship deserves, when
“ to save you from Infamy and Slavery, I gave
“ Way to your Intreaties, and represented you
“ otherwise than you really were ?”

“ They, answered *Maboud*, who give false
“ Characters of their Friends, should expect
“ to find their Friends as capable of deceiving
“ them, as they have made their Friends capable
“ of

“ of deceiving others : But we must not call
 “ such Intercourse Friendship. Friendship, O
 “ Princess, is built upon Virtue, which *Maboud*
 “ has disclaimed, since he entered into the Ser-
 “ vice of the sage *Hyppacus*, and by her Ad-
 “ vice it was, that he told you a sham Tale to
 “ deceive you to your own Destruction ; had
 “ you not yielded to that Tale, I could have
 “ had no Power over you or your Father ; but
 “ it is our Triumph to circumvent the Prudence
 “ of *Mabomet*’s Children ; wherefore seeing you
 “ would not yield openly to my Wishes, I no
 “ sooner left you with *Eloubrou*, than by *Hyppa-*
 “ *cus*’s Assistance, I entered this Tomb invi-
 “ sibly, and by my Inchantments overpowered
 “ your Father *Zebenezzer*, and then assuming his
 “ Person, I sent for my Princess, and she came
 “ obedient to my Call.

“ But now, continued the false *Maboud*, your
 “ Cries will profit you but little, for *Hyppacus*,
 “ who is ever hovering over *Delly*, to watch the
 “ Motions of the Sultan *Misnar*, has by this
 “ Time placed us in a Repository of the Dead,
 “ where we shall have none to overhear or dis-
 “ turb us.”

Maboud then shewed me my Father *Zebenezzer*,
 whom by his Inchantments he had deprived of
 all Sensation ; he lay in a Coffin of black Mar-
 ble, in an inner Apartment. And after that,

he vowed that he would desist from Force, but that till I consented to his Wishes, I must be content to live in the Tomb.

But I will not fatigue you, O royal Sultan, with the specious and base Arguments of the wretched *Maboud*, when he found all in vain; he, by his Inchantments, obliged me to sleep in the Place from whence you delivered me, and what Time has elapsed during my Confinement I know not.

“ Princess, said the Sultan, we rejoice at
 “ your Escape; but as it is probable by your
 “ Account, that your royal Sire *Zebenezzer* still
 “ sleeps in the Tomb, we will beseech *Macoma*
 “ to hear our Petitions, and deliver him from
 “ the Chains of Inchantment.”

The Sultan then sent Officers to search in the Tomb for the Body of *Zebenezzer*, and also called together those who were skilled in Magick, and desired them to use Incantations to invoke the *Genius Macoma* to their Assistance. But the Arts of the Magicians were vain, and *Macoma* remained deaf to the Intreaties of the Sultan and his Sages.

In the mean Time, while the Sultan and his Viziar *Horam* endeavoured to comfort the afflicted *Hemjunah*, the Ambassadors returned from *Cassimир*, bringing Advice, that the Grand Viziar

Hobaddan had assumed the Title of Sultan, and that the whole Kingdom of *Cassimir* acknowledged his Authority.

At this Report *Hemjunab* sunk motionless on the Earth, and the Sultan *Mishar* ran to comfort her, declaring that he would march his whole Army, to recover her Dominions from the Rebel *Hobaddan*.

“ *Horam*, said the Sultan, let us be prudent
 “ as well as just ; therefore while you march to
 “ the Assistance of the injured Subjects of *Cassimir*, and to restore that Kingdom to its lawful
 “ Prince, I will keep strict Discipline and Order in the Provinces of my Empire ; and I
 “ trust, in a short Time, I shall see you return
 “ with the Head of the Rebel *Hobaddan*.”

The Viziar *Horam* set out in a few Days from *Delly*, with three hundred thousand Troops of the Flower of the Sultan’s Army, and by forced Marches reached the Confines of *Cassimir*, ere the pretended Sultan *Hobaddan* had Notice of his Arrival.

The Viziar *Horam*’s Intention to restore the Princess *Hemjunab* to the Throne of her Forefathers being proclaimed, Numbers of the Subjects of *Cassimir* flocked to the Standards of *Horam*, and the Army being now increased to five hundred thousand Troops, marched toward the Capital of *Cassimir*.

Hobaddan

Hobaddan having Notice of the Increase and Progress of his Enemies, and finding that to engage them upon equal Terms was vain, sent an Embassy to the Viziar *Horam*, assuring him that he, and his whole Army, would surrender themselves up to the Mercy and the Clemency of his Master's Troops.

Horam, rejoiced at the Success of his March, and desirous of regaining the Kingdom of *Cassimir* without Bloodshed, sent an Assurance to *Hobaddan* in Answer, that if he fulfilled his Promise, his own Life should be saved.

The next Morning *Hobaddan* appeared at the Head of his Troops, with their Heads dejected, and their Arms inverted toward the Ground, and in this Manner they came forward to the Front of the Viziar *Horam's* Army.

Horam the more to encourage the Submission of *Hobaddan*, had placed the Troops which he had raised in the Kingdom of *Cassimir* in the Front of his Army, and also to secure them from retreating, by the Support which his own Troops were to give them in the Rear.

When *Hobaddan* was come within hearing, instead of throwing his Arms on the Ground, he unsheathed his Scimitar, and thus spake to the Troops before him.

“ Brethren and Countrymen whom the same
“ Fathers begat, and whom the same Mothers

“ brought forth; suffer me to speak what my
 “ Affection to you all, and my Love for my
 “ Country, requires me to say.

“ Against whom, O my Brethren, is this
 “ Array of Battle, and whose Blood seek ye to
 “ spill on the Plains which our Forefathers have
 “ cultivated? Is it our own Blood that must be
 “ poured forth over these Lands, to enrich them
 “ for a Stranger's Benefit? Is it not under Pre-
 “ tence of fighting for the Princess of *Cassimir*,
 “ who has been long since dead, that the Sul-
 “ tan of *India's* Troops are now ravaging, not
 “ our Borders only, but penetrating, even into
 “ the Heart of our Nation? But suppose ye
 “ that the Conquerors will give up the Trea-
 “ sures they hope to earn by their Blood? Will
 “ they not rather, invited by the Fruitfulness
 “ of our Vales, and by the rich Produce of our
 “ Mountains, fix here the everlasting Standards
 “ of their Arms, and make Slaves of us, who
 “ are become thus easily the Dupes of their am-
 “ bitious Pretences? Then farewell Contentment,
 “ farewell Pleasure, farewell the well-earned
 “ Fruits of Industry and Frugality. Our Lands
 “ shall be the Property of others, and we still
 “ tied down by slavish Chains to cultivate and
 “ improve them. Our Houses, our Substance,
 “ shall be the Reward of foreign Robbers. Our
 “ Wives and our Virgins shall bow down before
 “ Conquerors,

“ Conquerors, and we, like the Beasts of the
 “ Field, be drawn in the scorching Mid-day
 “ to the Furrow or the Mine.”

As *Hobaddan* began to utter these Words,
Horam, astonished at his Malice and Presumption,
 ordered the Archers who attended him, to draw
 forth their Arrows, and pierce him to the Heart;
 but the Weapons of War were as Straws on the
 Armour of *Hobaddan*, and he stood dauntless and
 unhurt amidst ten thousand Arrows.

“ Friends and Brethren, continued *Hobaddan*,
 “ you see the Powers above are on our Side,
 “ the Arrows of *Horam* are as the Chaff on the
 “ Plane, and as the Dust which penetrates not
 “ the Garments of the Traveller. Halt not,
 “ therefore, your ready Judgments, which in-
 “ cline you to embrace what Nature and your
 “ own Security dictates, but join your Arms to
 “ the Defender and Supporter of your Liberties
 “ and your Possessions.”

At these Words the Recruits of *Horam* filed
 off in a Body, and joined the Party of *Hobaddan*;
 while the pretended Sultan, elated at his Suc-
 cess, pushed forward to the Vizier *Horam's*
 Troops, and charged them with the utmost Im-
 petuosity.

The Weapons of the Brave were foiled by the
 Armour of *Hobaddan*, for the Inchantress *Hyppa-*
gusan, studious of diverting the Attention of the

Sultan *Misnar*, had assisted *Hobaddan* with her Counsel, and with invulnerable Arms; wherefore seeing their Labor vain and fruitless against the pretended and unconquerable Sultan, the Hearts of *Horam's* Warriors melted within them, and they fell away from the Field of Battle, as the Birds of the Air retreat before the whistling Husbandman.

Hobaddan, sensible of his Advantage, hastened after the Troops of *Horam* all the Day and all the Night; and the Viziar himself nearly escaped with his Life, having none left behind him, to send to *Delly* with the unhappy Report of his Defeat.

But malicious Fame, ever indefatigable in representing the Horrors of Affliction and Distress, soon spread her Voice throughout the Regions of *Delly*, and *Misnar* heard from every Quarter, that his faithful *Horam*, and all his chosen Troops were defeated, or cut off by the victorious Arm of *Hobaddan*.

The Princess *Hemjunab* gave up herself to Sighs and Tears, and refused the Comfort and Consolation of the Court of *Delly*; and the Sultan *Misnar*, enraged at his Loss, resolved to assemble the greatest Part of his Troops, and march to the Assistance of *Horam*.

But first he gave Orders that Recruits should be raised, and that the Number of his Troops should

should be increased, and then mixing his young raised Soldiers with the Veterans of his Army, he left one Half of his Troops to guard his own Provinces, and with the other he marched toward the Confines of *Cassimir*.

The Viziar *Horam* had concealed himself in the Hut of a faithful Peasant, and hearing that his Master was arrived with a numerous Army in the Kingdom of *Cassimir*, he went forward and met him, and falling down at his Feet, besought his Forgiveness.

“ *Horam*, said the Sultan, arise, I forgive thee, although thou hast lost so many of my Troops; but I little suspected *Hobaddan* had been too artful for the Experience and Sagacity of my Viziar. However, *Horam*, he must not expect to deceive us again, we are more in Number, and we are aware of his Deceits. You, *Horam*, forced your Marches, and weakened your Troops, but I will bring them onwards slowly and surely. Have we, O *Horam*, prevailed against *Ulin* and *Happuck*, and *Ollomand* and *Tasnar*; have we crushed *Ababack* and *Defra* by our prudent Arts, and shall we fear the Contrivance of a poor Viziar, who leads a few Rebels among the Rocks of the Province of *Cassimir*! Let us but use Prudence with Resolution, and

“ these

“ these Enemies must soon fade away, like the
 “ Shadow that flieth from the Noontide Sun.”

The two Armies of the Sultan of *India*, and the pretended Sultan of *Cassimir*, approached each other, and the Troops of *Misnar* were pleased to hear that their Number was treble the Number of their Enemies. But however great their Superiority might be, the Sultan *Misnar* and his Viziar kept the most exact Discipline among them, and behaved as if they were about to engage a superior and not an inferior Force.

For some Time the Armies continued within Sight of each other, neither chusing to engage without some Superiority of Circumstances, and both watchful to prevent that Superiority.

At length, the Sultan observing a Weakness in the left Wing of *Hobaddan's* Army, caused by Sickness, as they were encamped near a Morass, gave Orders for a furious Attack upon the Front, but directed the main Effort to be made against that Wing.

But the Sultan's Intentions were defeated, for *Hobaddan* commanding not in the Center, as was expected, but in the left Wing, (with a chosen Troop he had conveyed there, that very Morning of the Engagement) totally defeated those who were sent to oppose him.

The Troops to the right of the Sultan's Army giving Way, put all in Confusion, and the
 unweildy

unweildy Number of *Misnar's* Forces, instead of regularly supporting them, poured toward the Right in such Tumult, as destroyed the whole Disposition of the Army.

During this Confusion, *Hobaddan* hewed down on all Sides those who dared oppose his Arms; and his chosen Troop followed him over Mountains of the Slain, every one flying through Fear at the Terror of his Presence.

The Sultan and his Viziar *Horam* finding it in vain to rally their Troops, or oppose the Conquerors, founded a Retreat; and amidst the general Confusion fled toward the sandy Deserts, which divide the Realms of *Cassimir* from the Province of *Delly*.

But the prudent Sultan in his Flight, endeavoured to restore to his Troops their Rank and Order; and while *Horam* reduced the Foot under their proper Banners, *Misnar* regulated the Confusion of the Horse, and placed them as a Covering to the rest of his Forces.

In this Manner they marched before the Face of their Enemies into the Desert, without any Provision or Forage, but what they carried with their Accoutrements; and although the Sultan and his Viziar used every Argument to persuade their Troops (who still exceeded the Number of their Enemies) to turn and pursue the Army of *Hobaddan*, yet so great was their Dread of the

victorious Rebel and his Forces, that they threatened to throw down their Arms, rather than return to the Battle.

Seeing all his Endeavours to inspire his Men with Courage ineffectual, the Sultan travelled onward with them into the Desert, as one given up to certain and unavoidable Destruction; and his Looks on *Horam*, were like the Looks of him, who seeth the Hand of Death on the Children of his Strength.

After two Days March, they halted beside several small Pools; and such was the excessive Drought of *Misnar's* Army, that many perished, before they could be prevailed upon to quit the refreshing Pools of the Desert.

These indeed thought of little more than present Relief; but *Misnar*, their Lord, was overwhelmed with the severest Pangs of Affliction and Distress.

To increase their Grievs, if they were capable of Increase, Scouts brought Word, that the Troops of *Hobaddan* being refreshed after their Fatigues, were marching toward them, intending to destroy them, while they were faint with Want of Provision.

The Army of the Sultan, terrified by the Report, and seeing no Hopes of Escape, fell upon the wretched Sultan *Misnar*, and his faithful Viziar, and bringing them into the Centre of the

the Troops, they demanded their Blood as an Atonement for the Losses they were about to suffer in their Cause.

The Ringleader of this general Mutiny was *Ourodi*, the ancient Enemy of the faithful *Horam*; who standing foremost in the Ranks, commanded the Archers to bind their Sultan and his Viziar to a Stake.

The Sultan seeing all his Hopes defeated, and the Rage of the Multitude, knelt down, and recommended his Cause to the all-powerful *Alla*.

And now the Archers were about to bend their Bows, and fit the deadly Shafts to their Bowstrings, when a luminous Appearance was discovered to the Eastward, and the Outskirts of the Army saw a Female in Robes of Light, travelling over the Sands of the Desert.

In a Moment she passed through the Ranks of the Army, and stood in the Circle who were gathered around, to see the Execution of their Sultan and his Viziar,

“ *Misnar*, said the Favorite of Heaven, arise,
 “ and fear not those Sons of Clay, nor the Ma-
 “ lice of Inchantment: I am thy *Genius Ma-*
 “ *coma*, sent by *Mahomet* to save and deliver
 “ thee, when human Assistance was vain and
 “ impossible.

84 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ Therefore, continued the *Genius*, assume
 “ thy just Command over these thy Subjects,
 “ and let them all fall prostrate on the Ground
 “ to *Alla*, and wait to see the Fate of those
 “ who fight against the Prophet of the Faithful.

“ But first learn, from thine own Experience,
 “ the Folly of trusting even to the greatest hu-
 “ man Power or Prudence, without an Affiance
 “ in the Lord of Heaven.

“ The World, O *Misnar*, is *Alla's*, and the
 “ Kingdom of Heaven is the Work of his
 “ Hands; let not, therefore, the Proudest boast,
 “ nor the most Humble despair; for although
 “ the towering Mountains appear most glorious
 “ to the Sight, the lowly Vallies enjoy the Fat-
 “ ness of the Skies. But *Alla* is able to clothe
 “ the Summits of the Rocks with Verdure, and
 “ to dry up even the Rivers of the Vale,
 “ Wherefore, although thou wert suffered to
 “ destroy the greatest Part of thine Enemies,
 “ yet one was left to overpower thee, that thou
 “ mightest know that thou wert but a weak
 “ Instrument in the Hands of Strength.”

“ I know, answered the Sultan *Misnar*, that
 “ *Alla* is able to dissolve this Frame of Earth, and
 “ every Vision of the Eye, and therefore not
 “ the Proudest, nor the most Powerful, can
 “ stand against him.”

As the Sultan spake this, the opposite Army of *Hobaddan* appeared upon the Face of the sandy Desert.

“ Although his Power be infinite, said the
 “ *Genius*, yet can he effect these Changes with
 “ the most unexpected Causes. To him the
 “ Pismire and the Giant are alike: But I will not
 “ waste that Time in Words, which I am com-
 “ manded to employ in Action, to convince
 “ both you and your Army of the Sovereignty
 “ of *Alla*. Therefore suffer no Man to rise from
 “ the Earth, or to quit their Places, but lift up
 “ your Heads only, and behold those Enemies
 “ destroyed before whom you fled, as the Inha-
 “ bitants of the Earth before the noisome Pesti-
 “ lence.”

So saying, the *Genius Macoma* waved her Wand, and instantly the Air was darkened, and a confused Noise was heard above the Armies of *Misnar* and *Hobaddan*.

For some Hours the Sultan's Troops knew not the Cause of the Darkness that overshadowed them, but in a little Time the Light returned by Degrees; and they looked toward the Army of *Hobaddan*, and saw them overwhelmed with innumerable Locusts.

“ Thine Enemies, said *Macoma*, O Sultan,
 “ are no more, save the Inchantress *Hyppacusen*,
 “ who at present personates the Rebel *Ourodi*.”

The

26 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ The Glory of extirpating her infernal Race,
 “ said the Viziar *Horam*, bowing before the *Ge-*
 “ *nius Macoma*, belongs to my Sultan, otherwise
 “ *Horam* would esteem himself the happiest of
 “ Mankind in her Destruction.”

“ That Glory you speak of, answered the
 “ *Genius Macoma*, is given to another ; a Fly is
 “ gone forth, the winged Messenger of *Alla*’s
 “ Wrath, and at this Moment bereaves the
 “ vile *Hyppacusan* of her Breath and of her
 “ Life.”

The Viziar *Horam* held down his Head at the
 just Reproof of the *Genius*, but the Words of
 her Reproof were the Words of Truth ; for an
 Account was brought, that the Rebel *Ourodi* was
 suddenly dead, being strangled by some Impedi-
 ment in his Throat ; and that at his Death, his
 Figure was changed into the Appearance of a de-
 formed Ichantress.

“ Although your Enemies, O *Misnar*, are no
 “ more, said the *Genius*, yet the Assistance of *Alla*
 “ is as necessary for your Support, as for their
 “ Defeat ; wherefore he hath given Life to
 “ the Springs of the Pools of the Desert, and
 “ your Troops will find such Refreshment from
 “ them, that you may safely march over the
 “ sandy Plains : And to add to your Happiness,
 “ the old Sultan *Zebenezzer* being released from
 “ the Enchantments of *Hyppacusan*, waits, with
 “ his

“ his Daughter *Hemjunah*, your safe Arrival ;
 “ and knows not as yet those Wonders, which
 “ I leave your Prudence to revele to him.”

The Sultan *Misnar* well understood the mysterious Speech of the *Genius Macoma*, but before he or his Troops tasted of the Pools, or pursued their March, he commanded them to fall down before *Alla*, the only Lord of the World.

The Troops having done Reverence to *Alla*, were desirous of repeting it before *Misnar*, to ask his Forgiveness, but the modest Sultan would not permit them.

“ ’Tis no Wonder, said he, the Sheep go
 “ astray, when the Shepherd himself is bewil-
 “ dered on the Mountains. Let us make, said
 “ he, *Alla* and his Prophet our Guide and De-
 “ fence, and then, neither Presumption nor
 “ Rebellion shall lead us into Error.”

The unexpected Change reached not the Court of *Delly*, till the Troops were within a few Days March of the City ; and *Zebenezzer* and *Hemjunah* were but just prepared to meet the Sultan *Misnar* when he entered the Gates of the Palace.

As *Misnar* advanced toward the aged *Zebenezzer*, the good old Man started with Surprize, and cried out, “ O *Mahomet*, is it possible, that the
 “ Sultan of *India* and the Prince of *Georgia*
 “ should be one and the same!”

88 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

The Princess *Hemjunab* was amazed and confounded at her Father's Speech, and she fell on his aged Face, and hid in his Arms the Blushes that overspread her.

“What you suspect my royal Friend, said
“*Misnar*, is true, I am indeed the Man who
“passed in *Cassmir* for the Prince of *Georgia*.
“I beseech thee, O *Zebenezzer*, forgive my De-
“ception.”

“You have no Forgiveness, said the aged
“*Zebenezzer*, O Sultan, to ask from me.”

“Indeed, answered the Sultan, my Title was
“just; my royal Father *Dabulcombar* being
“treacherously advised by those, who wished to
“place his younger Son *Abubal* on the Throne,
“commanded me to travel, and gain Renown
“and Experience in Arms; and to conceal my
“Importance, gave me the Title of Prince of
“*Georgia*.

“In this Disguise I came to the royal Court
“of *Cassmir*, and engaged in your Service, O
“venerable Sultan, and *Alla* sent his Blessing
“on us; your Enemies were put to Flight, and
“your Subjects, who favored me, gave the
“Credit of the Defeat to my Arms.

“Hearing that you intended me the Honor
“of an Alliance with your illustrious Family,
“I resolved first to see the Princess *Hemjunab*,
“whom I heard you had confined, being warned
“from

“ from an ancient Prophecy, that a Stranger
 “ should deprive you of her. I saw the Princess
 “ by Means of one of her Slaves, and *Hemjunab*,
 “ my lovely *Hemjunab*, from that Moment took
 “ Possession of my Heart. I was earnest there-
 “ fore with you to propose the Nuptials, and
 “ was to have been introduced to the Princess,
 “ the very Day in which I received Advice, that
 “ my Lord *Dabulcombar* was drawing near unto
 “ his Prophet.

“ In Expectation of demanding your Daugh-
 “ ter as the Sultan of *India*, and not as an ob-
 “ scure Prince, I journeyed to *Delhy*, and was
 “ early enough to see my royal Sire ere he de-
 “ parted.

“ Son, said he, Evil threatens your Reign;
 “ extricate, therefore, yourself from Danger,
 “ before you involve others in your Ruin.

“ Mindful of my Father's Words, I resolved
 “ to quell the Commotions of the Empire, be-
 “ fore I made myself known to the Sultan of
 “ *Cassimir*; but *Alla* has so wound the String of
 “ our Fates together, that it is needless to re-
 “ peate the rest of my Adventures. Only the
 “ Princess must forgive me this, that hearing she
 “ had been taken away from her Father's Court,
 “ I was resolved to conceal my Interest in her
 “ Affairs, till I was sensible that the Prince of
 Vol. II. N *Georgia*,

“ *Georgia*, though not blessed with her Smiles,
 “ had yet no Rival in her Affections.”

“ Most noble Sultan, said the Princess *Hem-*
 “ *junab*, ’tis in vain to dissemble; suffer me,
 “ therefore, freely to declare, that the Sultan of
 “ *India* has totally extirpated the Prince of
 “ *Georgia* from my Heart; but whatever my
 “ own Sentiments may be, assure yourself, that
 “ I shall not, at my Father’s Commands, re-
 “ fuse the Prince of *Georgia* my Hand.”

The Sultan of *India* and *Zebenezzer*, were both delighted with the Manner of the Princess *Hemjunab*’s Answer; and *Horam*, the faithful Viziar *Horam*, was rejoiced to find, that his Master, and the Princess *Hemjunab*, were desirous of rewarding each other, after their mutual Fatigues.

The whole Court expected the Nuptials with Impatience, and the good old Sultan *Zebenezzer* staid to see his Daughter Sultaness of *India*, and *Misnar* the happiest and the most thankful of the Children of *Alla*.

“ The Children of *Alla*, said the sage *Iraca-*
 “ *gem*, (as the *Genius Macoma* had finished
 “ her Relation) have indeed a Freedom of Acti-
 “ on; but that Freedom is best exercised, when
 “ it leads them to trust and depend on the Lord
 “ of all Things; not that he who seeth even be-
 “ yond the Confines of Light, is pleased with
 “ Idleness,

“ Idleness, or giveth Encouragement to the
 “ Sons of Sloth ; the Spirit which he has infused
 “ into Mankind, he expects to find active and
 “ industrious; and when Prudence is joined with
 “ Religion, *Alla* either gives Success to its
 “ Dictates, or by counteracting its Motions,
 “ draws forth the brighter Virtues of Patience
 “ and Resignation.

“ Learn, therefore, ye Pupils of the Race
 “ of Immortals, not to forget your Depen-
 “ dence on *Alla*, while ye follow the prudent
 “ Maxims of Wisdom and Experience; for he
 “ only is truly prudent, who adds Faith to his
 “ Practice ; and he truly religious, whose Acti-
 “ ons are the Result of his Faith.

“ But sufficient for the present Hours are the
 “ Instructions of *Macoma* and her illustrious
 “ Brethren. The faithful Guardians of these
 “ Children of Mortality, will, for a Time, carry
 “ them abroad, and teach them those Sciences,
 “ which are justly esteemed among the Sons of
 “ the Earth ; Sciences which have been deli-
 “ vered in secret Whispers from our Race, to a
 “ few chosen Minds, who, through our Assist-
 “ ance, have broken the Fetters of Ignorance,
 “ and subdued the Darkness of carnal Infirmities:
 “ Men famous through successive Generations,
 “ for cultivating and polishing the rude Outlines

“ of Nature, and for instructing Mankind in
 “ the elegant and social Arts.”

As the sage *Iracagem* uttered these Words, the inferior *Genii* retired with their respective Pupils, and by easy Progressions conducted them through those elegant and useful Arts, each of which upon Earth cannot be attained, but with a steady Application through Life.

After these Exercises, toward the Wane of the Moon, the whole Company met again in the Saloon, and *Iracagem* with Pleasure surveyed the enlightened Countenances of the Pupils of his Race, whose Hearts and Intellects seemed dilated by the pleasing Progress they had made.

“ Science, said the sage *Iracagem*, may polish
 “ the Manners, but Virtue and Religion alone
 “ can animate with exalted Notions and Dignify the Mind of Immortality : To neglect
 “ the first, is to turn our Head from the Light
 “ of Day ; but to despise the last, is to grasp
 “ the Earth, when Heaven is opened to receive
 “ us. A wise and prudent Spirit will so use
 “ the one, as to improve the other, and make
 “ his Science the Handmaid of his Virtue.
 “ Wherefore, noble *Adiram*, let us proceed in
 “ the delightful Lessons of Morality, and hear
 “ the Wonders you are prepared to relate.”

The affable *Adiram* arising, thus began her much instructive Tale.

S A D A K



SADAK and KALASRADE.

TALE THE EIGHTH.

THE Fame of *Sadak* lives yet in the Plane of *Erivan*, where he drew the Bow of the Mighty, and chased the Enemies of his Faith over the frozen Mountains of the North.

When *Amurath* gave Peace to the Earth, *Sadak* retired with his beloved *Kalasrade* to the Palace of his Ancestors, which was situated on the Banks of the *Bosphorus*, and commanded one of the most beautiful Prospects in the World.

Sadak, tho' furious and impetuous in the Field, was elegant and amiable in his happy Retreat, where Fancy and Delicacy preserved their Pre-eminence, over the richest Productions of unrestrained Nature.

The Palace of *Sadak* stood upon a wide-extended Terrace, which overlooked the Sea and the opposite Shores of *Europe*; a deep and noble Grove

Grove sheltered it behind, and on each Side Hills and Vallies diversified the rural Scene.

The Gardens of the Palace, though wild and irregular, yet afforded the most delightful Retirement; and *Sadak* found in its Bosom, Pleasures far superior to the splendid Pageants of the *Othman* Court.

To increase the Bliss of this earthly Paradise, his favorite Fair had blessed him with a numerous Progeny; and as *Sadak* and *Kalafrade* sat under the Shade of the lofty Pines, their Children wantoned and sported on the Plains before them.

The Spirit of their Father was in the lively Contests of his Sons, and maternal Delicacy dimpled on the Cheeks of the Daughters of *Kalafrade*.

The happy Pair saw their own Virtues reflected from their Children, and *Sadak* having already earned this elegant Retreat by the Toils of War, was resolved to dedicate the rest of his Days to the Improvement of his beauteous Offspring.

Kalafrade, though her Charms were as yet undiminished by Age, harbored not a Wish in which her noble *Sadak* was unconcerned; all her Joy was centred in *Sadak*; her Heart rejoiced not but when *Sadak* appeared, and her Soul uneasy at a Moment's Absence, panted after *Sadak* her Lord. The Love of *Sadak* equalled the Affections
of

of his Beloved ; he gazed every Hour with new Transports upon her Charms ; none but *Kalafrade* engaged his Thoughts, none but *Kalafrade* shared in his Affections.

Time, which impairs the impetuous Sallies of Lust, increased the holy Flame of their Love, and their Retirement grew more and more agreeable, as they more and more experienced the Purity of its Joys. But *Sadak* indulged not wholly on the Sofas of Pleasure, his Sons required his Presence with them in the Chace : He led them forth to manly Sports, and trained them to the Exercise of Arms.

His four Sons followed their Father *Sadak* daily to the Plains of *Rezeb*, were they strove for Mastery in the Race, and pointed their Arrows at the distant Mark.

“ O my Father, said *Codan*, the eldest of
 “ his Children, as they were on the Plain, where
 “ *Sadak* was drawing the Bowstring to his Breast,
 “ a black Cloud arises from the Grove, and
 “ Flames of Fire burst through its Sides !”

Sadak quickly turned his Eyes toward the Wood, which sheltered his Palace, and saw the Sparks and the Flames ascending over the Tops of the Trees.

“ My Children, said *Sadak*, with a firm
 “ Countenance, fear not, continue your Sports
 “ on the Plain till I return : I will leave four
 “ Slaves

"Slaves with you, the rest shall follow your
 "Father to this Grove of Fire."

Though *Sadak* was unwilling to terrify his Children, he knew full well the Misfortune which had befallen him. His Palace was in Flames, and the doating Husband hastened with his Slaves, to the Relief of his beloved *Kalafrade* and her Daughters..

Sadak first reached the burning Palace. The Slaves of the House, terrified at the Fire, were flying into the Woods. He commanded them back, and asked if *Kalafrade* and her little Ones were safe.

Seeing their Consternation, he flew towards the Apartment of his Beloved, which was situated in one of the inner Courts; and though the devouring Flames endeavoured to bar his Passage, the firm *Sadak* pressed through the Fire into the Apartments of *Kalafrade*.

"*Kalafrade!* said *Sadak*, my beloved *Kalafrade*, where art thou!"

Kalafrade answered not.

Sadak lifted up his Voice still higher, "*Kalafrade*, my beloved *Kalafrade*, where art thou!"

Kalafrade answered not.

Sadak, though terrified at not discovering his Beloved, yet searched every Part of the *Haram*, till he came to the Apartments of his three Daughters,

ters, who, with their Female Slaves, were fallen on the Earth, every Moment expecting to be devoured by the Flames.

“ Arise, my Children, said *Sadak*, and be comforted at the Presence of your Parent : But where is your Mother ? Where is my beloved *Kalafrade* ? ”

“ Alas, answered the Children of *Sadak*, we know not ; some Slaves forced our dear Parent from her Apartments, as she was hastening to our Relief.”

“ Then, answered *Sadak*, blessed be my Prophet, she is safe ! But come, my Daughters, continued their Father, you must not delay your Escape, the Fire makes hasty Strides upon us : Come, my Children, to my Arms, and I will bear you through the Flames, but first let us dip in the Bath, lest the Fire seize on our Garments.”

As they passed the Female Baths, they dipped themselves in the Bason, and the Slaves followed their Master's Example.

Sadak arriving at the Entrance where the Flames had reached, resolutely took up his two eldest Children, and carried them through the Flames ; then again returning, “ I will either, said he, rescue my youngest, or perish with her.”

His youngest fainted with Fear as soon as her Father had left her, and *Sadak* found her stretched on the Ground, with but little Signs of Life.

All the Female Slaves following their Master *Sadak*, had escaped out of the *Haram*, except one faithful Creature, who rather resolved to die with her young Mistress, than leave her exposed to the Flames.

Sadak snatched up his dear Treasure in his Arms, and commanded the faithful Slave to take hold of his Garment, and follow him thro' the Flames.

Happily the Wind had turned the Fire toward a different Part of the Palace, so that *Sadak* had less Danger to encounter in the second Effort, than in the first.

The resolute *Sadak* having rescued his Children, enquired of his Slaves where they had conveyed his dear *Kalafrade*, but none could give Answer to the Questions of their Lord.

The Slaves were now all gathered together in a Body, but four of their Number were missing, besides those who continued with the Sons of *Sadak* on the Plain.

As little more could be rescued from the Flames, *Sadak* left only ten Slaves about the Palace to recover what they were able; the rest he sent into different Parts of the Grove, and to the Villages around, to seek for their Mistress

Kalafrade,

Kalafrade, and her Slaves; fix he dismissed with her Daughters to the Plains of *Rezeb*, commanding them with their Attendants, to join his Sons, and seek some Shelter and Refreshment in a neighbouring Village, and leaving Orders for his beloved *Kalafrade*, if she was found, to retire to her Children.

Sadak then went through the most unfrequented Paths, and into the loneliest Parts of the Wood, to seek his Beloved, calling upon her as he passed along, and pronouncing the Names of the Slaves that were missing. This he continued till Night had thrown her sable Garments on the Earth, and he had compassed his Palace every Way around for several Miles, when he resolved to turn again, to his Palace, and enquire of his Slaves concerning his beloved *Kalafrade*.

He passed through the Woods, guided by the red Glare of Light, which the Clouds reflected from the Fire that had nigh consumed his Dwelling, and entered the farther Part of the Terrace, whereon stood the few Remains of his once elegant Building.

The Flames, unsatiated with their former Cruelties, seemed to rekindle at his Presence. His Slaves came weeping toward him, but could give no Tidings of their amiable Mistress; and *Sadak*, who in the Morning had looked with the utmost Satisfaction on the lively Scenes around him,

now saw the melancholy Face of Nature, enlightened with the dusky Gleams of his own unexpected Ruin.

But yet the Wreck of Nature could not have disturbed *Sadak* more than the Loss of his Beloved ; he doubted not but that the Fire was kindled by those Slaves, who had torn *Kalafrade* from his Arms ; and though he felt within himself the deepest Affliction, his Blood curdled with Horror, when he reflected on the tenfold Distresses which encompassed the pure and spotless Partner of his Affections.

“ O *Alla*, said the trembling *Sadak*, fortify
 “ my Faith, and teach me, even in the Horrors
 “ of this Night, to believe, that Mercy triumphs over Evil, and that the Paths of Destruction are controuled by thy all-seeing Power!
 “ To me all is Confusion ! Misery ! and Terror !
 “ But thou seest through the dark Abyfs, and
 “ guidest the Footsteps of the Just in the Vallies
 “ of Desolation : Nevertheless, O thou just One,
 “ forgive the sinking of my Soul, and pour
 “ the virtuous Balm of Hope, into the wounded
 “ Spirits of thine afflicted Servant.”

The bounteous *Alla* heard the Voice of his Servant, and the Heart of *Sadak* was fortified and strengthened with religious Hope.

Having disposed of what Effects his Slaves had rescued from the Flames, in a Place of Security,

rity, *Sadak* hastened to the Village where his Children were assembled, and disguising the severer Pangs he felt himself, endeavoured to assuage the Grief of his fond Family for the Loss of their Mother.

Several of *Sadak's* Friends soon joined him in the Village, and the Relations of his Wife offered to take Care of his Children, while he went in Search of *Kalafrade*, and his villainous Slaves.

Sadak with Thankfulness embraced the Offer of *Mepiki*, the Father of his Beloved, and having tenderly embraced his Children, directed his Steps toward the Sea Side, and crossed in one of his Feluccas to the City of *Constantinople*.

No sooner was *Amurath* seated on his Throne in the Divan, than *Sadak* fell prostrate before him.

“ My brave Soldier, said *Amurath*, arise.

“ The World, *Sadak*, continued the Prince, talk largely concerning your Happiness, and those who envy not the *Othman* Crown, yet pant after the elegant and peaceable Retirements of the fortunate *Sadak*. Has *Sadak*, then, a Wish ungratified, that he comes thus an humble Suppliant at a Monarch's Feet?”

“ The Smiles of his Prince, answered *Sadak*, are a Soldier's Joy, and in the Sunshine of those Smiles, did *Sadak* live an envied Life, till

“ till one dark Cloud interposed, and blasted the
 “ ripe Fruit of *Sadak's* Joy.”

“ What means my *Sadak*, answered *Amu-*
 “ *rath*?”

“ While I led my Sons to the Plain, replied
 “ *Sadak*, to teach them the Duties which they
 “ owed their Prince, the Flames seized my
 “ peaceful Dwelling, and ere I could return to
 “ the Rescue of my beloved *Kalafrade*, four
 “ Slaves had dragged her away, and I and my
 “ Attendants have in vain been seeking her, in
 “ Woods and Plains that surround my Habi-
 “ tation; wherefore, O *Amurath*! I come a
 “ Suppliant to thy Throne to ask Redress of
 “ thee.”

“ That, answered *Amurath*, brave Soldier,
 “ thou shalt have, my *Hasnadar Baski* shall pay
 “ thee twice the Value of thine House. Thou
 “ shalt have twenty of my Slaves, and as to
 “ thy Beloved, go where Fancy leads thee, and
 “ seek a new *Kalafrade*.”

The Words of *Amurath* were as the Arrows
 of Death in the Heart of *Sadak*, and he said,
 “ Let the Hand of Justice overtake the Robbers,
 “ and let the Power of my Lord restore *Kalafrade*
 “ to my Arms.”

“ *Kalafrade*, answered *Amurath*, has doubtless
 “ been so long in your Slaves Possession, that
 “ she is, ere this, contented with her Lot; in-
 “ stead

“stead of being the Slave of one, she is now
 “the Mistress of four. But why should a
 “weak Female trouble the brave Soldier’s
 “Heart. The Chance of War gives them to
 “our Arms, and as they change their Lords,
 “our Females change their Love.”

As the blasted Oak is torn by the Thunder-bolt, so was the Heart of *Sadak* rent by the Words of *Amurath*; but he concealed the Storm that shook his Breast, and bowing to the Earth, departed from the Divan.

He applied himself that Day to enquire in the *Bisfsten*, and publick Market-places, concerning *Kalafrade* and his four Slaves; and hearing no Tidings of them there, he went to the Water-side, among the *Levents*, or Watermen; but none could give him the least Account of the Fugitives.

The Sorrows of *Sadak* bore heavy on his Heart, but they did not prevent him from making a regular and strict Search on the opposite Shores both of *Europe* and *Asia*. Several Months passed in a fruitless Enquiry, without the least Discovery either of his Slaves or the Manner of their Escape.

The gentle *Kalafrade*, in the mean Time, suffered still severer Afflictions.

On the Morning in which she was torn from her Lord, she was seated on her Sofa, with her
 Slaves

Slaves around her, when she heard from several Quarters of the Palace a Cry of Fire, and in an Instant saw the Blaze ascend in three different Parts.

All was Confusion and Distress; *Kalafra* forgot not her Children, but was hasting to their Apartment, when four Slaves broke in upon her, and forced her out of the Palace.

They flew with their Prize to one Extremity of the Terrace, where a small Galley, which was concealed by the Trees which overshadowed the Water, waited for her Arrival.

The distracted *Kalafra* was delivered to an old Eunuch in the Galley, who instantly threw a thick black Veil over her Head, and threatened to cast her into the Sea, if she cried out or resisted.

The Threats of the Eunuch were vain; *Kalafra* feared no greater Misfortune than the Loss of *Sadak*, and she filled the Air with her Lamentations.

The Eunuch finding his Remonstrances unsuccessful, shut up the Windows of the Galley, and urged the Rowers to hasten away with their Prize.

Kalafra being inclosed in the Galley, knew not to what Shore she was carried, but ere long the Vessel struck upon the Ground, and ten black Eunuchs entering the Galley, they wrapped a

Covering of Silk around her, and conveyed her away.

After some Time they stopped, and uncovered the unfortunate *Kalafrade* to give her Breath.

The beauteous Mourner looked around her, and saw she was in a Garden planted with Cypress Trees.

She fell at the Feet of him who seemed to have the Command of his Brethren, and besought him to have Compassion on the Miseries of a distressed Mother and an injured Wife.

The Eunuchs made no Answer to the Intreaties of *Kalafrade*, but he who commanded the rest, made a Sign for them to fling the filken Covering over *Kalafrade*, and to bear her away.

It was not long before the Slaves made a second Halt, and took off the filken Covering again from *Kalafrade*, and retired.

The beauteous Wife of *Sadak* lifted up her Veil, as soon as she perceived the Slaves withdraw, and found she was in an obscure Room, the Windows of which were guarded with Iron Bars.

In one Corner of the Room stood a small Pot of boiled Rice, and beside it a Pitcher of Water.

Kalafrade hastened to the Door, but the Slaves had made it fast without.

Seeing all Possibility of Escape taken from her, and not knowing where she was, the

wretched *Kalafrade* threw herself on the Earth, and with Tears and Sighs intermixed, thus poured forth her Griefs.

“ O whither am I carried from the Arms of
 “ my Beloved! Where was *Sadak*, the Light
 “ of mine Eyes, when the Hand of the Op-
 “ pressor was on the Bosom of his *Kalafrade*?
 “ Where was the Strength of his Arm, and the
 “ Fierceness of his Countenance, when they tore
 “ his *Kalafrade* from the Nest of her little ones?
 “ O faithful *Sadak*, whither am I borne from
 “ the Light of thine Eyes? Whither am I car-
 “ ried from the Smiles which refreshed my
 “ Heart? Did we not, O *Sadak*, divide the
 “ Light and the Darkness together? In the
 “ Bosom of *Sadak* I hid me from the Storm;
 “ in the Arms of *Sadak* his Beloved triumphed!
 “ Ah *Sadak*! *Sadak*! hear the Voice of *Ka-*
 “ *lafrade*, ere the vile Ravisher come and despoil
 “ thee of thy Treasure! My Love for thee, O
 “ *Sadak*, has been pure as the Rain Drops, and
 “ the Thoughts of *Kalafrade* have not wandered
 “ from her Lord. In the Morning I joyed not
 “ at the Sun, but as he gave to mine Eyes the
 “ Image of my Beloved. When *Sadak* arose,
 “ my Heart was poured out in a Sigh; when
 “ he led his Sons to the Chace, ah wretched
 “ Chace! My Eyes went with him to the Grove,
 “ but my Thoughts followed him to the Plane.
 “ When

“ When he returned, his Presence was like the
 “ sprightly Notes of Musick to my Soul; when
 “ he smiled, he was chearful as the Light of
 “ the Morning. When he spoke, his Words
 “ were as the Dews of Heaven on the fruitful
 “ Bosom of the Earth, and his Motion was
 “ graceful as the Waving of the Palm Tree on
 “ the Brow of the Mountain. O who has di-
 “ vided my Beloved from mine Arms! Ah,
 “ *Kalafrade*, thou art as the Traveller among
 “ the Wolves of the Forest, thou art as a Stran-
 “ ger bewildered in the snowy Plain!”

Kalafrade vented her Sighs undisturbed for se-
 veral Days, no one appearing but an old female
 Mute, who daily brought her some boiled Rice
 and a Pitcher of Water, which though but
 scanty, was more than sufficient for the beauti-
 ful Wife of *Sadak*.

During this Interval it was impossible for *Ka-
 lafrade* to guess at the Meaning of her Confine-
 ment, and seeing no one come to molest her,
 she began to bear her Situation with more Tem-
 per, though still, like the Turtle, her Moans
 after *Sadak* were every Moment indulged, and
 her Fears for her Children renewed the Horrors
 of her Mind.

At length one of her own black Slaves, who
 had assisted in forcing her away appeared. He
 was dressed in a green Robe, and wore a yellow

Turban on his Head. As he entered the Room, *Kalafrade* retired as far as she was able, but he with an horrid Grin advanced, and seized her by the Arm.

The beauteous *Kalafrade* finding herself in the Power of the black Slave, shrieked aloud, and filled the Room with her Cries; but he, regardless of her Tears or her Intreaties, and in a rough and determined Tone, acquainted her with his Love, and that he intended to make her his Mistress.

At these Words *Kalafrade* redoubled her Cries, and the Slave proceeded to press her in his Arms, when in an Instant fifty Eunuchs rushed into the Apartment, and seizing on the black Slave, delivered *Kalafrade* from his Embraces.

The Wife of *Sadak* was astonished at the new Scene of Wonders which she beheld, but her Heart soon returned to its former Fears, when she beheld the mighty *Amurath* approach.

“ Let that Slave, said the Monarch, repay
“ with his Life the Injuries he has done to
“ this Perfection of Beauty.”

The distressed *Kalafrade* hearing the Command of *Amurath*, fell at the Feet of her Prince, and said :

“ Lord of thy Slaves, whom *Alla* has sent to
“ the Relief of the Distressed, behold the Hand-
“ maid of thy Servant *Sadak* before thee. As

“ *Sadak*,

“ *Sadak*, mighty Prince, was teaching his Sons
 “ to walk in the Paths of their Father, four of
 “ his Slaves having set Fire to his Dwelling,
 “ rushed into the *Haram*, and bore me away to a
 “ Galley, in which, throwing a Blind over me,
 “ they conveyed me to this wretched Hut,
 “ where, till To-day, I have been indulged in
 “ my silent Woes. But a few Moments ago
 “ this base Slave entered, whom I suspect to be
 “ the Author of my Misfortunes, and was about
 “ to compel me to bear his filthy Love, when
 “ the Guards of my Lord rushed in, and pre-
 “ served me from his villainous Malice ; where-
 “ fore, mighty Lord, permit thy Slave to de-
 “ part, and if it please thee, gracious Prince,
 “ let a few of these my Deliverers convey me
 “ from this Slave’s House to *Sadak* thy Ser-
 “ vant.”

As *Kalafrade* uttered these Words, *Amurath*
 made a Sign to his Eunuchs to withdraw, and
 taking the lovely *Kalafrade* by the Hand, he bid
 her arise.

“ Beauteous *Kalafrade*, said he, I am pleased
 “ at your artless Tale, yet are you much de-
 “ ceived, you are not in a Slave’s House, fair
 “ Mistress of my Heart, but in the Garden of
 “ thy *Amurath*’s Seraglio.”

At these Words the Countenance of *Kalafrade*
 changed, a deadly Paleness overspread her Cheeks,
 and

and she fell to the Earth as a Flower cut off from its Root by the stormy Wind.

Although *Amurath* called in immediate Assistance, it was long before they could restore Motion and Life to the miserable *Kalafrade*, who, as soon as she beheld the Countenance of *Amurath*, again sunk to the Earth.

After some Time, when the distressed *Kalafrade* was a little recovered, *Amurath* thus began:

“ It is beneath the Lord of the Earth to disguise his Thoughts, or to wear a Countenance which accords not with his Heart: No, my lovely *Kalafrade*, Hypocrisy is a Slave’s Portion, the Sun knows no Shadow, and *Asia’s* Moharch knows no Restriction: Wherefore *Kalafrade* shall not any longer feel the Tortures of a Doubt, or the Shackles of Fear.

“ Know then, lovely fair One, that I was jealous of my Slave *Sadak*, who boasted Joys superior to those which attend his Prince, and I issued forth the Law of my Mind, that he should be cut off for his Presumption.

“ While the Jannisaries were making ready to obey my Commands, I considered that Death alone was not a sufficient Recompence for his Folly, and therefore I determined to add Suspense to the Tortures which the Rebel had merited at my Hands.

“ For

“ For this Purpose, I gave Orders to the Chief
 “ of my Eunuchs to corrupt some of his Slaves,
 “ who were to fire his Dwelling in different Parts,
 “ and to bring away his *Kalafrade* to my Serag-
 “ lio; not that I intended, beauteous fair One,
 “ to exalt thee to my Notice: No, the Wife of
 “ *Sadak* was a Personage too low for *Amurath*
 “ to stoop to. But having heard that you also
 “ gloried in your *Sadak*, I resolved that you
 “ should live confined in an ignominious Hut on
 “ the coarsest Food for some Days; which being
 “ executed, I commanded one of your Slaves
 “ to go in unto you, and make you subservient
 “ to his Will. But my Anger was so hot against
 “ you, that this was not sufficient Revenge, un-
 “ less I was an Eye Witness of your Distress.
 “ For this Purpose a secret Stand was contrived
 “ for me behind this Hut, where I could unob-
 “ serve behold all that passed. Hither I came
 “ with the Slave, just Time enough to see him
 “ enter before you. But, O lovely *Kalafrade*,
 “ what was my Emotion, when I beheld the
 “ Charms which I was about to sacrifice to my
 “ Revenge.

“ The Moment I saw your irresistible Beauties,
 “ I vowed the vile Slave should die, who even
 “ in Thought had attempted to prophane your
 “ Charms. I made a Sign for my Eunuchs to
 “ rush in and seize him, and ere this, his ac-

“ cursed Blood is poured on the Earth as an
 “ Atonement for his Insolence.

“ But this is not all that *Amurath* will do for
 “ the Mistress of his Heart, and the happy
 “ *Kalafrade* may rejoice, that the Presumption
 “ of *Sadak* was not unnoticed by his Lord.
 “ Your short Troubles, O *Kalafrade*, have
 “ been productive of the greatest Joy your Sex
 “ can feel; for know that you have engaged the
 “ Affection of the mighty *Amurath*, and he who
 “ will not depart from the Words of his Lips,
 “ doth here call *Mahomet* to Witness, that *Amu-*
 “ *rath* will make his beloved *Kalafrade* the Sul-
 “ tana of his Heart.”

The tender *Kalafrade* was overcome with the Words of *Amurath*, and she sunk into the Arms of the Chief of the Eunuchs who stood behind her.

“ *Doubor*, said *Amurath*, I perceive *Kalafrade*’s
 “ Joy has overpowered her. While she is in
 “ the Trance of Happiness, too great for her
 “ mortal Nature to live under, let her be con-
 “ veyed to the richest Apartments of the Se-
 “ raglio, where the Favorites of our Race en-
 “ joy the Converse of their Lords; and let all
 “ Homage be paid to her, who is destined to
 “ share in the Pleasures of *Amurath*.”

While *Doubor*, and the rest of the Eunuchs, waited to perform the Will of their Prince,

Amurath

Amurath returned to the Seraglio, and entered the Baths, and afterwards arrayed himself in his most sumptuous Robes.

He then sent to enquire of the Chief of his Eunuchs whether *Kalafrade* was recovered.

The Chief of the Eunuchs came with the Countenance of Sorrow.

“What, said *Amurath*, trembling, as he
“saw the Posture of his Slave, is not the
“beauteous *Kalafrade* arisen from the Slumbers
“of Transport?”

“Lord of Life, answered *Doubor*, we have
“used every Secret of Physick in vain. Our
“beauteous Mistress still slumbers on the Sofa
“whereon we conveyed her.”

“If so, replied *Amurath*, let us hasten to
“the adjoining Apartment, where I may be-
“hold unseen, the Joy which will awaken in
“her Breast, as her Eye-lids unfold to her the
“Splendors that surround her.”

After *Amurath* had been some Time stationed in his secret Stand, the lovely *Kalafrade* opened her Eyes, and beheld the magnificent Apartment into which she had been conveyed.

The beauteous Wife of *Sadak* seeing the Mutes standing on each Side of her, the fair female Slaves falling prostrate in two Rows before the Steps of the Sofa, and the Eunuchs with folded Arms and downcast Eyes at a Dis-

tance, shrieked aloud, and clapping her Hands together in wild Despair, cried out, " O *Sadak*,
 " *Sadak*, save me from this pompous Horror !"

She then in frantick Haste, tore off the magnificent Bracelets of Diamonds, which, during her Fainting, had been fastened to her Arms, and the rich Girdle of Rubies which adorned her Waist ; the Pearls and the Emeralds which were hung upon her Bosom ; and looking on herself, " If I have any Thing, said she, that
 " may tempt the Lawless to injure *Sadak*'s
 " Love, thus will I sacrifice it to our mutual
 " Truth !"

As she spake these Words, she fastened her delicate Hands on her Cheeks, and before the Eunuch (who instantly ran toward her to prevent her Intentions) could seize her, she had marked her Features with Streams of Blood.

The disappointed *Amurath* could no longer contain himself, but he entered the Apartment just as the Blood was starting from the lovely Cheeks of the Wife of *Sadak*.

" Slaves, said he, your Lives shall answer
 " this Neglect, your base Folly has robbed me
 " of all my Joys, Behold my *Kalafrade* is de-
 " filed with Blood, and *Amurath* must abstain
 " from her Embrace.

" But if these deserve Death, what Torture
 " should await the wretched and foolish *Kalaf-*

" *rade*,

“*rade*, who presumes to value the Caresses of
“ a Slave, when the mighty *Amurath* hath re-
“ ceived her into the Seraglio of his Pleasures?”

“ Alas, mighty Prince, said the distracted
“ *Kalafrade*, falling at his Feet, who can ab-
“ solve the plighted Vow? Or——”

“ Polluted Slave, said *Amurath*, starting
“ from her, defile not my Garments with thy
“ Touch, nor mine Ears with thy Rebellion.
“ For three Days shall I leave thee, till thou
“ art washed from the Stains of this frantick
“ Deed; at the End of which Time, either
“ prepare to receive my Caresses, or expect to
“ see the Head of *Sadak* blackening in the Sun,
“ before the Windows of the Seraglio.”

At these Words the incensed *Amurath* left the
fair *Kalafrade* weeping on the Ground, and re-
tired to a different Part of the Palace. But he
gave Orders that the Chief of his Eunuchs
should attend her, to see that she was purified
from the Stain of her Blood.

The disconsolate fair One gave herself up to
perpetual Grief, and refused to taste the Deli-
cacies that were set before her, although *Doubor*
on his Knees besought her, to consider the dread-
ful Consequences of offending his Lord.

To these Remonstrances *Kalafrade* answered
little, her Mind was full of the mighty Ills which

116 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

she suffered, and she could conceive nothing more dreadful than the Embraces of *Amurath*.

As she sat the second Day on her Sofa, musing on her dear absent *Sadak*, she perceived a small Bird perch on one of the Windows, which looked toward the Gardens of the Seraglio, which hopping from thence to her Hand, opened its little Throat, and began its artless Lay.

As the Bird left off singing, *Kalafrade*, tho' she was astonished at its Tameness, yet began to stroke it, and said,

“Thou, pretty Chorister, art Mistress of
“the Air, and Heaven hath adorned thee with
“the Wings of Liberty; thou buildest thy Nest
“beyond the Trace of human Malice, and
“soarest abroad where no *Amurath* can impede
“thy Flight.”

The Moans of *Kalafrade* were interrupted by a small Voice, which at first the beauteous Wife of *Sadak* could scarce believe were uttered by the little Bird: Till listening with Attention to it, she distinguished the following Words.

“Startle not, lovely Mistress of *Sadak*’s
“Thoughts, at the Voice of a Bird. The
“most trifling Causes can, in the Hands of
“Strength, produce the greatest Effects, as the
“Instructions of *Alla* were conveyed to the holy
“Prophet of *Mecca* by the Whispers of a Dove.

“My

“ My Station appears envious to *Kalafrade*,
 “ because she conceives me the Offspring of Li-
 “ berty. Her Fancy represents me on the
 “ Wings of Pleasure and Enlargement; she sees
 “ me soaring in Heaven’s broad Path, but for-
 “ gets my Toils in the Grove, and my Labors
 “ in the Field. If the light Feather, which
 “ bears me on the thin Surface of the Air,
 “ makes me Man’s Superior in Flight, yet the
 “ Artifice of human Inventions again subjects
 “ my weaker Understanding a Prey to Contri-
 “ vance: But it is enough for me, *Kalafrade*, to
 “ know that I am the Creature of *Alla*, who has
 “ in Wisdom appointed to every Thing living
 “ their proper Stations and Bounds.

“ At present, indeed, I seem to have trans-
 “ gressed those Bounds, but it is in Obedience
 “ to my Mistress *Adirab*, who presides over the
 “ faithful Family of *Sadak*. ’Tis she who speaks
 “ in me, and who means to speak Comfort to
 “ the Heart-broken *Kalafrade*: She it is that
 “ saith,

“ O beauteous Mourner, and Slave of the
 “ Oppressor, fear not Misfortunes, which are
 “ the Tests of Virtue, and not the rotten Fruit
 “ of Infirmary. The Malicious shall not always
 “ triumph, the Staff whereon the Wicked lean
 “ shall rot and decay! When Clouds hover
 “ above the Fields, the Drops of Fatness descend;
 “ when

“ when the Storm passeth over the City, the
 “ Days of Health are at Hand. It is the Glory
 “ of the Faithful to bear Afflictions with Pati-
 “ ence, and to oppose the Temptations of Evil
 “ with Fortitude and Firmness.”

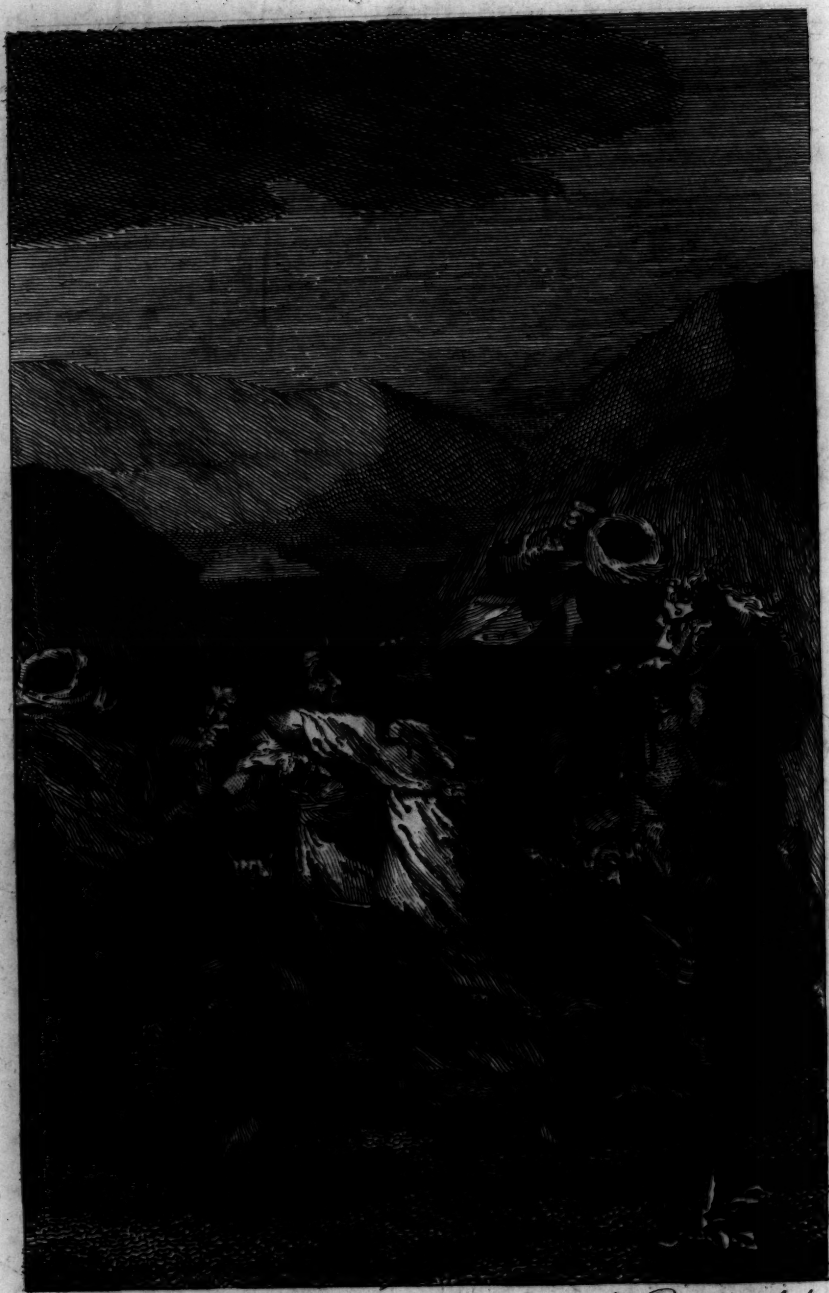
As the Bird was continuing to speak the Les-
 sons of its Mistress *Adirab*, the Chief of the
 Eunuchs entered the Apartment, and the little
 Chorister flew swiftly away through the Win-
 dow, among the Trees in the Garden of the
 Seraglio.

Doubor, as he entered, approached to the Sofa
 of *Kalafrade*, and fell prostrate before her.

“ Lovely *Kalafrade*, said the trembling Eu-
 “ nuch, it is to the Intercession of *Sadak*, the
 “ Father of thy Lord, that *Doubor* owes the
 “ Spirit which enlivens him: When *Elar*, the
 “ Father of *Sadak*, fought by the Side of *Ma-*
 “ *homat* his Lord, on the Confines of *Sclavo-*
 “ *nia*, and the Inhabitants of *Zagrab* fled before
 “ him, my widowed Mother, with her Family,
 “ were among the Number of the Fugitives;
 “ but as she held a Daughter in each Hand, and
 “ was laden with me, an Infant, on her Back,
 “ she was soon unable to keep up with her
 “ Brethren, whose Concern was so urgent for
 “ themselves, that they refused to bear any Part
 “ of her Burthen.

“ My





A. Walker delin. et sculp.

IDAN and her two Daughters LIBERAK and HIRAB.

“ My Mother *Idan* finding it in vain to fly
 “ with her Children, and resolving not to leave
 “ them behind her to the merciless Fury of her
 “ Enemies, sat down by the Road Side, and
 “ while I hung on the Breast, embraced with
 “ the utmost Tenderneſs her two Daughters.

“ Ere ſhe had completed her Careſſes, the
 “ Outſkirts of *Mabomet*’s Army appeared. Two
 “ Janniſaries firſt reached the miſerable Widow,
 “ they examined her Features, but Age had
 “ ſpread the Veil of Safety on her Cheeks. The
 “ Daughters of the wretched Widow next ex-
 “ cited their Attention; the Countenance of
 “ *Liberak*, the eldeſt, bedewed with Tears,
 “ appeared like the melting Snow; and the
 “ Bloom of *Hirab*, the ſecond, ſhone through
 “ the pearly Drops that hung upon her Face, as
 “ the Roſe Bud laden with the Dew of Night.

“ Be this my Prey, ſaid the firſt Janniſary,
 “ and ſeized on the elegant *Liberak*; and be
 “ this mine, ſaid his Comrade, faſtening on
 “ the Bluſh-covered *Hirab*.

“ *Idan*, my Mother, awaking from her
 “ Trance of Sorrows by the rude Onſet of the
 “ two Janniſaries, called aloud on her Chriſtian
 “ Gods for Relief, and held each Daughter
 “ firmly by the Hand, while the Janniſaries en-
 “ deavoured to looſen her Hold; which the
 “ firſt not effecting ſo eaſily as he hoped, drew
 “ his

“ his Scymitar, and severed her Hand and her
 “ Daughter from the miserable *Idan*:

“ His Comrade observing the brutal Success
 “ of his Fellow Soldier, drew his Scymitar
 “ likewise, and was about to gain his Prize by
 “ the same Kind of Cruelty, when *Elar*, the
 “ Captain of the Band rode up, and seeing the
 “ accursed Design of the Jannifary with his
 “ uplifted Scymitar hewed him to the Ground.

“ The first Jannifary seeing the Fate of his
 “ Comrade fled, and *Elar* gave Orders that
 “ *Idan* and her Children should be preserved ;
 “ he set a Guard over her, and sent, with several
 “ Slaves, one experienced in the Knowledge
 “ of Physick, to bind up her Wound.

“ But the kind Efforts of *Elar* were vain, my
 “ Mother fainted with the Loss of Blood, and
 “ before proper Assistance could be procured,
 “ expired in the Arms of her helpless Daughters.

“ *Liberak* and *Hirab*, the Children of *Idan*,
 “ fell on the Face of their Mother, and ceased
 “ not to mourn over their unhappy Parent ;
 “ neither could the Attendants which *Elar* had
 “ provided, prevale on them to receive the least
 “ Refreshment. They continued during the
 “ Pursuit of the *Turks* after the *Sclavonians*,
 “ which lasted three Days, immoveable on the
 “ Body

“ Body of their dear Mother *Idan*, while I was
 “ nourished by one of the Slaves of *Elar*.

“ Sorrow and Fatigue soon put an End to
 “ the Lives of *Liberak* and *Hirab*, the duteous
 “ Daughters of the deceased *Idan*; and I was
 “ left an helpless Infant in the Arms of the
 “ Slaves of *Elar*, who after the Return of the
 “ Army from pursuing their Enemies, pre-
 “ sented me to *Elar*, with an Account of the
 “ Death of my Mother and my Sisters.

“ *Elar* perceiving a Liveliness in my Looks,
 “ sent the Slave with me to *Mahomet*, who gave
 “ Orders that I should be admitted into his Se-
 “ raglio; and one of the first Things I learned
 “ there, was this History, from the Mouth of
 “ a Slave, who was appointed to be my Nurse.
 “ Wherefore be not surpris'd, O beauteous *Ka-
 “ lafrade*, at my Affection for *Sadak*, the Son of
 “ my Lord *Elar*, by whose generous Inter-
 “ cession I became a Servant of *Mahomet*, and
 “ was afterwards, by the Favor of the mighty
 “ *Amurath*, exalted to this Post of Confidence
 “ and Honor. But, alas, how will my Desire
 “ to serve *Sadak* be believed, when it is known
 “ that I, by the Command of *Amurath*, cor-
 “ rupted his Slaves, and assisted them in bring-
 “ ing the Wife of my Lord into this Seraglio!

“ Indeed, faithful *Katafrade*, my Ignorance
 “ must plead my Excuse: Bred up in this Place,

“ I knew no Law but the Will of my Master,
 “ and I believed, that every Female would
 “ esteem it their greatest Happiness, to enjoy
 “ the Smiles of the mighty *Amurath*.

“ But the Despair of *Sadak*’s beauteous Wife,
 “ her Constancy, and her Contempt of every
 “ Grandeur, when the Price of Unfaithfulness have
 “ convinced me how much I have distressed the
 “ noble *Sadak*, and to what a Precipice I have
 “ dragged the much injured *Kalafrade*; and
 “ yet, what had my Refusal to obey *Amurath*
 “ benefitted your Cause? Death had been my
 “ instant Reward, and some more savage Heart
 “ had been procured, to direct the bloody Re-
 “ solves of *Amurath* against you. Yet I plead
 “ not my own Excuse, but mean, ere it be too
 “ late, to serve the much injured Wife of *Sadak*,
 “ the Son of my Patron *Elar*.”

“ If you mean to serve me, *Doubor*, said the
 “ lovely *Kalafrade*, (though much I suspect the
 “ Integrity of your Tale) lead me this Instant
 “ out of the Seraglio, and waft me over to the
 “ Dwelling of *Sadak* my Lord.”

“ What, answered *Doubor*, is *Kalafrade* such
 “ a Stranger to the watchful Keepers of this Se-
 “ raglio, that she supposes it possible for any
 “ one to escape unobserved, through the vari-
 “ ous Guards which surround it? Know you
 “ not, beloved of *Sadak*, that numberless

“ Mutes

“ Mutes and Eunuchs watch it Night and Day
 “ within, and without are stationed a thousand
 “ Jannisaries both by Water and Land. No,
 “ fair Captive, there is no Escape from these
 “ Walls, unless *Amurath* consent.”

“ Is this, base *Doubor*, answered *Kalafrade*,
 “ your promised Comfort, that you officiously
 “ come to certify me of my Ruin? Thou art
 “ indeed a Christian Renegade, and no *Turk*,
 “ for thou delightest to torment those whom
 “ thou canst not save. O *Sadak!* *Sadak!* was
 “ it for this thy Father *Elar* preserved this
 “ Christian’s Blood, that he should be the chief
 “ Engine of *Amurath*’s Malice against thee?
 “ Such Tales as these are fitting to drive Pity
 “ from a Warrior’s Breast, and to justify the
 “ Slaughter of those who spare neither Sex nor
 “ Age!”

“ It were hard, answered *Doubor*, the Chief
 “ of the Eunuchs, to condemn the fierce
 “ Courser, because he cannot fly without the
 “ Assistance of the Earth whereon he bounds;
 “ or to extirpate the Olive Tree, because it
 “ bears not the luscious Clusters of the Vine.
 “ Although *Doubor* is unable to release the fair
 “ *Kalafrade*, yet he may find some Expedient to
 “ drive off the Completion of *Amurath*’s De-
 “ signs.”

“ Ah, faithful *Doubor*, said *Kalafrade*, (convinced of her injudicious Hastiness) forgive the wild Sallies of a distempered Mind ; I am satisfied of your kind Intentions, and I wait with Impatience to hear your Instruction and Advice.”

“ The great Foible of *Amurath*, replied the Chief of the Eunuchs, is Pride, and even his Love is subservient to the Haughtiness of his Soul.”

“ If so, answered *Kalafrade*, interrupting him, I will tempt his utmost Anger, and merit his Contempt. I will sting his proud Heart with Taunts and Revilings, and force him to cast me forth to publick Scorn.”

“ Alas, answered *Doubor*, you know not, beautiful *Kalafrade*, the Fury of *Amurath* ; such a Behaviour would irritate him to invent new Torments for *Sadak*, through whom he knows the Heart of *Kalafrade* is soonest wounded : No, my lovely Mistress, you must use far other Arts, if you mean to preserve yourself unhurt in this impregnable Seraglio. While *Amurath* thinks you love *Sadak*, no Concessions of your's will please him ; he may indeed, for a few Hours, take a Pleasure in your Smiles, but his jealous Heart will soon awake, and his Rage against the unfortunate *Sadak* will rekindle.”

“ O *Doubor*, said *Kalafrade*, where will your
“ mean Advice end!”

“ Fear not, constant *Kalafrade*, answered the
“ Chief of the Eunuchs, I seek to deliver you
“ even from the Horrors of your own Imagi-
“ nation. In the wide Ocean is a large Island,
“ surrounded by inaccessible Rocks and, deceit-
“ ful Quick sands, in the Center of which, from
“ a rising Ground, runs a small Spring, whose
“ Waters are of such a Nature, that whoever
“ drinks of them, immediately forgets what-
“ ever has passed before in their Lives; but
“ these Waters are beset with such unsurmount-
“ able Difficulties, that no one hath ever been
“ able to draw of that Stream, though Thou-
“ sands have perished in the Undertaking.

“ When *Amurath* then next enters, lovely
“ *Kalafrade*, into these Apartments, appear
“ submissive and humble before him; and when
“ he presses you to accept of his Love, promise
“ to yield to his Desires, on one Condition,
“ that he procures for you the Waters of Obli-
“ vion, that you may forget all your former
“ Converse with *Sadak*, and be made fit to re-
“ ceive the Conqueror of the Earth.”

“ Ah *Doubor*! *Doubor*! answered *Kalafrade*,
“ how can I prevale upon myself, even in Deceit,
“ to speak so disrespectfully of *Sadak*, the Be-
“ loved of my Soul! O *Sadak*, may I be in-
“ deed

“ deed the Tyrant’s Mistress, when my base
 “ Heart forgets its lovely Union with *Sadak* its
 “ Lord.”

“ Consider, faithful Consort of *Sadak*, an-
 “ swered *Doubor*, what otherwise may be your
 “ Doom ; better it is to speak in Terms of
 “ Disgrace of *Sadak*, than to disgrace his Love,
 “ by suffering the wild Effects of *Amurath*’s De-
 “ fires.”

“ O *Doubor*, said *Kalafrade*, I had much ra-
 “ ther submit to every lesser Ill, than have my
 “ Heart-Strings broken by his hated Em-
 “ brace.”

“ I had nor dared to have staid thus long at
 “ the Feet of *Kalafrade*, answered *Doubor*, un-
 “ less *Amurath* had sent me to soften your Heart.
 “ I will now return, and prepare him to be de-
 “ ceived by the Request of his Sultana.”

“ Ah *Doubor*, said *Kalafrade*, if you mean
 “ to serve me, never again let me hear that
 “ detested Name : Sultana ! to me is a worse
 “ Sound, than Poverty and Contempt can
 “ frame !”

The Chief of the Eunuchs bowed to the
 Earth, and withdrew from the Presence of *Ka-
 lafrade*.

“ The Tale of *Doubor*, said *Kalafrade* to her-
 “ self, as the Chief of the Eunuchs left the
 “ Room, may be only a fertile Invention to

“ amuse,

“ amuse, and soften the rigorous Sorrows of my
 “ Heart; but as they cannot change my fixed
 “ Resolves, I will act as though I believed
 “ them. If there is Truth in his Words, his
 “ Device may at worst put off for a Time the
 “ Misfortunes I have too much Reason to
 “ dread.”

The Mind of *Kalafrade* was so greatly eased by the Instructions of the Bird of *Adiram*, and the Devices of *Doubor*, the Chief of the Eunuchs, that on the third Day she suffered the Slaves to adorn her, and partook of the Delicacies which were set before her.

In the Evening the Slaves of the Seraglio warned *Kalafrade* of *Amurath*'s Approach, and as he entered, the beauteous Wife of *Sadak* fell with her Face to the Earth.

“ *Kalafrade*, said *Amurath*, let me know,
 “ ere you rise from the Earth, to the blissful Pa-
 “ radise of these Arms, whether you have well
 “ weighed the Difference between a Slave's
 “ Love and a Monarch's Favor, or is it necessary
 “ to compel you to be happy?”


“ Light of the Faithful, and Lord of the
 “ Earth, answered the prostrate *Kalafrade*, the
 “ Preference you have shewn an Object unwor-
 “ thy of your Notice, can never be sufficiently
 “ acknowledged by your Slave. But, O my
 “ Lord, mention not the mighty Honors you
 “ mean

“ mean to heap upon me, lest my dazzled
 “ Fancy totter with the towering Thought, and
 “ my over-charged Reflection sink into the
 “ long Slumbers of eternal Night.”

“ Blessed and unexpected Change, said the
 “ transported *Amurath*, raising up the trem-
 “ bling *Kalafrade* in Haste, what were those
 “ sweet Words that I suffered to fall so soon to
 “ the Earth, Words valuable as the wide Em-
 “ pire that I hold. Repeat them, beauteous
 “ *Kalafrade*, ten thousand thousand Times in
 “ mine Ears, and ask your own Reward for the
 “ sweet Labor I have imposed upon you.”



THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF
SADAK AND KALASRADE.

“  L A S, alas, continued *Kalaf-*
 “ *rade*, what has my weak Heart
 “ uttered in the Ears of my Prince !
 “ Can the mighty *Amurath* stoop
 “ to raise a Peasant’s Daughter ! Shall the Age-
 “ stricken Wife of *Sadak*, shall the Mother of
 “ a numerous Family, shall the mean-Inha-
 “ bitant of a Cottage on the Banks of the *Bos-*
 “ *phorus*, become the Favorite of *Amurath*, and
 “ the Sultana of the *Othman* Court ! No, *Ka-*
 “ *lasrade*, foolish *Kalafrade*, *Amurath* laughs at
 “ thy Folly, and has raised thee to this Height,
 “ to make thy Fall more terrible.

“ As the humble Tortoise is lifted up and
 “ borne on the Pinions of the Eagle, till his
 “ giddy Sight swim at the wide Prospect round
 “ him, and then hurled suddenly downward to
 “ the pointed Rock, so shall *Kalafrade* be raised
 “ by the mock Pageants of Power, till it please

130 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ those who delight in her Miseries, to cast her
“ forth to Infamy and Scorn.”

“ By the sacred Blood of that Prophet which
“ animates me, I swear, O *Kalafrade*, I mean
“ to fulfil the Word I have spoken, and thou
“ alone shalt be the Sultana of my Heart.”

“ But will the mighty *Amurath* consent to
“ one Request of his Slave; will he bear with
“ his *Kalafrade* in one Petition, in which her
“ Happiness is concerned?”

“ Ah *Kalafrade*, said *Amurath* starting, be-
“ ware of all past Reflections, for if the hated
“ *Sadak* be the Subject of thy Request, thou
“ shalt indeed be cast to Infamy and Scorn.”

“ The Name of him who has deserved *Amu-
“ rath*’s Hatred, replied *Kalafrade*, be far from
“ the Tongue of *Kalafrade*. O gracious Prince,
“ dismiss such ungenerous Suspicions from your
“ Mind.—But that, alas, is vain to hope,
“ and I must still be wretched. No, mighty
“ *Amurath*, expect no Happiness with her, who
“ must ever disturb thy Joys with the mean
“ Thoughts of what she once has been. How
“ shall I meet my Prince with the noble Ardor
“ he requires, when my poor Mind shall be
“ weighed down with the Remembrance of my
“ former Meanness.”

“ Ten thousand Pleasures replied *Amurath*,
“ shall hourly surround you: The Sun and
“ Moon

“ Moon shall alike be Witnesſes of our eternal
 “ Festivals: The Dance, the Song, the ſpright-
 “ ly Muſick, the Maſque, the Feaſt, the pub-
 “ lick Shew, the private Transport, ſhall all
 “ ſucceed in quick Rotation, and drive from
 “ your pleaſed Fancy every former Thought.
 “ Each Wiſh of your Heart ſhall be ſo quickly
 “ gratified, your fertile Mind ſhall toil to re-
 “ collect its Wants.”

“ Prince of my Life, answered *Kalaſrade*,
 “ though I muſt not doubt your Power, nor
 “ your Deſire to pleaſe, yet will the Mind,
 “ ſtretched out by the long Scenes of Pleaſure,
 “ oft recoil upon its former Self, and the Senſe
 “ of my Unworthineſs, embitter the undeſerved
 “ Joys my Prince ſhall fondly heap upon me.”

“ To prove my Sincerity, and to ſhew you
 “ how ſoon I mean to gratify every Thought
 “ *Kalaſrade* forms, ſaid *Amurath*, let me hear
 “ the Requeſt of your Lips; but ſee it glance
 “ not upon *Sadak*’s Love.”

“ Gracious *Amurath*, ſaid *Kalaſrade*, forgive
 “ a Slave’s Preſumption and I will ſpeak.”

“ Speak the whole Wiſhes of your Heart,
 “ replied *Amurath*; and if they are ſubſervient to
 “ our Love, though my Empire were the Price,
 “ I would purchaſe fair *Kalaſrade*’s Peace.”

“ There is my Lord, ſaid *Kalaſrade*, as I have
 “ heard, a Spring, whoſe Waters are of ſuch a

“ Nature, that whoever drinks of them immediately forgets whatever has passed before in their Lives. Let my Lord then swear unto his Slave, that ere he takes her to his Arms, he will procure her a Draught of that pleasant Stream, and then *Kalafrade* shall be wholly, both in Body and Mind, the Slave of *Amurath's* Desires.”

“ Rather, said *Amurath*, the Mistress of his Heart. Yes, lovely *Kalafrade*, I will swear by *Mahomet*, our holy Prophet, never to come in unto you, till I have procured you a Taste of that Stream, provided you can find any one within two Days, who can describe to me the Place where it rises.”

Kalafrade then fell at the Feet of *Amurath*, and said, “ Thou hast made the Heart of thy Slave to rejoice ; thou hast not only lifted her from Obscurity, but thou hast renewed the Streams of her Life ; that having lost all Memory of the past, she may seek to please her Lord, without Diffidence at the mean Thoughts of her former State.”

“ Beauteous *Kalafrade*, said the fond *Amurath*, arise. Ah, said he, looking with Transports upon her, what have I done ? I have prolonged my Expectations, perhaps for a Week, but I have sworn by *Mahomet*, and
“ I

“ I will hasten to gratify the Desire of my *Kalafrade*.”

At these Words *Amurath* left the fair *Kalafrade*, inwardly rejoicing at the Success of *Doubor*'s Advice, and hastened to call unto him the sage *Balobor*, who was acquainted with every natural Production of the Earth.

“ *Balobor*, said *Amurath*, as the Sage came into his Presence, can you describe to me the Place where that Spring may be found, whose Waters are of such a Nature, that whoever drinks of them, immediately forgets what ever has passed before in his Life.”

“ If the mighty *Amurath*, answered the sage *Balobor*, will permit me to retire to my Books, I will, ere the Morning's Sun, discover to my Prince, if the Earth produces such a Spring, where it may be found.”

As soon as *Balobor* was gone forth from the Presence of *Amurath*, the impatient Prince sent after the Chief of his Eunuchs, and enquired of him, where the Spring of the Waters of Oblivion might be found.

Doubor perceived by the Questions of his Lord, that *Kalafrade* had succeeded; but the prudent Eunuch cared not to confess his Knowledge of that Spring, he therefore disguised his Words, and said :

134 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ Son of the Faithful, thy Slave has never
 “ been bred in the natural Sciences, but if my
 “ Lord will permit me to go in Quest of the
 “ wise Philosopher *Balobor*, he will doubtless
 “ unfold to my Prince the secret Springs of the
 “ Waters of Oblivion.”

“ It is enough, said *Amurath*, faithful *Dou-*
bor, *Balobor* has promised by To-morrow’s
 “ Sun, to revele to me the Fountains of Obli-
 “ vion.”

While *Amurath* was in Search of the Waters
 of Oblivion, the gentle *Kalafraide* was in secret
 praising the bounteous *Alla*, who had for a
 Time preserved her from the Tyrant’s Will.

The next Morning the sage *Balobor* appeared
 in the Prefence of *Amurath*, and said :

“ The Waters of Oblivion, O mighty *Amu-*
 “ *rath*, are preserved by a watchful Race of
 “ *Genii*, in a wide-extended Island, in the
 “ southern Parts of the *Pacifick Ocean*. The
 “ Island itself is fortified by inaccessible Preci-
 “ pices, and beset with pointed Rocks; and
 “ around it are spread insidious Quicksands, to
 “ prevent the Approach of any Vessel, and
 “ which sinks with the Weight of those who at-
 “ tempt to venture upon it. What Dangers
 “ surround the Spring, which is situated in the
 “ Center of the Island, none can tell; for al-
 “ though Thousands have attempted to seek after
 “ it,

“ it, none have ever succeeded, but Destruction
 “ has overwhelmed them in the very Entrance
 “ of their Toils.”

At the Words of the sage *Balobor*, the Countenance of *Amurath* was overcast with Frowns, and the Tempest which raged in his Breast, strove for Utterance in his Face ; but the disappointed Monarch endeavoured to conceal his Discontent, and retired from the Apartment whither *Balobor* had been ordered to attend him.

Amurath, vexed and enraged at the Contrivance of *Kalafrade*, hastened to the Female Seraglio, meditating Vengeance on *Sadak* and his Wife. But as he went along, a Thought glanced across his Imagination, and he stopped to pause on the Malice his Heart was framing against the innocent Victims of his Wrath.

“ *Sadak*, said the Monarch to himself, the
 “ proud *Sadak*, still pursues his Enquiries after
 “ *Kalafrade* ; I will command him to appear in
 “ my Presence, and heap the Vengeance due to
 “ *Kalafrade*’s Falshood on his Head.”

Amurath then gave Orders for his Jannifaries to bring *Sadak* before him, not by Compulsion, but to consult with him, as one who had formerly experienced the Favors of his Lord.

The Jannifaries found the melancholy *Sadak* instructing his little Ones, in the Village whither they

they had retired from the Flames of his Palace. They shewed him the Signet of *Amurath*, and required his immediate Attendance.

“ Alas, said the afflicted Mourner, doth
 “ *Amurath* again mean to jest with his Slave,
 “ that he calls me from this poor Recess. Un-
 “ less the Trumpet sound, what Call hath *Sadak*
 “ to the Courts of Kings. But I obey. Obe-
 “ dience and Submission are the most welcome
 “ Tributes that a Slave can offer.”

The Jannisaries having brought the wretched *Sadak* into the Presence of *Amurath* retired.

“ Brave Soldier, said *Amurath*, hath the
 “ peaceful Sloth of Retirement yet unstrung your
 “ manly Heart, or are you still the undaunted
 “ Warrior I once knew you? Can the shrill
 “ Trumpets sound, and the hollow Murmurs
 “ of the brazen Cymbal, rouse the Fire of War
 “ in all your Soul, or are you relaxed by the
 “ soft Voice of Love into the inactive Slumbers
 “ of a Life of Ease. Say, brave Companion
 “ of my former Toils, were *Amurath* again to
 “ take the Field, would *Sadak* headlong plunge
 “ into the rapid Stream? Would he, laden with
 “ War’s heavy Trophies, again climb the
 “ ragged Precipice, or sleep on Beds of Snow,
 “ or stand undaunted in the bloody Struggle
 “ of contending Armies.”

“ Dead

“ Dead as I am to Pleasure, noble *Amurath*,
 “ said *Sadak*, yet were my Prince’s Voice
 “ to call me to the Field, *Sadak* again should
 “ live in Arms, and court the Toils and Hor-
 “ rors of War’s bloody Stage. Yes, *Amurath*,
 “ at thy Command, this Arm should fix the
 “ Standards of our Faith on *Russia*’s frozen
 “ Bounds, or on the burning Sands of *Africk*’s
 “ distant Shore.”

“ Brave, noble *Sadak*, said the false *Amurath*,
 “ embracing him, I cannot doubt your Truth,
 “ though the base Minions of my Court have
 “ stained that Name they long have envied,
 “ with their mean Surmises.”

“ A Courtier’s Malice, mighty *Amurath*,
 “ replied *Sadak*, is beneath a Soldier’s Notice;
 “ and best is answered, when Occasion calls,
 “ by Deeds, at which their dastard Minds shall
 “ shudder to relate.”

“ Such Deeds, replied the artful Monarch,
 “ *Amurath* hath in Store for *Sadak*’s Arms to
 “ execute; Deeds which wear the fiercest
 “ Countenance of Danger, and which none but
 “ *Sadak* dare to undertake.”

“ My Prince, answered *Sadak*, *Sadak* is ready
 “ to receive your Commands; but the Day is
 “ ill spent in Words, when Action only can
 “ approve my Worth.”

“*Sadak*, answered *Amurath*, the malicious
 “Whispers of my Courtiers concerning your
 “Worth, have much disturbed me; and I
 “mean To-morrow, in the publick Divan, to
 “give you a glorious Opportunity of con-
 “vincing their little Souls, how greatly the
 “Soldier towers above the safe Advisers of the
 “Cabinet. Fail not, generous *Sadak*, to be
 “present, and I will, in the Sight of my whole
 “Court, require some one to stand forth, and
 “undertake a Voyage in Quest of the Waters
 “of Oblivion, which are guarded by every na-
 “tural Barrier, and the united Efforts of a
 “Race of evil *Genii*. Then, when a tame
 “Silence follows my Proposal, and the base
 “Courtiers hang their Coward Heads, my brave
 “*Sadak* shall arise, and challenge to himself the
 “glorious Undertaking.”

Sadak bowed at the Words of *Amurath*, and
 said: “Lord of the Faithful, far be it from
 “*Sadak* to prove unworthy of his Master’s
 “Love.”

The artful *Amurath* having thus prepossessed
 the Mind of *Sadak*, went not into the Apart-
 ments of *Kalafraide*, but waited with great Soli-
 citude the Arrival of the next Day.

As the all-diffusive Light of Morn appeared,
 which shines alike upon the Care-worn Counte-
 nance of the guilty Wretch, and on the open
 Face

Face of artless Innocence, *Amurath* arose, impatient till the Hour of publick Audience came; when, being seated on his Throne, amidst the Nobles of his Court, and seeing the faithful *Sadak* at the Extremity of the Divan, he thus began his deceitful Speech.

“ Nobles, and Warriors, who by your Councils and Exploits in Arms, cast various Lustres on my Throne, say, where shall *Amurath* find that brave resolved Heart, who will engage to procure for him the Waters of Oblivion, which are preserved in a far distant Isle, defended by Quicksands, monstrous Rocks, the Perils of the Waves, and Flames of Fire; *Genii* are its Guardians, and all Nature is combined to save it from Man's Possession.

“ Such an Acquisition, Nobles, would manifest to all the Earth the Superiority of your Monarch, and the Bravery of his Subjects: Who is there then among your Ranks, dare hope to add such Lustre to my Throne, and such Honor to himself. But speak not, Nobles, unless a fixed Resolve attend your Speech. To undertake, and not succeed, would wither, and not increase the Laurels we have already won in Arms; wherefore be these the Terms on which the noble Adventurer issues forth

“ Let him be sworn not to turn back till he
 “ have the Water in Possession. Let him like-
 “ wise forfeit his Life, if he depart not in Search
 “ of this Water, ere the Remainder of this
 “ Moon be worn away.”

As *Amurath* left off speaking a general Silence
 succeeded, and the Eyes of all were turned upon
Sadak.

The noble *Sadak* perceiving no one Offer,
 stood up and advanced toward the Throne.

“ Descendant of *Mahomet*, and Lord of thy
 “ Creatures, said *Sadak*, and bowed before
 “ *Amurath*, behold the Hand of thy Slave is
 “ prepared to execute the Desires of thy Heart;
 “ and here I swear, in this august Assembly,
 “ never to turn back till I have procured
 “ the Waters, and ere three Days be passed,
 “ shall the Face of *Sadak* be set toward the
 “ Dangers that surround the Fountain of Obli-
 “ vion.”

“ Thanks, noble *Sadak*, said *Amurath* aloud,
 “ Thanks for this proffered Service which my
 “ Nobles feared to undertake: And thus I
 “ swear before the Face of Heaven, that when
 “ *Sadak* returns, I will make either him, or
 “ one of his Family, the second in Honor
 “ throughout all my Dominions.”

The

The beguiled *Sadak* understood not the base Meaning of his Lord, but he fell at his Feet, and kissed the Earth whereon *Amurath* stood.

The Chief of the Eunuchs seeing the noble *Sadak* in the Divan, passed by his Side as he was retiring, and whispered, "Wait a few Minutes, much injured *Sadak*, and I will convey into your Hands the Words of Comfort."

Sadak was astonished at the Speech of the Eunuch, and now his Heart began to misgive him, and Tumults arose in his Breast.

Before the Crowd were dissipated out of the Divan, the Eunuch slipped a Note into *Sadak's* Bosom, and the much afflicted Warrior retired with it to the Rocks which are behind the City, and there read as follows.

Doubor, who oweth his Life to the generous Interposition of thy Father Elar, is distressed for his Friend: Alas, noble *Sadak*, *Kalafrade* is in the royal Seraglio, and *Amurath* is — what my Hand dare not write! He alone who has undertaken to procure the Waters of Oblivion, is able to enter the Seraglio of *Amurath*. Doubor has no Command without, but should *Sadak* escape through the Jannisaries, and scale the Wall at the eastern Part of the Gardens, Doubor will this Night watch his Approach, and convey him to the Apartments of the wretched *Kalafrade*. May Alla forbid,

bid, that the Life which Elar saved, should be sacrificed by the Imprudence of Sadak!

“ O *Mahomet*, the Prophet of the Just ! said
 “ *Sadak*, as he read the Scroll of *Deubor*, the
 “ Chief of the Eunuchs, is it possible that
 “ *Amurath* hath done this Wrong to the Hand
 “ which raised him ! Was it for this I covered
 “ him with the Shield of Strength in the Day
 “ of Battle ? Was it for this I plunged into
 “ the rapid Stream, and bore him breathless to
 “ the distant Rock, when he fled from the
 “ Face of his Enemies to the Sea of *Azoph* ?
 “ Who reconciled *Amurath* to his mutinous Jan-
 “ nifaries, when, offended at his Avarice, they
 “ demanded the Plunder of *Lepanto* ? Who pre-
 “ served him from the Fury of *Irac*, the rebel-
 “ lious Son of *Porob*, who endeavoured to de-
 “ pose him in the Seraglio of his Ancestors ?
 “ Who, but that Man whom he hath basely
 “ robbed of all his Substance, plundered of
 “ Heaven’s best Treasure, the lovely *Kalafrade*,
 “ and betrayed into a rash Vow to leave the
 “ *Othman* Empire and his just Revenge, to
 “ seek in distant Seas the various Countenance
 “ of Death. But what Revenge could *Sadak*
 “ meditate against the Blood of his Prince ;
 “ would he wish to make his private Injuries
 “ the Cause of publick Shame ; would he strive
 “ to glut his Malice on the Ruins of the Faith
 “ of

“ of Musselmén, and the *Othman* Majesty.
 “ And yet, O Soul of Life, O beauteous and
 “ constant *Kalafraide*, shall *Sadak* undisturbed
 “ behold the Afflictions of his Love? Shall
 “ *Kalafraide* lift up the Hand of supplicating
 “ Virtue, and pour forth in vain the Tears of
 “ Constancy, and *Sadak* stand unmoved at the
 “ Voice of the Beloved? O Prophet, holy Pro-
 “ phet, whither must I turn? not against my
 “ Prince, for whom his Slaves live; not against
 “ thy Truth, which the Blood of the Faithful hath
 “ planted and nourished on the fertile Plains of
 “ *Europe* and *Asia*. Must I then bear the Curses
 “ of *Amurath*? Ah! that is tenfold Death!
 “ Must I rebel against one who was once my
 “ Friend, and is still the Lord of his Slave?—
 “ But Doubts are vain. The Vows I have made
 “ in the Divan bar all other Views; yet ere I go
 “ a voluntary Exile from the Planes of the
 “ Faithful, I will see *Kalafraide* or perish by the
 “ Hands of the Slaves which surround her.
 “ She is mine, though the Arm of Power
 “ oppress her, and *Amurath*, who once held
 “ the sacred Vow most solemn, cannot blame
 “ that Love which leads me to my lawful
 “ Treasure.”

These Reflections fixed *Sadak* in his Resolu-
 tions of attempting to enter the Seraglio, and he
 returned to the City, in order to procure such

Things

144 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

Things as might be necessary to assist him in his Undertaking.

Going to the *Bezestein*, he ordered an Iron to be made with five Hooks, and an Eye in the Center, and at the Silk Merchant's bought a Cord of Silk, fifty Feet in Length; he also purchased a small Iron Trowel and a Poignard.

Having these Things in his Possession, in the Evening he went down to the Water Side, between *Pera* and *Constantinople*, and suddenly unloosing a small Boat, he launched it into the Gulph *Keratus*, and swiftly rowed to *Riscula*, which is on a Rock, near the Shore of *Asia*, facing the eastern Part of the Seraglio.

Here the determined *Sadak* rested on his Oars, till the Clouds of Night had shortened the vigilant Sight of the Jannisaries, and the Tide was fallen from the Walls of the Palace, when paddling toward the Seraglio, he advanced in his Boat within six hundred Paces of the Shore.

A Part of the Guard, who were then going round on the Beach, to examine the Walls, halted at the Noise of *Sadak's* Oars, and made a Signal for a Galley which lay near them to come up.

The Slaves in the Galley obeyed the Jannisaries, and coming along Side the Shore, took them on Board.

The

The Jannifaries directed them to row toward the Place where they imagined they had heard the paddling of Oars, and in a few Minutes *Sadak* perceived one of the Sultan's Galleys advancing toward him.

The bold *Sadak*, pleased at the Success of his Stratagem, gently glided out of the Boat into the Water, and diving wide of the Galley, sometimes rising for Breath, and at other Times continuing to strike forward under the Water, he in a short Time reached the Shore, and landed between *Sera Burni* and the Gate *Topcapu*, thro' which his Beloved was hurried by the Slaves of the Seraglio.

Sadak knowing his Time might not be wasted, (as the Jannifaries finding no one in the Boat would soon return to the Shore) immediately pulled out the Iron with five Hooks, and the silken Cord, and fastening them together, he threw the Hook over the Wall, which catching on the Top, by Means of the silken Cord, *Sadak* raised himself up on the Wall; then again fixing the Hook on the inner Side, in such a Manner as he might loosen it from the Wall, by shaking the Cord backward and forward, he quickly descended into the Gardens of the Seraglio, and unhitching the Iron from the Wall, with a few Shakes of the Cord, he took out his Trowel, and buried them in the Earth; then hastening

toward a Thicket of small Trees and Shrubs, he hid himself therein.

Here *Sadak* had Time to recollect his Thoughts; but he was hardly covered by the Bushes, before he heard the Galley on the opposite Side of the Wall strike against the Shore, and could distinguish the Voices of the Jannisaries descending from its Sides.

By their Conversation he learned, that they were alarmed at finding a Boat without any one in it; and as they hastened toward the Gate *Topcapu*, he doubted not but they would shortly raise the Guards of the Seraglio.

In the Midst of these Thoughts *Sadak* heard the Fall of Feet approaching toward him, and presently one drew near the Bushes, and was entering into the very Place where *Sadak* was concealed.

Although the Frame of *Sadak* was more disturbed at the Approach of the Stranger, than it had ever been in the Field of Blood, yet he neglected not to draw his Poignard; and as the Stranger entered among the Bushes, he seized him, and was about to strike the Steel into his Heart, when *Douber* cried out, "O *Sadak*, destroy not thy Friend."

The Spirits of *Sadak* having been hurried by the Noise of the Jannisaries, made him forget the Appointment of *Douber* to meet him in the Garden;

Garden; but when he perceived it was the grateful Eunuch, he dropped the Poignard on the Earth, and said,

“ O Friend of my Bosom, forgive the Fears
 “ and the Distraction of the miserable *Sadak*,
 “ who in mad Fury had nearly sacrificed his
 “ Comforter, and driven the Poignard of Sus-
 “ picion into the Breast of the tender-hearted
 “ *Doubar* !”

“ Noble *Sadak*, answered the Chief of the
 “ Eunuchs, I wonder not at your Suspicions ;
 “ it is an hard Task for the Brave to dissemble,
 “ or for the generous Warrior to descend to the
 “ dark Deeds of a Midnight Robber : But let
 “ us hasten toward the Seraglio ; yet before we
 “ issue forth out of this Thicket, let me help
 “ you to dress yourself in the Habit of a Mute ;
 “ the Garments are hidden in the Thicket be-
 “ hind, and I was coming to seek whether they
 “ were safe against your Arrival, when you seized
 “ me by the Arm.”

Sadak was pleased at the Proposal of the Chief of the Eunuchs, and stripping himself, he left his own Garments concealed in the Thicket, and putting on the Mute's Habit, followed *Doubar* toward the Female Seraglio.

Doubar advancing toward the Seraglio, made a Sign for the Eunuchs which were placed at the Gates to retire ; and entering he bid

his Mute follow him to the Apartments of *Kalafrade*.

The Joy of *Sadak*, at the Thoughts of again viewing his Beloved, and his Fears lest any unfortunate Disaster should discover him, raised alternate Storms in his Breast; but the mighty Warrior concealed in his Countenance the strong Passions which beset his Heart.

After passing through several Galleries, the Chief of the Eunuchs arrived at the Apartment of the beauteous *Kalafrade*, and was about to enter, when he perceived the royal Sandals at the Door.

Doubor started back at the Sight.

“ O *Mahomet*, said he in a Whisper, *Amurath* is risen in the Dead of Night, and entered into *Kalafrade*’s Apartment.”

The Words of *Doubor* were as deadly Poison to the Heart of *Sadak*, the cold Hand of Death chilled his astonished Blood, and his weak Nature could scarcely sustain the mighty Shock.

“ Oh! *Doubor*! *Doubor*! said the wretched Son of *Elar*, support my conflicting Frame; O *Doubor*, I am unable to bear this tenfold Death!—Ah Tyrant! Ah my Friend! If I strike, thou must perish; if I withhold my Arm—O wretched *Sadak*, wander not into that Hell of Thought. O *Mahomet*! O *Alla*! have I deserved this Torture? If I have,
“ strike

“ strike with thy merciful Thunder this rebel-
 “ lious Heart: If not, strengthen and support
 “ the Wretch whom thou art pleased to load
 “ with Ills past human Thought! O that I
 “ were a Worm, to be trodden under a *Giaur’s*
 “ Foot: O that I were a Toad, and my Food
 “ Corruption: That I were a Camel in the
 “ Desert, or an Ass in the Mill: That I
 “ were ought but *Sadak*, the accursed of his
 “ Prophet!”

As the miserable *Sadak* thus poured forth
 his Griefs in the Bosom of his Friend, the
 affrighted *Doubor* pressed his Head, and co-
 vered it with the Folds of his Garment, that
 the Voice of the wretched *Sadak* might not
 pierce the Walls of the Apartment, and raise
 the Suspicion of *Amurath*: But his utmost Pre-
 caution could not prevent the Sighs of *Sadak*,
 whose wounded and afflicted Soul, was as the
 wearied Boar of the Forest, when pierced with
 the Darts and Javelins of a thousand Hunters.

In the Midst of his Sighs the Door of the
 Apartment opened, *Amurath* came forth, and
Sadak leaving the Bosom of *Doubor*, fell with
 his Face toward the Earth.

“ *Doubor*, said the Sultan, where hast thou
 “ been? and where are thy Guards? Who is
 “ that Mute whom thou didst cherish in the
 “ Bosom?

“ Bosom? and why art thou here in the dark
 “ Noon of Night?”

“ Lord of Princes, answered *Doubor*, when
 “ my Master retired to his Sofa, I went to exa-
 “ mine the Guard of Eunuchs, and to see that
 “ thy Slaves were faithful to their Trust; and
 “ at my Return, perceiving that my Lord was
 “ arisen, I called this Mute to me, as I was un-
 “ willing to disturb my Sultan with the Feet of
 “ his Guards, and followed thee to the Apart-
 “ ment of the ever-blooming *Kalafrade*. But
 “ as I tarried here, waiting lest my Lord should
 “ have any Command for his Slave to execute,
 “ the poor Mute fell sick, and in Pity I took
 “ him to my Bosom; as I have learned from the
 “ Kindness which my Lord shews his Slaves,
 “ to copy as far as my poor and weak Capacity
 “ will permit, the bright Virtues of the Favo-
 “ rite of *Alla*.”

“ *Doubor*, said *Amurath*, I commend your
 “ Care, but since the Slave is ill, let him be
 “ sent to *Kalafrade* to nurse; the haughty fair
 “ One despises my condescending Love, and the
 “ Embraces of the Son of *Othman*, are grievous
 “ to the Slave of *Sadak*: Wherefore, *Doubor*,
 “ see you place this Slave on the Sofa of *Kalaf-*
 “ *rade*, and let her fancy him her Lover, till
 “ she fling her proud Arms around him, and
 “ call him *Sadak* and her Lord.”

THE TALES OF THE GENII. 151

The Heart of *Doubor* rejoiced at the Words of *Amurath*, but he concealed his Joy, and said:

“ Will the Glory of the *Othman* Race, first
“ suffer me to attend him to the Apartments of
“ my Sultan.”

“ *Doubor*, said *Amurath* sternly, have I said,
“ and shall I recall my Words? Slave, obey
“ me instantly, and force this Wretch into
“ *Kalafrade's* Arms.”

The Chief of the Eunuchs laying his Hand upon his Breast, bowed down and said,

“ The Will of *Amurath* is the Law of his
“ Slave.”

No sooner was *Amurath* gone, than the Chief of the Eunuchs raised up *Sadak*, and said,

“ Son of *Elar*, Friend of my Bosom, first in
“ my Esteem, arise, and perform the Com-
“ mands of *Amurath*.”

“ Yes, faithful generous *Doubor*, thou Bal-
“ sam of Peace to my wounded Soul, thou
“ Ray of Heaven on the Spirits of the Afflict-
“ ed, I will arise, and bless the great Fountain
“ of Happiness, for the merciful Change he has
“ wrought in my Favor. Now, *Doubor*, I am
“ more than *Amurath*! I am about to enjoy a
“ Paradise, from which, O *Alla*, grant the
“ Blood of *Othman* be for ever barred. While
“ the Emperor of the World retires to a discon-
“ tented Sofa, *Sadak* shall revel in the rich Pas-

“ tures

tures of unsatiated Pleasure.—But why do
 “ I delay to seek *Kalafrade*, if Life is short,
 “ how fleeting are the Joys of Life !”

At these Words *Doubor* interposed.

“ Permit me, O fortunate *Sadak*, said he,
 “ to go first into *Kalafrade*, and prepare her de-
 “ licate Frame for your Reception, lest the
 “ strong Tide of returning Happiness over-
 “ power her Nature, and Faintness, or Death,
 “ again snatch her from the Embrace of her
 “ Beloved.”

The tender *Sadak* acquiesced in the Reasons
 of the Chief of the Eunuchs, and *Doubor* hastened
 to impart to *Kalafrade* the Arrival of her Be-
 loved.

After a few Minutes *Doubor* returned, and
 entered with *Sadak* into the Female Apartments.

As the happy *Kalafrade* beheld the Features of
 her Lord under the Disguise of a Mute, she
 sprang forward ; her Eyes enlivened by the
 Transports of her Heart, and with a fond Sur-
 prise, half fearful, half over-joyed, she pressed
 him in her Arms.

“ Ah, lovely *Sadak*, said she, Joy of my
 “ Soul, Master of my Thoughts, Life of my
 “ Heart, and Guardian of my Honor, how
 “ have I panted for this blessed Embrace ! O
 “ how has thy *Kalafrade* sighed and despaired at
 “ thy Absence ! I have been, my *Sadak*, like

“ the

“ the shriek Owl in the Wilderness; I have
 “ been, my *Sadak*, like the widowed Dove;
 “ but now am I as the Deer, which bounds on
 “ the sunny Plane; as the Bird, which sips the
 “ Dew of the Morning among the Blossoms of
 “ the Orange Grove.”

“ O fond and constant *Kalafrade*, answered *Sa-*
 “ *dak*, how has my Heart sought thee in Solitude
 “ and found thee not! I have been, my *Kalafrade*,
 “ as the Coward in the Day of Battle; as the
 “ Warrior disarmed by the Treachery of his
 “ Foe; as the Lion in the Toils of the Hun-
 “ ters; as the Leopard surrounded by the Flood.
 “ But now am I like the Man of Valor who
 “ bestrides his Foe; like the Conqueror in the
 “ Day of Triumph: But now am I as the Ty-
 “ ger springing on his Prey; as the lusty Eagle
 “ on the Clouds of Heaven.—Ah, what
 “ have I said in the Fulness of my Heart! *Amu-*
 “ *rath* is now the Master of *Kalafrade*, and per-
 “ haps I am enfolded in those Arms, which are
 “ yet stained with the Embrace of thy Sultan!
 “ *Kalafrade* is no more the Wife of *Sadak*, but
 “ the Sultana of the *Othman* Race.”

“ Unjust and cruel *Sadak*, replied the fond
 “ *Kalafrade*, how has thine Heart invented the
 “ Accusations of Falshood! Can I, O *Sadak*,
 “ be false to my Lord! Had *Kalafrade* ever a
 Vol. II. X “ Wish,

“ Wish, in which her *Sadak* held not the chief
 “ Account!”

“ But how, O *Kalafraide*, said the suspicious
 “ *Sadak*, how has female Weakness been ca-
 “ pable of withstanding the glittering Tyranny
 “ of the Son of *Othman*? Who, if he failed to
 “ draw thee to his Purpose by the costly Parade
 “ of his Seraglio, could yet compel thee to re-
 “ ceive his Embraces.”

“ Lovely Master of my Thoughts, answered
 “ *Kalafraide*, our Prophet hath heard my Pray-
 “ er, and the Bird of *Adiram* hath poured the
 “ Balsam of Comfort into my afflicted Soul.
 “ Nay more, the generous and grateful *Doubor*
 “ also hath whispered in my Ears the Words of
 “ Consolation, and by the Advice of him whom
 “ *Elar*, thy Father, preserved from Destruction,
 “ hath *Kalafraide* triumphed over the Wiles of
 “ *Amurath*.”

As the beauteous *Kalafraide* uttered these Words,
 the Countenance of *Doubor*, the Chief of the
 Eunuchs fell; but *Kalafraide* was so intent on con-
 templating her long lost Lord, that she perceived
 not the anxious Face of the generous *Doubor*.

“ And by what Stratagem, said *Sadak* eagerly,
 “ hath *Kalafraide* rescued herself from the Power
 “ of *Amurath*?”

“ Monarch of my Affections, answered *Ka-
 “ lafraide*, I challenge not the Honor of the
 “ Device,

“ Device, it is to *Doubor*’s Prudence that I owe
 “ my Safety ; he opened to me the Cause of his
 “ Friendship for the Son of *Elar*, and advised
 “ me, when *Amurath* should again return to
 “ me, that I should use him deceitfully, and
 “ engage him by a Vow not to come near me,
 “ till he should procure for me the Waters of
 “ Oblivion.”

“ And what Concessions, said the stern *Sadak*,
 “ has *Kalafrade* made the Sultan *Amurath*, to
 “ obtain from him this mighty and important
 “ Vow ?”

“ Alas ! noble *Sadak*, said *Doubor* inter-
 “ posing, the wary Sultan hath turned our
 “ Toils upon ourselves, and we are caught in
 “ the Snare which was laid for the Foot of
 “ *Amurath*.”

“ What *Doubor*, replied the astonished *Ka-*
 “ *lafrade*, what doth thy ominous Tongue,
 “ and the stern Front of my offended Lord
 “ portend ? Ah ! said you not, that *Amurath*
 “ hath entangled us ? Hath he then, faithful
 “ *Doubor*, made a false Use of my soothing
 “ Words ? Hath he defiled my Honor by loose
 “ Hints ? Now on my Soul, brave *Sadak*, the
 “ Tyrant lies ; never, never, in Word or
 “ Thought hath *Kalafrade* injured her Lord ;
 “ and I call the great *Alla*, and the Spirits of
 “ the Just to witness, *Amurath*, the vile *Amu-*
 “ *rath*,

“ *rath*, hath never approached the Arms of
 “ *Sadak’s* Wife.”

“ Peace, gentle and much injured fair One,
 “ said *Doubor*, and dissipate, brave *Sadak*, the
 “ Cloud on thy Brow. *Kalafrade* never has,
 “ nor can yield to *Amurath’s* Desires, nor hath
 “ the Prince pretended to boast of Joys he never
 “ knew; no, constant Pair, *Amurath*, though
 “ furious in his Revenge, is just and perfect in
 “ his Speech, and would as quickly throw off the
 “ the State of his Empire, as falsify his Oath. But
 “ briefly thus it is, sweet Mistress of brave *Sadak’s*
 “ Heart. The Sultan, nettled at your Request,
 “ when he found it would prevent him for a
 “ long Season, from using Force to compel you,
 “ cast about how he might make your imagined
 “ Security as irksome to yourself as it was for-
 “ bidding to him; and therefore he has engaged
 “ thy unsuspecting Lord, by a firm Oath, to
 “ seek for him the Waters of Oblivion, and
 “ never to return to the *Othman* Empire, till
 “ he bring with him the Produce of that inac-
 “ cessible Fountain.”

“ What, said the affrighted *Kalafrade*, what
 “ are the Words which have escaped the Lips
 “ of the generous *Doubor*! Look on me, O
 “ *Sadak*, thou much injured Lord! Look on
 “ her, who by a mean Device, hath heaped
 “ eternal Afflictions on thy Heart! O curse on
 “ this

“ this Tongue, on this Heart, on this Head,
 “ which have all been the wretched Instruments
 “ of *Sadak's* Banishment ! Ah Bird of *Adiram* !
 “ Ah sweet spoken *Doubor* ! see you not the
 “ Poison that lurks under the Tongue of the
 “ Adder ! see you not the Flames which lie
 “ beneath the verdant Surface of the burning
 “ *Santorini*.

“ O *Sadak, Sadak*, rather let me run to *Amu-*
 “ *rath*, and satisfy his brutal Appetite, than
 “ *Sadak* shall wander amidst ten thousand
 “ Deaths. The treacherous Sands, my Love,
 “ will sink with thee ; evil *Genii* will hurl thee
 “ from the Summit of their Rocks ; thy wretch-
 “ ed Carcase shall be cast upon an unknown
 “ Shore ; the Vultures of the Air, and the
 “ Monsters of the Deep shall feast on my Be-
 “ loved, and the wild ungoverned *Amurath*,
 “ fearless of thy Arm, ravage the poor Re-
 “ mains of thy *Kalafrade's* Beauty.”

“ Rather, said *Sadak*, shall this Arm hurl
 “ instant Vengeance on the Tyrant's Head, and
 “ all the Blood of *Othman* perish, than ever *Ka-*
 “ *lafrade* shall be stained with *Amurath's* unhal-
 “ lowed Touch.”

“ Ah furious *Sadak*, answered the Chief of
 “ the Eunuchs, what mean the black Resolves
 “ of thy rebellious Heart ? But think not
 “ *Doubor* intends to stand a tame Spectator of
 “ thy

“ thy Malice ; faithful to my Lord in every just
 “ Command, through me must the base *Sadak*
 “ reach the Heart of *Amurath*. But moderate
 “ your Rage, bold Man, and know, though
 “ *Doubor* love not every Deed of *Amurath*’s, yet
 “ will he never prove a Traitor to his Life.
 “ While *Sadak* means no more than to recover
 “ his *Kalafrade*, I am bound by Gratitude
 “ and Justice to espouse his Cause ; but if his
 “ murderous traiterous Heart aim at his Prince’s
 “ Life, both Gratitude and Justice call me then
 “ to *Amurath*’s Defence.”

“ Generous *Doubor*, answered *Sadak*, I justly
 “ stand rebuked ; I were indeed a Wretch, when
 “ holy *Othman*’s Race is near extinct, to rob
 “ our Faith of its last royal Leader ; no, faith-
 “ ful Eunuch, the Man who out of private
 “ Malice gives Confusion to his Country, and
 “ subverts its Peace, deserves nor Pity nor
 “ Relief.”

“ Are these then, replied *Kalafrade* in Tears,
 “ the virtuous Resolutions of a Patriot, to give
 “ up private Happiness to publick Tyranny ?
 “ For what were *Othman*’s Race decreed to rule,
 “ but for the Safety of the Faithful ? And if a
 “ Tyrant violate unchecked each social Duty,
 “ ’tis he first robs his Subjects of their Peace.
 “ But thou, O *Sadak*, art a noble Patriot, thou
 “ canst unconcerned behold thy Palace flaming,

“ and

“ and thy Wife torn from thy Arms to fate a Ty-
 “ rant’s Palate; thou canst with Meanness
 “ crouch before a puny Lord, in ought but
 “ Pomp inferior to thyself, and call his vile
 “ unhallowed Lust, the unalterable Law which
 “ *Alla* sanctifies, and *Mahomet* approves. Such
 “ then be *Sadak*’s Love, and such his vowed
 “ Protection of *Kalafrade*’s Honor; but hear
 “ me Prophet of the Just, and thou pure,
 “ heavenly Being, spotless and holy God! Thou
 “ who canst protect the Weakest with thy
 “ mighty Arm, O give me Strength to save
 “ that Chastity, which cruel *Sadak* dares not
 “ justify, and make thy trembling Votary the
 “ Instrument of Vengeance on the Tyrant’s
 “ Head.”

“ O beauteous, and much injured *Kalafrade*,
 “ answered *Sadak*, rather pray that *Mahomet*
 “ would fortify thy *Sadak*’s Heart, and teach
 “ him in this doubtful Path, his Duty to *Ka-*
 “ *lafrade* and his Prince.”

“ Alas, interrupted *Deubor*, the Chief of the
 “ Eunuchs, I hoped this Interview would have
 “ administered Comfort to the Hearts of *Sadak*
 “ and *Kalafrade*; but Passion, alas, has con-
 “ sumed the short Moments that belonged to
 “ Love, for now in the East are hung the
 “ Banners of approaching Day, and the faint
 “ purple Light, reflected from the distant
 “ Clouds,

“ Clouds, warns our Retreat. Come, noble
 “ *Sadak*, let us leave the beauteous Fair, in
 “ full Assurance, that *Alla* will prevent the
 “ worst Ill you dread, and save *Kalafrade* spot-
 “ less till her Lord’s Return.”

“ Leave her, O *Doubor*, answered *Sadak*,
 “ looking with wild Extacy on his beloved
 “ Wife, whom am I to leave?——”

“ Brave and resolved Chief, interrupted
 “ *Kalafrade*, thy Master wants thy Wife, and
 “ thou must yield her to his furious Will; re-
 “ tire then, noble *Sadak*, for *Amurath* ap-
 “ proaches with the wild Eye of Lust, and
 “ Passion heats his Blood to fold *Kalafrade*
 “ with his warm Embrace; retire, my *Sadak*,
 “ to some convenient Spot, where safely hidden
 “ from the Flashes of thy Sultan’s amorous
 “ Rage, thou mayest be a duteous and sub-
 “ missive Witness of thy Master’s Pleasures.
 “ Yes, continued the distracted *Kalafrade*,
 “ thou shalt view my tender Frame convulsed,
 “ and see these Arms, which oft have folded
 “ *Sadak*, stretched beneath the imperial Rack
 “ of righteous *Othman*’s Power.”

“ O *Sadak*, interrupted *Doubor*, one Moment
 “ more and all is lost; O *Kalafrade*, if *Sadak* ere
 “ deserved thy Love, dismiss him hence, and
 “ save thyself, thy Lord, and me, from in-
 “ stant Ruin.”

“ What,

“What, replied the wild *Kalafrade*, folding
 “her noble *Sadak* in her Arms, wilt thou be-
 “reave me of this polished Shaft on whom I
 “twine, and after crush me with the ponderous
 “Mass of *Amurath*? No, base Eunuch, ’tis
 “here alone *Kalafrade* lives, and *Sadak* lost,
 “my own weak Female Arm will set me free
 “from *Amurath*’s Embrace.”

“To leave thee now, replied *Sadak*, were
 “to give thee up a Prey to Tyranny and Lust:
 “No, *Kalafrade*, let the Tyrant come, we’ll
 “disappoint his Malice, and both at once seek
 “Peace beyond the Gates of Death.”

It was in vain that *Doubor* attempted to interrupt the Vehemence of *Sadak* and *Kalafrade*, forgetful of themselves, or of the Hazard of their friendly Eunuch, they folded each other in mutual Embraces, and seemed resolved that nothing more should part them.

The distressed Eunuch finding every Remonstrance in vain, departed from the Apartments of *Kalafrade*, and hastened to the Chambers of the Sultan.

Sadak and *Kalafrade*, without perceiving the Chief of the Eunuch’s had left them, continued entranced in each others Arms, and calling *Alla* and *Mahomet* to witness their mutual Constancy and Truth.

In the Midst of these passionate Expressions, the Bird of *Adiram* entered the Windows of the Palace, and perching on the Shoulder of *Sadak*, thus delivered the Message of his Mistress to the astonished Pair.

“ To comfort the Afflicted is the Delight of
 “ our Race, and the Inhabitants of Heaven
 “ stoop with Pleasure to the Children of Earth,
 “ when Mercy calls them down : For this Cause
 “ came the Voice of Consolation to *Kalafrade* ;
 “ when the Evils of Tyranny beset her, *Adiram*
 “ also, the Servant of *Mahomet*, watched over
 “ the afflicted fair One, and gave to *Doubor*
 “ the Feelings of Compassion. By his Counsels
 “ was *Amurath* engaged in an inviolable Oath,
 “ to abstain from his base Purpose, till the
 “ Waters of Oblivion were obtained, and *Sadak*,
 “ by his Assistance, was again blessed with the
 “ Sight of his *Kalafrade*.

“ How have ye, wretched Pair, perverted
 “ these kind Purposes of *Adiram* ! And where is
 “ that Fortitude which first recommended you
 “ to the Tutelage of our immortal Race ! By
 “ an ill-judged Perseverance, you have changed
 “ a virtuous Constancy into a vicious Passion ;
 “ and neglecting both the Bonds of Friendship
 “ and the Commands of *Mahomet*, you have
 “ nearly sacrificed *Doubor* to your Folly, and
 “ yourselves to the idle Dreams of uncurbed
 “ Love.

" Love. Love is an heavenly Appetite, plant-
 " ed in the human Species, to beget in them
 " social Harmonies ; it melts and subdues the
 " savage Heart, as the stubborn Ore is softened
 " in the Refiner's Vessel ; and when regulated
 " by Religion, it is ever protected by *Alla* and
 " his Prophet ; but Blessings in the Cup of the
 " Unrighteous, are as the Dregs of Heaven's
 " Wrath, and Appetite, when it overcomes
 " Reason and Religion, is as the Vassal of Sin ;
 " though *Alla* hath taught you to submit, and
 " bear with Patience the Evils of Life, ye have
 " listened to the Fantasies of Love, and in the
 " Bravery of your Hearts, resolved to pass to-
 " gether to the Gates of Death. What then
 " are ye, foolish Pair, that ye should have Do-
 " minion over that Life, which *Alla* breathed
 " into the Clay-formed Tabernacles of your
 " unanimated Flesh ? Or where is the Fortitude
 " of flying like Cowards from the Face of
 " Danger, to the silent Grave ? Yet know,
 " while *Alla* reigns, no Evil shall befall the
 " Sons of Infirmary, but such as patiently en-
 " dured, may work their future Good ; and
 " therefore to the just One alone, it appertaineth
 " to dismiss from the Service of Life, or to
 " continue his Children in the Trials of Afflic-
 " tion.

“ Thus, saith *Adiram*, the *Genius* of *Sadak*
 “ and *Kalafrade*, who is now compelled by
 “ the Law of Fate, to leave her Pupils to the
 “ Miseries they have entailed upon themselves.”

The Bird of *Adiram* uttered no more, but flew on the elastick Surface of the Air into the Gardens of the Palace, while the tender *Kalafrade* sunk in Tears on the Bosom of her astonished *Sadak*.

The Bird was no sooner gone forth, than *Sadak* heard the Feet of a Multitude in the Gallery; and the Doors of the Apartment immediately bursting open, the Guards of the Seraglio entered, and seized on the unhappy Pair.

Sadak, unmindful of himself, endeavoured to defend his Beloved; and though oppressed by Numbers, yet he fell upon the Eunuch who held his *Kalafrade*, and tore him to the Ground.

But the Resistance of *Sadak* was vain, the Guards parted him from *Kalafrade*, and loaded him with Chains.

As soon as *Sadak* was secured by the Guards, the Chief of the Eunuchs appeared at the Door of the Apartment.

“ Slaves, said he aloud, is the vile Misere-
 “ ant *Sadak*, who hath entered the sacred Walls
 “ of *Amurath's* Seraglio, seized?”

“ He is, great *Doubor*, answered the Guards;
 “ the Chain of Death is on him, and we wait
 “ but

“ but for your Commands to send his Soul
 “ among those who rebel against their Prince.”
 “ Hold Slave, replied *Doubor*, and secure
 “ him unhurt, till the mighty *Amurath* ap-
 “ proach.”

Sadak was confounded at the Appearance and Behavior of *Doubor*, and *Kalafrade* wished to load him with Reproach; but she feared she might incur the Censures of *Adiram*, as she knew not as yet by what Means her Lord was discovered.

Ere long the Musick of the Seraglio sounded, and *Doubor*, the Chief of the Eunuchs, perceiving that *Amurath* was near, hastened to receive him.

“ Prince of my Life, said the Chief of the
 “ Eunuchs, as the royal *Amurath* came forward
 “ with the deadly Frown on his Brow, thy
 “ Slaves have secured the Enemy of thy Peace.”
 “ Faithful *Doubor*, replied *Amurath*, I com-
 “ mend thy Zeal: But where is this vile Mis-
 “ creant, who presumes to invade the Recesses
 “ of *Amurath*’s Seraglio.”

“ Here, Tyrant, said the stern *Sadak*, if
 “ the Oppressor dare look upon his injured —”

The Guards who had secured *Sadak*, perceiving by his Speech that he meant to insult their Sultan, stopped with their Hands all farther

ther Utterance, and gagged him with a Bit of Iron.

The wretched *Kalafrade* seeing her Lord in such Distress, broke from the Guards (who held her but slightly, fearing the same Fate which befel the black Slave should *Amurath* relent) and clasping the much-injured *Sadak* in her Arms :

“ Vile Slaves, said she, unhand my Lord ;”
 then bursting into Tears, O *Sadak*, noble *Sadak*,
 “ continued she, Joy of my Soul, and Foun-
 “ tain of my Life ! How have these Wretches
 “ dared deform thy noble Image with their
 “ Bonds of Iron ! Why didst thou not frown,
 “ my Love, and fix them motionless with Awe
 “ and Fear ! What is this puny *Amurath*, and
 “ all his Guards, against the noble Effort of
 “ thy uplifted Arm ! Alas, alas, my *Sadak*,
 “ they have bound you while you slept with
 “ ignominious Chains, and now the Tyrants
 “ laugh at your Distress.”

As the wild *Kalafrade* uttered these incoherent Words, the Guards and *Doubor* stood in fixed Amazement, fearing to interpose, or use the fair One roughly, and yet alarmed at her bold Speech.

Nor was the Sultan less confounded than his Guards ; each Word she uttered stung him to the Soul, and yet her glowing Beauties, enlivened
 by

by her Distress, and the tumultuous Workings of her lovely Frame, so strongly affected *Amurath*, that his Lips refused to give forth the Commands of his Heart.

But seeing the beauteous *Kalafrade* endeavouring to embrace her Lord, his Fury returned, and he cried aloud,

“Base Eunuch, secure the mad Female
“from polluting herself with that Wretch, she
“dare prefer to *Amurath*. And Slaves, con-
“tinued the enraged Sultan, your Lives shall
“answer for your base Neglect, in not destroy-
“ing the rebellious *Sadak*.”

The Chief of the Eunuchs having secured the distressed *Kalafrade*, gave her into the Custody of the Eunuchs, and then he commanded the Guards to put the Bow-string upon *Sadak*.

The wild miserable *Kalafrade*, at Sight of the Bow-string screamed aloud, and fell into the Arms of the Eunuchs; her fixed Eyes were dilated with Madness, and her Teeth shook with the Agonies of Death.

Amurath saw the affecting Change with wild Emotion, and fearful lest the Soul of *Kalafrade* should escape, ordered the Slaves to release *Sadak* from the Bow-string.

“Slothful *Doubor*, said *Amurath*, hasten to my
“*Kalafrade*’s Assistance; for by the *Othman* Faith

“ I

"I swear, ye all shall follow if my fair One
 "perish."

The Attempts of *Doubor* and his Attendants were vain; *Kalafrade* continued entranced, and *Amurath* in Despair ordered *Sadak* to be released, that he might endeavour to recover his *Kalafrade* from her alarming Trance.

As soon as the Guards had unbound *Sadak*, and released his Mouth, they signified to him the Sultan's Orders, and led him toward the motionless *Kalafrade*.

"Happy *Kalafrade*, said the brave *Sadak*,
 "I trust ere this the Prophet of the Faithful
 "hath delivered thee from the Tyrant's Power;
 "if not, *Sadak* will not disturb thy fleeting Spi-
 "rit: Proceed, thou divine Spirit of Inno-
 "cence and Virtue, toward thy eternal Man-
 "sion, and let not the rude Breath of *Sadak*'s
 "Voice, divert thee from thy righteous
 "Course."

"Ah, blessed *Alla*, said the faint *Kalafrade*,
 "(reviving at her *Sadak*'s well-known Voice)
 "where am I, in what blisful Seat hast thou
 "placed me? where the sweet Musick of my
 "*Sadak*'s Voice sings Comfort to my Soul.
 "Ah, surely the Trance of Death is passed,
 "and I am far removed from *Amurath* and all
 "his Curses!"

"Unfor-

" Unfortunate *Kalafraide*, said *Sadak*, starting,
 " art thou again returned from the sweet Sleep
 " of Death, to new-invented Scenes of Misery!
 " Then bind me, Slaves, again, and fix the
 " Bow-string to my Neck: Once more, thou
 " virtuous Partner of my Heart, I call thy
 " faithful Soul away. Tyrant, release me from
 " the World, for now I know *Kalafraide* will
 " not stay behind."

" No, proud Rebel, said *Amurath*, when
 " *Kalafraide*'s Life's at Stake, thy Being is of
 " trivial Moment: At present live, that she
 " may live for whom Life's only sweet. But
 " I demean my Royalty, in holding Speech
 " with such a Slave. *Doubor*, separate these
 " stubborn Spirits, and, for *Kalafraide*'s Sake,
 " let *Sadak*, though confined, want not Life's
 " Comfort. But, Eunuch, watch with steady
 " Eye my beauteous Sultana, supply her Wants
 " unbidden, yet on your Life take Care, her
 " frantick Wildness is not suffered to prey upon
 " herself: And, *Doubor*, when these Things
 " are executed according to the Will of thy
 " Lord, let me see thee in the Palace of Pic-
 " tures."

At these Words the Sultan *Amurath* retired,
 and *Doubor* having executed his Commission,
 hastened to meet his Lord.

“ Faithful Eunuch, said *Amurath*, as he entered, I am pleased at thy Contrivance; it had been dangerous, as thou well observest, to have seized on *Sadak*, the Favorite of the Jannisaries in the publick Face of Day; but now, by thy Artifice, his Life is forfeit, and the silent Bow-string will unheard, release me from this Enemy of my Love. Wherefore I mean, that ere To-morrow’s Sun survey the wide-extended *Othman* Empire, my faithful *Doubor*, with a few Attendants, seize on his forfeit Life.”

“ Lord of the *Othman* Empire, answered *Doubor*, I shall obey the Law of thy Mouth.”

“ But, *Doubor*, said *Amurath*, one Circumstance still hangs upon my doubtful Mind. You say this *Sadak* entered the Seraglio by your Advice, yet *Doubor*, what Need was there to bring him in the silent Hour of Midnight to *Kalafrade*’s Apartment, to have detected him in our royal Gardens were sufficient: *Doubor*, the Thought breeds Anguish in my Soul; besides, Traitor, thou leddest him as a Mute into *Kalafrade*’s Arms; Slave, Slave, thou liest, and *Amurath*’s betrayed.”

“ Most enlightened of Mussulmen, answered *Doubor*, the Slave that dared attempt to deceive my Lord might justly tremble, as nothing can escape thy penetrating Eye. Alas, had

“ had ignorant *Doubor* the Judgment of the
 “ Father of the Faithful, I had assuredly done
 “ as thou hast said, but foolishly hoping to do
 “ more, I have nearly forfeited the Esteem of
 “ my Sultan.”

“ What more didst thou mean, vain Man, to
 “ execute,” said *Amurath*, somewhat softened.

“ Mighty *Amurath*, answered the Chief of the
 “ Eunuchs, when first I brought the disguised
 “ *Sadak* from the Gardens of the Seraglio, I asked
 “ the deceitful Slave, whether he would yield
 “ *Kalafrade* to thy Arms, if *Amurath* would vest
 “ him with a Viziar’s Honors; to which he
 “ yielded a pretended Assent, and assured me
 “ he would engage *Kalafrade* to receive thy Em-
 “ brace, the Moment she was convinced of his
 “ Exaltation.

“ Allured by this Promise, I led him to the
 “ fair One’s Apartment, and as I hoped the Con-
 “ sequence would be grateful to my Sultan, I ne-
 “ glected to inform thee of *Sadak*’s Presence, till
 “ I had heard the Issue of his Conference with
 “ *Kalafrade*. But when I had brought the de-
 “ ceitful Slave before her, unmindful of his
 “ Promise, he attempted to pour forth a Love
 “ Tale at her Feet; upon which I hastened to in-
 “ form thee of his Presence, and the Guards of
 “ the Seraglio soon secured the deceitful
 “ Wretch.”

“ Since then he values Love beyond the Ho-
 “ nors of the *Othman* State, said *Amurath*, let
 “ him fall a Sacrifice to Love. *Douber*, dispatch
 “ him instantly, each Moment that he lives
 “ increases my Disquiet; but remember his
 “ Breath in secret pass, that not a Sigh conta-
 “ minate the Air to wound *Kalafrade's* Peace.”

No sooner was *Douber* gone, than the waver-
 ing *Amurath* began to repent that he had sent
 him.

“ How am I divided, said he, by Love and
 “ Honor! Without the Waters of Oblivion
 “ are obtained, my sacred Oath prevents all
 “ Intercourse with *Kalafrade*! And if *Sadak* dies,
 “ who shall be able to surmount the Dangers
 “ that environ the Fountains of Oblivion.

“ Guards, said the anxious Sultan, call back
 “ the Slave *Douber*, stop his officious Haste, and
 “ bring him here before thy Prince.”

The Chief of the Eunuchs returned:
 “ Peace, said he, be to the mighty *Amurath*,
 “ and may all his Foes perish from before
 “ him!”

“ What, wretched Eunuch, said *Amurath*
 “ hastily, is *Sadak* numbered with the Dead?”

“ The Word of my Lord, replied *Douber*,
 “ was pressing, and thy Slave hastened to obey
 “ thy Command; but being recalled so sud-
 “ denly by thy Guards, I stopped the Slaves
 who

“ who drew the Bow-string, and *Sadak* on his
 “ Knees expects his doubtful Fate.”

“ Then all is well, replied *Amurath*, for I
 “ mean not, *Doubor*, to destroy the doating
 “ Wretch, through whom alone (such has been
 “ thy Master’s Folly) must *Amurath* hope to
 “ reach *Kalafrade*’s Beauties.”

“ Alas, replied *Doubor*, the Chief of the
 “ Eunuchs, thy Slave doth oft reflect upon the
 “ Oath, which robs my Sultan of the haughty
 “ fair One.”

“ Yet, *Doubor*, think not, continued *Amu-*
 “ *rath*, that, Christian like, I mean to break
 “ my Faith, where Interest or Occasion tempt;
 “ no, I have bound this happy and luxurious
 “ *Sadak*, to draw his own Destruction from the
 “ Fountains of Oblivion; and now, if he fail
 “ to execute the Vow, his Life is justly for-
 “ feit, and *Kalafrade* at our own Disposal.
 “ Wherefore, *Doubor*, let a Ship be prepared,
 “ to convey him to that distant Island, where
 “ the Waters of Oblivion are concealed.”

“ Lord of the *Ottoman* Race, answered *Doubor*,
 “ I shall haste to obey thy Will; nevertheless,
 “ if the Weakness of *Doubor*’s Understanding
 “ might be permitted to unfold itself in the
 “ Sight of my Prince, I would wish my Lord
 “ appointed some one on whom he might de-
 “ pend, as Master of the Ship in which the
 “ Rebel

“ Rebel *Sadak* fails. For well thou knowest,
 “ mighty Father of Mussulmen, that *Sadak* is
 “ beloved in the Army, and the Admirals of
 “ the Fleet look on him with partial Eyes.
 “ Was it not, O Light of the World, in the
 “ Insurrection of Jannisaries, in the Month
 “ *Mubarrem*, that *Sadak* only was sufficient to
 “ appease the Tumult. He then was faithful to
 “ his Lord, but now he leaves *Kalafra* in thy
 “ Possession : I fear his fierce unconquerable
 “ Soul may easily be led aside from his Obe-
 “ dience.”

“ Then, *Doubor*, answered *Amurath*, let
 “ him perish, for I will bear no Rival in my
 “ Power, or in my Love : Yet surely, *Doubor*,
 “ the Soul of *Sadak* will not break through
 “ those Bonds his Faith hath formed ; ere To-
 “ morrow’s Sun new gilds the *Hellespont*, his
 “ Vow must urge him to depart.”

“ True, Prince of the Faithful, answered
 “ *Doubor* ; nor need you fear a Rival in this
 “ *Sadak*, whose pale glimmering Glories are
 “ enlivened only by the Favor of *Amurath*.”

“ Well then, replied the Sultan, since his
 “ Courage is necessary for our Repose, to your
 “ Care, faithful Eunuch, I commit him ; and
 “ let him haste away, for *Amurath*’s Love ill
 “ brooks the Tortures of Suspense.”

The Chief of the Eunuchs hastened to obey the Command of *Amurath*, and returning to the Dungeon where *Sadak* expected the End of his Fate, he ordered the Mutes to release him.

Sadak, amazed at the Order of *Doubor*, arose, and the Mutes having released him, retired.

"*Sadak*, said *Doubor*, as the Mutes retired, behold the Messenger of thy Sultan's Mercy, who spares thy forfeit Life, because thy Vow hath dedicated it to thy Master's Service!"

"If by thy Master's Gift alone, O treacherous Eunuch, I am to possess my Life, said *Sadak* sternly, he sends his Mercy to a thankless Slave. Mercy! dare the Tyrant thus miscall the Malice of his Heart? Is it Mercy then to defile my better Life, and send the poor Remainder an outcast Vagabond upon a Pandar's Errand. Go, obsequious Eunuch, return to thy proud pampered Master, and tell him, *Sadak* wants not his Life upon such slavish Terms."

"Alas, unfortunate *Sadak*, answered the Chief of the Eunuchs, what will the big Word avail thee? When *Amurath* perceives you mean not to execute the Vow you have made, he will hold himself no longer bound by that Oath the duteous *Kalafrade* has extorted from him."

"Slave,

176 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

"Slave, returned *Sadak*, I understand thee not; there is a Shew of Friendship in thy Speech; and yet methinks I have more to fear when the wily Serpent glides besides me, than when his angry Hiss timely proclaims a generous Defiance."

"The Friendship of Humanity," said *Doubor* coolly, I owe to all; nor is my Heart sufficiently revengeful, even to crush the ungrateful Adder that stings me while I cherish him. But, *Sadak*, I mean not to gall thee with Reproach; but as a Friend, advise thee to submit, where Submission only can yield thee Hopes of Comfort."

"Friendly *Doubor*," answered *Sadak* pausing, I submit; but the Time prescribed is near elapsed —"

"Fear not," answered *Doubor*, already Orders are given to equip you; and ere Night you shall be conveyed to one of the *Ottoman* Ships, with an able Commander to steer you to the destined Spot. But I can say no more; *Amurath* expects your Answer, and I haste to proclaim your Obedience."

Sadak now began to relent, and he accused his Heart, in suspecting the Integrity of the Chief of the Eunuchs. But *Doubor* was fled, and *Sadak* left alone in the Dungeon of the Seraglio.

“ O *Alla*, said the wretched *Sadak*, to thy
 “ all just Protection I commit my faithful *Ka-*
 “ *lafrade* ; thou, who over-rulest the Princes
 “ of the World, canst secure her in the fiery
 “ Trial : Relying on thy Arm, she shall stand
 “ as the Water Fowl on the Rock, and see the
 “ tempestuous Billows of the Ocean spend their
 “ vain Force beneath her, unable to wash with
 “ their rude Waves the Surface of her Dwell-
 “ ing-Place !”

The Chief of the Eunuchs having declared to
Amurath the Obedience of *Sadak*, waited till the
 Evening, when entering the Dungeon with the
 Guards of the Seraglio, they conveyed *Sadak*
 through the Water-Gate, to the Ship which
 was prepared to sail in Quest of the Waters of
 Oblivion ; neither had the noble *Sadak*, by rea-
 son of the attendant Guards, any Opportunity
 of expressing his Gratitude to *Doubor*, the Chief
 of the Eunuchs.

As soon as *Sadak* was embarked, the Ship set
 sail, and the noble Son of *Elar* found that the
 Captain of the Ship was a Christian Renegado ;
 for *Doubor* had in vain sought after one of his
 own Nation, who was sufficiently skilled in Navi-
 gation to perform the Voyage.

For several Days the Ship ran swiftly before
 the Wind, and hurried the unfortunate *Sadak*
 from the Place of his Beloved, as the Vulture

bears in his Talons the panting Lamb from its Mother's Teats.

But these Winds were after a short Time succeeded by a Calm, in which, being detained from their Purpose, and a small Gale afterward arising, the Captain of the Vessel put into the Island of *Serfu*, and there continued for two Months, neither suffering his Men to land, nor permitting the Natives to enter his Ship.

Sadak, though astonished at the Behaviour of *Gebari*, the Captain, yet attempted not to leave the Ship, but spent his Time chiefly in Solitude and Contemplation.

A small Vessel arriving from *Constantinople*, at length brought the Captain the Orders he expected; and the Wind being favorable, he hoisted his Sails, and steered for the *Atlantick* Ocean.

And now they were passing the Island of *Kirigou* when a Storm arose, and after many Days buffeting against the Wind, obliged them to sail into the Bay which embosoms the City of *Koron*.

It was in vain the Citizens made Signs for the Ship to steer away from their Port; the swelling Ocean, and the fierce Winds united, drove them precipitately on the Beach, and every one being terrified with the Storm, they hastened on Shore,

Shore, leaving the Ship at Anchor near the Beach.

“ Unhappy Mariners, said an aged Citizen
“ to them, as they walked up the Beach, you
“ have escaped the Womb of the Sea, to be
“ buried in this contagious City.”

The Mariners hung down their Heads at this dreadful Declaration, and *Sadak* perceived that the Plague was raging in the City of *Koron*.

The Captain, whose *Mahometan* Name was *Gebari*, ordered his Crew to seize on *Sadak*; at the same Time sending Notice to the Governor of the City, that he bore the Commission of *Amurath*, and had a State Prisoner under his Care.

Sadak was amazed at the Captain's Behaviour, for he knew not before that he was looked upon as a Prisoner, or that *Gebari* had any Command over him.

“ My Lord, said *Gebari*, be not alarmed,
“ I have no Commission to treat you ill, and
“ if I had, your noble Behaviour would prevent the Execution of it; only I was commanded, if possible, not to land in the *Othman*
“ Empire, and if Necessity drove me ashore,
“ I was to look upon you as my Prisoner.”

“ *Gebari*, said *Sadak*, use me as you please,
“ you have the Commission of my Prince, be-

“fore whose lawful Will I shall ever prostrate
 “my obedient Spirit.”

It was happy for *Gebari* that his Prisoner was of a noble Temper, for such was the Confusion of the City, that the Governor had neither Guard nor Authority among his miserable Subjects.

“Alas, said *Gebari* to *Sadak*, as they entered
 “the City, to boast a Power over you here,
 “were to carry human Vanity even beyond the
 “Grave. Death and Destruction are the Ru-
 “lers of *Koron*, and Desolation tyrannizes over
 “the Children of *Alla*.”

“Not so, noble *Gebari*, answered *Sadak*,
 “thou hast yet but a Christian’s Faith, or thou
 “wouldst learn to acknowledge *Alla*, the Father
 “of his Children, even in the Grave of Death.
 “His Hand, O *Gebari*, is on the Famine and
 “the Plague; where he suffers, they spread
 “the dark Wings of Fate, and where he stops,
 “the mighty Conquerors fall appeased. But
 “let us boldly enter these Gates of Sickness,
 “and while we have Strength, administer to
 “those, over whom the dark Fiend hath thrown
 “the purple Mantle of Contagion.”

The Mariners, animated by the Words and the Example of *Sadak*, boldly entered the City of *Koron*; and while the ghastly Inhabitants sat trembling and inactive in their Houses, *Sadak*
 and

and his Companions exercised the compassionate Offices of Humanity, on the miserable Objects that surrounded them.

But his laborious and dangerous Employment soon overwhelmed the noble *Sadak*, and he found the Plague had seized his distempered Blood.

Listless, and unable to serve others or to help himself, the wretched Son of *Elar* fell between two Carcases, to preserve whom his utmost Endeavours had proved abortive.

The Miseries that succeeded, Nature kindly hid from his Remembrance; the Disorder possessed his Brain, and he lay entranced on the Ground in the Streets of *Koron*.

After two Days he arose from the Ground, his Knees tottering with the Weight of his emaciated Body; he cast his hollow Eyes around him, and on every Side saw the dismal Marks of the all-destructive Plague.

But what engaged his chief Attention were two Youths, who were kneeling on the Ground beside an aged Body, which was just sending forth his last pestiferous Breath, as a deadly Legacy between his Children. Their pious Tears, and their duteous Attention to the expiring Sage, mixed with a submissive Resignation to the Will of *Alla*, struck the Soul of *Sadak*, long before he perceived they were the Sons of his Strength, }
who }

who were performing the last sad Offices to *Mepiki*, the Father of *Kalafrade*.

“ My Children, my duteous Children, said
 “ the enervated *Sadak*, crawling with trembling
 “ Limbs to their Assistance, may *Alla* blefs your
 “ pious Care; you are indeed the Sons of *Sa-*
 “ *dak*, and the Offspring of *Kalafrade*, and
 “ your Father is better pleased to see you thus
 “ active in this Vale of Death, than crowned
 “ with the Conquest of unnumbered Foes.”

The Astonishment of *Codan* and *Abud* at the Sight of their Father, did not prevent their Attendance on the dying *Mepiki*; they closed the Eyes of their departing Friend with pious Tears, and embraced with Reverence the dead Body of their honored Ancestor.

The Soul of *Sadak* was overcome by the Piety of his Children, and he, whom embattled Armies could not move from his Post, became the tender Victim of paternal Affection.

Codan and *Abud* perceiving their Father fainting, ran to his Assistance; new Cares succeeded to increase their Affliction, and the dying Groans of *Mepiki* were scarce remembered, while *Sadak* continued to faint in the Arms of his Children.

“ Thanks, gentle *Codan*, Thanks tender
 “ *Abud*, said *Sadak* to his Children, as he arose
 “ from the Bondage of Weakness, though Na-
 “ ture is exhausted, my Soul is revived by the
 “ Beha-

“ Behaviour of my Sons, and *Sadak* rejoices to
 “ see the Tendernefs of *Kalafrade* triumphant
 “ over thy Father’s Fiercenefs.”

“ Fountain of our Life, and Leader of our
 “ Thoughts, answered *Codan*, thy Children lift
 “ up their Hearts to *Alla*, and blefs him for the
 “ Comforts he has given us in this Scene of
 “ Terrors.”

“ Ah, my Sons, faid *Sadak*, why fhould I
 “ complain of bodily Weaknefs, when the
 “ Weaknefs of my Mind is fuperior; unsatisfied
 “ with the Prefence of my Children, I burn to
 “ know what ftrange Fatality has brought you
 “ to the City of *Koron*?”

“ Author of our Being, answered *Abud*, thy
 “ Children have not been exempt from the Mis-
 “ fortunes of their Parents. Soon after our
 “ Father left us under the Protection of the
 “ affectionate *Mepiki*, a Slave haftened toward
 “ the Hut, whither thy Offspring had retired
 “ from the Rage of the Flame.

“ Aged *Mepiki*, faid the Slave, retire with
 “ the Children of *Sadak*, for behold the royal
 “ Jannifaries are advancing, and *Amurath* hath
 “ commanded the Progeny of *Sadak* to be
 “ brought before him.

“ Our aged Parent wrung his Hands at the
 “ Relation of the Slave; the Jannifaries were
 “ in

“ in Sight, and *Codan* and myself only with
 “ thy Father *Mepiki*.

“ Alas, said the Parent of our honored Mo-
 “ ther *Kalafrade*, five of my Daughter's Chil-
 “ dren are with the Eunuchs, at the Extremity
 “ of the Garden, and to us there are little
 “ Hopes of Flight, to them is the Certainty of
 “ Condemnation.

“ Venerable Sire, answered the Slave, it
 “ will be vain to attempt the Rescue of those
 “ who are absent from my Lord, but if you
 “ and the Children of *Sadak* will follow me in-
 “ to the Forest that overshadows the Village,
 “ I will engage to lead you in Safety from the
 “ Malice of your Pursuers.

“ Lead me then, replied our Sire *Mipiki*,
 “ lead me, faithful Slave, from the Tyranny
 “ of *Amurath*! For myself indeed it little mat-
 “ ters whether I perish by Age, or by the
 “ Sword, but these may live to revenge the
 “ Blood of their Ancestors.

“ Thus saying, *Mepiki* leaned on the Slave,
 “ and *Codan* and myself drawing our Scymitars,
 “ we issued forth, and covered ourselves from
 “ the Sight of the Jannifaries among the Cedars
 “ of the Forest.

“ Here we continued till Night, when the
 “ faithful Slave besought us to follow him thro'

“ the

“ the Forest, to a Town about four Leagues
 “ from the Habitation of *Mepiki*.

“ Thinking ourselves too near the Arm of
 “ *Amurath*, we departed thence the following
 “ Night to *Barebo*, and there continued, till a
 “ Vessel, which was trading to *Ismir*, took us
 “ on Board, and carried us to that Pride of
 “ *Asia*.

“ We continued in *Ismir* but a few Days, the
 “ Plague broke out in the Suburbs, and raged
 “ with such Violence, that *Mepiki* resolved to
 “ embark in the first Vessel that left the City of
 “ *Ismir*.

“ This happened to be a Merchant's Sloop,
 “ bound for *Koron*, in which we came with fa-
 “ vorable Gales, and landed not long since in
 “ this miserable City.

“ The Mariners who came with us, escaped
 “ not the Pestilence, although they had left
 “ the City of *Ismir*; they were seized with the
 “ Contagion as soon as they landed, and the
 “ Disorder raged with such Violence, that ere
 “ half the Moon was elapsed, the whole City
 “ groaned under its wretched Influence.

“ The aged *Mepiki* for some Time shut him-
 “ self and us up in an inner Apartment, hoping
 “ to escape the Contagion; but when he found
 “ the deadly Disorder had seized him, he com-
 “ manded us to carry him forth into the open

"Air, which, in Obedience to his Will, we performed this Morning."

"And have ye, my Children, said *Sadak* hastily, overcome the Contagion, or hath it yet delayed to seize on your youthful Frames?"

"We have hitherto, answered *Codan*, experienced a doubtful Life; but seeing our Parent has escaped from the Danger of the Plague, we shall no longer accuse our Stars of leading us to the Horrors of this Place."

"Son, answered *Sadak*, to accuse Fate is to rebel against *Alla*; and no Circumstances can justify our Imprecations, while our Faith must assure us, that he is the merciful Governor of all our Fortunes."

Codan, abashed at the Reproof of *Sadak*, covered his Breast with his declining Head.

As *Sadak* held this Converse in the desolate Streets of *Koron*, he perceived the Captain of the Ship, drawing near him; but the Fire of his Countenance was extinguished, and the Lamp of Life glimmered but palely in the Cheeks of *Gehari*.

"Noble *Gehari*, said *Sadak*, turning toward him, I perceive that equal Misfortunes have oppressed us; yet in this Victory of the Grave, how much are we indebted to *Alla* for our wonderful Escape!"

"That

“ That I should bless *Alla*, answered *Gebari*,
 “ is not wonderful, for my Enjoyments will
 “ probably be restored with my Life; but surely
 “ to the much-injured *Sadak*, Death had been a
 “ welcome Guest.”

“ *Gebari*, answered *Sadak*, it is by the gra-
 “ cious *Alla*’s Appointment, that I bear the
 “ Standard of Affliction, in which Post, if I
 “ fall, blessed be his Will; but while I live,
 “ I mean not cowardly to lament my Situation.”

“ Well, replied *Gebari*, dost thou unite the
 “ Determinations of the Brave with the Sub-
 “ missions of the Pious; nor are your Virtues
 “ useless, for *Amurath* means to try their ut-
 “ most Strength, and I come an unwilling Slave,
 “ to urge your Departure from the City of
 “ *Koron*.”

“ If *Gebari* will point out the Means of my
 “ Departure, answered *Sadak*, I am prepared;
 “ but suffer me to take these my Children, as
 “ Companions in my Toils.”

“ Ah, replied *Gebari* starting, are these the
 “ Sons of *Sadak*, on whose Lives the Sultan sets
 “ so high a Price? Now, *Sadak*, teach me the
 “ Duty that I owe my Prince, consistent with
 “ my Friendship to thy noble Nature: On Pain
 “ of *Amurath*’s Displeasure, is every one who
 “ owns the *Othman* Sway, bound to discover
 “ their Knowledge of thy Children; and yet

188 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ sooner shall *Gebari* perish, than bring such
 “ exquisite Distress on *Sadak*’s generous Spirit.”

“ *Gebari*, answered *Sadak*, obey thy Prince,
 “ and let not Friendship breed Rebellion.”

“ What, my Father, interrupted *Codan*,
 “ will you tamely yield your Sons a Prey to
 “ Tyranny? If so, *Mepiki*’s Life is spent in
 “ vain; we better had fallen with our Brethren,
 “ beneath the Scymitars of the Jannisaries, than
 “ met at *Koron* with our Father’s Friend.”

“ *Codan*, answered *Sadak* sternly, it ill be-
 “ comes the Sucker to vie with its Parent
 “ Stock; as a Father, in Tenderness I should
 “ forget your Want of filial Duty, but Rebel-
 “ lion, Son, shall meet with *Sadak*’s Curse,
 “ though his uplifted Dagger pierce his *Codan*’s
 “ Heart; and yet, my Son, I would this
 “ mighty *Amurath*, for whom the Slaves of
 “ *Othman* live, did weigh in equal Balance his
 “ own impetuous Pleasures and his People’s
 “ Comfort. Surely, *Alla*, thou gavest not our
 “ Lives to be the Tyrant’s Sport, but didst in-
 “ tend the Ruler of the Faithful should be his
 “ Subject’s Joy! If thou shalt judge hereafter
 “ the Princes of the Earth, for every Life in
 “ Wantonness destroyed, there is not a Prince
 “ but gladly would exchange his Nature with
 “ a Peasant!”

“ Generous

“ Generous *Sadak*, said *Gebari*, dispel the
 “ Gloom that overwhelms thee, for *Gebari*
 “ means not to betray thy Sons: The spirited
 “ *Codan*, and his more submissive Brother, shall,
 “ if it please thee, partake of their Father’s
 “ Fortune. Of all our Mariners but seven
 “ have escaped the Plague, *Codan*, therefore,
 “ and *Abud*, shall supply the Place of two of
 “ my Officers, and the rest we must seek for in
 “ some neighbouring Port.”

“ Friendly *Gebari*, answered *Sadak*, how
 “ shall I repay thy generous Services! Permit
 “ us only to hide the Corpse of our dear Pa-
 “ rent in the Earth, and we will attend thy
 “ Will.”

At these Words *Gebari* left *Sadak* and his Chil-
 dren, and calling together his scattered Mari-
 ners, returned to the Ship.

Sadak in the mean Time assisted his Sons in
 their melancholy Office, and having covered up
 the Body of *Mepiki*, he led them to the Vessel
 which *Gebari* commanded.

The Wind blowing from the Land, soon
 wafted them from the City of *Koron*, and *Ge-
 bari*, unwilling to return toward *Constantinople*,
 sailed to *Medan*, and there recruited the Num-
 ber of his Mariners.

From *Medan*, after a tedious Passage, they
 reached the Island of *Gomerou*, where refreshing
 them-

themselves a short Space, they steered to the South, through the wide *Atlantick*, and approaching toward the Sun, they encountered the sultry Heats of the torrid Zone.

Sadak, though unacquainted with the Sea, was not indolent; the Day was spent in instructing his Sons, and in the Night he strove with manly Courage, to surmount the Oppressions of his Mind, which were aggravated by the Thoughts of *Kalafrade's* Distress.

Having passed the warmer Climates, they drew near to the cold Regions of the South, and *Gebari* perceiving Land, steered his Vessel toward the Shore, and anchored at a small Distance from a beautiful Island.

Here they found the Blessings of Plenty, and the Mariners quickly recovering from the Disorders of the Sea, were enabled to pursue the Directions of the bold *Gebari*, who stayed no longer than was necessary to refit his Vessel and renew his Stores.

From this Island they sailed toward the Straits, which divide the *Atlantick* from the *Pacifick Ocean*. But as they approached the Land, the Wind arose, and the Sea beat in tempestuous Billows against the Vessel of *Gebari*.

The Mariners in vain pointed their Vessel to the West, her Sides shook as fearful of the Storm, and the Ship started from the Face of the
Tempest,

THE TALES OF THE GENII. 291

Tempest, as the War Horse trembles in the Day of Battle.

Sadak beheld the conflicting Elements with Patience and Calmness, but *Codan* was terrified at the black mountainous Ocean, which rose in broken Precipices above the Masts of the Ship.

As the Vessel sunk embosomed in hollow founding Billows, so sunk the Heart of *Codan*, and *Sadak* in vain attempted to give to his Son a courageous Mind.

“ Is this *Codan*, said his Father, as he saw
“ him dissolved in Tears, and trembling at his
“ Fate? Is this the Descendant of *Elar*, who
“ so nobly supported the dying *Mepiki*? Where,
“ wretched Son, is that undaunted Mind, which
“ formerly endeared thee to thy Parent?”

“ Pardon, O *Sadak*, answered *Codan*, the
“ Misgivings of my Soul: 'Tis not for myself,
“ O Parent of my Life, but for thee my Heart
“ pants, and my Strength flies from me; was
“ it not sufficient that *Amurath* bereaved thee of
“ *Kalafrade*, without sending thee hither amidst
“ conflicting Elements?”

“ *Codan*, answered *Sadak*, thy Fears for me
“ discover a noble Soul, and *Sadak* thanks
“ thee for them, but dismiss them quickly,
“ *Codan* ——”

As

As *Sadak* was uttering these Words, a tremendous Swell broke over the Ship, and the Wave overwhelmed both *Sadak* and his Son.

The Father instantly secured himself by embracing a Part of the Ship, which saved him from the Efforts of the Wave, but *Codan* became a Sacrifice to its Violence, and was driven over the Sides of the Vessel into the tumultuous Ocean.

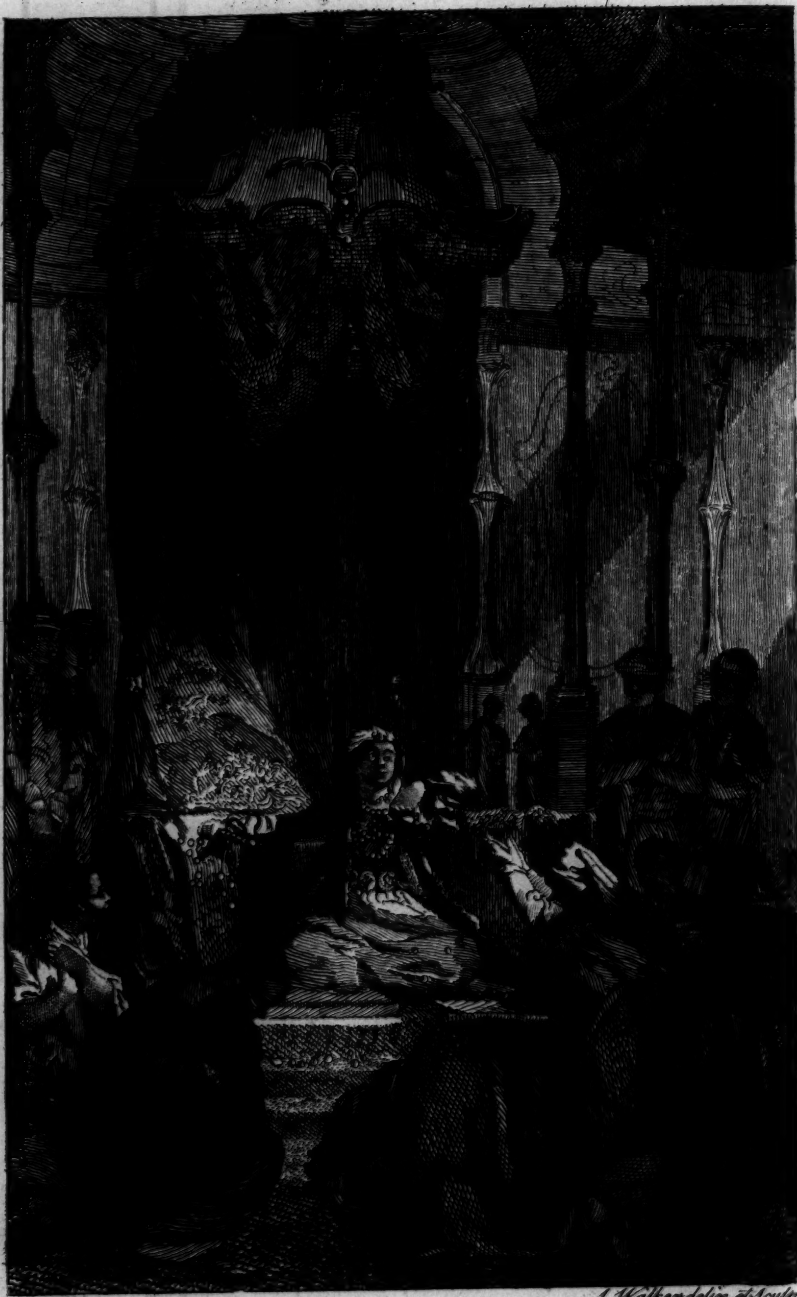
It was some Time before *Sadak* recovered from the Confusion around, as the Sea had nearly stunned him in its Passage; but when he found his Son was torn from him by the Swell, and saw him tossed on the Billows, the undaunted *Sadak* leaped forward, and was about to follow, had not *Abud* caught his Father in his Arms, and prevented his Intentions.

“Wretched *Abud*, said *Sadak* sternly, art thou jealous of *Codan*’s better Spirit, that thou hast dared prevent thy Father in rescuing his First-born from the Womb of the Sea?”

“Protector of thy Children, answered *Abud*, forgive my Presumption, and let *Sadak* be reserved for the Arms of his *Kalafrade*; *Abud* either will deliver his Brother, or perish beside him.”



Printed by J. W. Smith, New York



Kalafrade in the Seraglio of Amurath.



THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF
SADAK AND KALASRADE.

“ **N**O, replied *Sadak*, preventing the
“ Intentions of *Abud*, as his Son
“ Struggled to fling himself into the
“ tempestuous Ocean, I now am sa-
“ tisfied, and *Sadak*, thy Father, shall restore
“ thy *Codan* to his Brother's Arms.”

In this tender Struggle between *Sadak* and his
Son, *Gebari* advanced, and taking each by the
Hand,

“ Alas, noble Friend, said he, will you in-
“ crease the Misfortunes of *Gebari*; the good
“ *Codan* is already the Prey of our boisterous
“ Enemy, and will you likewise desert me in
“ this perilous Storm?”

“ We mean, answered *Sadak* struggling, to
“ rescue *Codan* the beloved of our Heart.”

“ Though I admire your Affection, replied
“ *Gebari* (still preventing the Purpose of *Sadak*)
“ yet I must not suffer it to overpower your

“ Reason ; to sacrifice our Lives in Madness to
 “ the Memory of our Friend, is neither prudent
 “ nor courageous ; and greater Fortitude is
 “ exercised in Forbearance, than in the vehement
 “ Sallies of distempered Passion.”

“ The Words of *Gebari*, answered *Sadak*, are
 “ as Oil to the Wounded on the Plane, and
 “ we must learn, *Abud*, to submit, where *Alla*
 “ hath denied us the Conquest of aught but
 “ ourselves. Yes, *Gebari*, to see my breathless
 “ Son extended on the Wave, and yet stand
 “ motionless beside him, is far more difficult,
 “ than to seek his Embrace among the Roar-
 “ ings of the Ocean : But *Alla*, O *Codan*, is pre-
 “ sent with thee, and *Mahomet* hath taken
 “ Charge of thy duteous Body ; 'tis we are
 “ afflicted by the Storm, while thou art wafted
 “ from this Scene of Misery to the Mansions of
 “ the Faithful !”

The gentle *Abud* yielded to the wise Dictates of his Father, and *Gebari* prevailed on his Friends to desist from their frantick Purpose, as the Sea was so fierce, that the Ship could scarce bear the Billows that broke around her.

After some Time the Storm abated, and *Gebari* prepared to run through the Straits into the *Pacifick Ocean*.

The

The rest of the Voyage passed uninterrupted by the Wind or the Sea, but the Serenity of the Weather did but ill compensate to *Sadak* the Loss of his First-born.

After fifty Days sailing *Gebari* discovered a great Smoke, and in the Night could distinguish at a Distance Flames of Fire. These increased every Hour, and so greatly terrified the Mariners, that *Gebari* was fearful they would rise up against him, and refuse to proceed in their Voyage.

Nor were the Fears of *Gebari* groundless, for at their nearer Approach, the curling Foam of the Waves each Night appeared as liquid Fire, and the Ocean glowed like the melting Pot of the Refiner. The Mariners aghast viewed with Despair the horrid Scene, and the Fears which were expressed in their Countenance, seemed to gather Strength from the pale deadly Light, which flashed on the broken Surface of the Sea beneath them.

Overpowered by the gloomy Terror, they fell with their Faces on the Deck, and their Captain in vain addressed them with alternate Promises and Threats.

Sadak perceiving the Distress of *Gebari*, and that their Purpose would prove abortive, if they were suffered to persist in their Fears, obtained from *Gebari* Permission to arouse them, and with

his drawn Sabre, walking into the Midst of the prostrate Mariners, he thus addressed their Coward Spirits.

“ Sons of *Mahomet*, and Brethren of the
 “ Truth, why fall ye thus as the Leaves of
 “ Autumn on the sandy Plane? What conquering
 “ Enemy cometh against you, whose
 “ terrifying Aspect you dare not behold? Or
 “ what Dangers are these which have subdued
 “ the Soldiers of our Prophet? Come the Infidels
 “ of *Europe* against us; or is the all-bartering
 “ Christian arisen up in Arms to oppose
 “ our Passage? If these were in Sight, my
 “ Friends would doubtless arise, and vindicate
 “ the Faith of Mussulmen; they would start
 “ from the Slumbers of Fear, and put on the
 “ manly Countenance of War. Shall then the
 “ harmless Wave affright you, when in sportive
 “ Gambols he imitates the brisk Flashes of a
 “ livelier Element? Or shall you, who have
 “ undaunted seen the Ocean’s hollow Womb,
 “ and all its watry Caves, now sink in Terror
 “ back, when the heavy Sea casts its languid
 “ Smiles upon you, these my Friends are Omens
 “ of our Safety, and assure us of Success? But
 “ rise, and see me pour this harmless Lightning
 “ on my Hands, and thank our Prophet that
 “ in the starless Night, he makes old Ocean
 “ light us on our destined Course.”

Thus

Thus saying, the bold *Sadak* drew from the surrounding Waves a Bowl of Water, which sparkled as it rose, and poured on his Hands : The trembling Mariners raised up their fearful Heads, and viewed with Wonder the innocent Effect of *Sadak's* Trial, till satisfied by the Experiment, they again ventured to arise, each blushing at his causeless Fear.

But a few Days sailing again recalled their Fears. The Island was now discovered, and in the Middle of it an huge Mountain, whose Summit reached far above the fleeting Clouds, where an uncommon Volcano vomited forth a wide Deluge of liquid Fire, which broke forth from the Mountain, with terrible Roarings, and a mighty Sound, as of Winds bursting from the deep Caverns of the Earth.

The glowing Deluge descended down the Mountain in a Sheet of Fire, and rushing violently into the Sea, drove back the affrighted Waves in dreadful Hisses from its Surface, and for a long Time preserved its fiery Course, beneath the Waters that foamed above it.

The Countenance of *Gebari* was now fixed with Astonishment and Dread, and he confessed to *Sadak*, that he dared not trust his Ship any nearer the Island.

“ Give me then, answered the undaunted
 “ Warrior, a Boat, and a small Portion of your
 “ Provision,

198 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ Provision, and *Sadak* will alone risk the Dan-
 “ gers that surround the Fountains of Obli-
 “ vion.”

“ No, my Father, answered the duteous
 “ *Abud*, there is yet one left that is ready to
 “ share with thee the Dangers of this horrid
 “ Place.”

“ My Son, *Abud*, replied *Sadak*, *Codan* is
 “ no more, and the Javelings of *Amurath* have
 “ doubtless, ere this, pierced the Heart of thy
 “ Brethren : If *Sadak* perish, yet shall his Name
 “ live in *Abud*, and *Kalafrade* shall yet have
 “ one to revenge her Wrongs !”

“ ’Tis not Revenge alone, answered *Abud*,
 “ that thy *Kalafrade* will require from her
 “ *Abud* ; she will ask me also for thee, O *Sa-*
 “ *dak* ; and when she hears, that I refused to
 “ share in my Father’s Toils, she will pour on
 “ me the Imprecations of an Heart-broken Pa-
 “ rent.”

“ O *Sadak*, interrupted *Gebari*, yield to the
 “ duteous Voice of *Abud*, whose Presence with
 “ thee, may haply be the Means of both your
 “ future Safety.”

Sadak, at length overcome by *Abud* and *Ge-*
bari, consented ; and the unhappy Father and
 his Son descended from the Side of the Ship
 into the Boat, which *Gebari* had prepared for
 their Reception, while the Captain and his

Mariners

Mariners poured after them the unavailing Tears of Friendship and Compassion.

The Boat was about three Leagues distant from the Shore, when it parted from the Ship, and the Wind blowing fair, *Sadak* steered it briskly for the Island of the Waters of Oblivion.

The nearer they approached, the more tremendous looked the Rocks which surrounded the Island, against which the Sea beat and roared, as if it strove in vain for a Place whereon it might rest.

Being arrived within half a League, the Boat struck on a Quicksand, and *Sadak* could neither move it, nor would the treacherous Sand bear his Weight, when he attempted to wade forward on its Surface.

After many fruitless Endeavours, he took several small Boards, which formed the Bottom Floor of the Boat, and tying them together, made two Rafts, which he laid on the Sand, and moving one forward, while he stood on the other, he thus made some small Progress towards the Island.

But this was an imperfect Attempt, as the Raft would bear but one at a Time, and *Abud* was left an helpless Spectator in the Boat.

To conquer this Difficulty, *Sadak* returned again to the Boat, and by the Help of the Oars and Rudder, he made a third Raft; so that *Abud*, by following his Father's Steps, and giving

giving the Raft which he stept from to *Sadak*, who went before him, they, with Difficulty, moved forward to the Rocks that surrounded the Waters of Oblivion.

The Tide had been several Hours falling from the Rocks, when *Sadak* arrived under their prominent Horrors, and had left a narrow Beach, on which he and *Abud* rested, after their perilous Journey.

Here *Sadak* and his wretched Son, recruited their wearied Bodies, with such Refreshment as they had brought in their Garments from the Boat, which, though scarce sufficient for the next Day's Support, was the only Means of Living they could see before them; unless they should be able to scale the over-hanging Precipices, whose Heads seemed wrapped in the dark Clouds that were gathered around their rugged Summits.

Sadak and *Abud* having refreshed their Limbs, arose and went about under the Rocks in search of some Opening, which might afford them an Entrance into the Island; but ere they could discover any Passage, they came in sight of the burning Torrent, and were obliged to retire from its destructive Influence.

To add to this Distress, the Tide retired with Violence around them, and the swelling Ocean

arose on the Beach, so that *Sadak* and his Son were half covered by the Sea.

Thus wretched, they waded backward and forward on the Beach, till *Abud* discovered a small Cavern in the Rock, whose Bottom the Tide had not reached, when *Sadak* and his Son ascended into it.

In this gloomy Cavern, which dripped with the salt Tears of the Ocean, they obtained a few Moments Relief; but the ascending Swell followed them ere long into the Cavern, and dashing its rude Waves against them, drove them on the ragged Face of the Rock.

The Tide, however, rose not above them; but, after a long Persecution, retired, and left them nearly exhausted by its rude Buffettings; and the wretched Father, and his duteous Son, overcome with unnatural Toils, slumbered on the Sea weed, which the Water had left them for their miserable Bed.

Yet, short were the Slumbers of these afflicted *Musselmen*; the Rocks and the Mountains around them were heaved in the Night with dreadful Earthquakes, and the Island trembled with the adventurous *Sadak* and his Son, as the wounded Elephant shakes the tottering Turret in the Armies of the Vanquished.

The Sea, agitated by contending Winds, rose in wild Fragments to the Clouds; and Meteors

gleaming through the troubled Air, cast horrid Light upon the watry Profound, where Monsters rising on the scattered Waves, stirred up a new Commotion, and waged bloody War among themselves, increasing still the Terror of the Night with their discordant Roarings, which the concave echoing Rocks again repeated, and over all the Thunders from above, joined in the general Discord.

“ *Abud*, said *Sadak*, starting from his Sleep,
 “ (as he beheld the horrid Scene before him)
 “ such would all Nature be, were evil Spirits
 “ Masters of our Fate; but fear not, *Abud*,
 “ these gloomy Rocks hide not this disordered
 “ Prospect from our Prophet’s Sight: He, thro’
 “ the Tumult looks on us, and watches lest our
 “ faithless Spirits, sink from their just Depen-
 “ dance upon *Alla*’s Power.”

“ True, answered the duteous *Abud*, O noble
 “ Parent, and the Man, whose righteous Heart
 “ obeys the Dictates of his God, may calmly
 “ view these desolated Scenes.”

“ In us, replied *Sadak*, whose slight Frames
 “ were formed to tremble at every Shock,
 “ these Visions must awaken Fear and Horror;
 “ but the Tumults of the whole Ocean, and the
 “ Crush of the wide Earth itself, would be less
 “ disgustful to the blessed *Alla*, than the rebel-
 “ lious Workings of a wicked Heart, though
 “ hidden

“ hidden beneath the gay Trappings of a voluptuous Infidel. A wicked Soul, O *Abud*, is more dark and tumultuous than these Horrors that surround us; yet often doth the Coward run with Terror from the Lightning’s Flash, or even from an Insect’s Presence, when he dare cherish in his Bosom the most dreadful of Monsters, a disobedient and rebellious Spirit.”

But in the Midst of his religious Expressions, the afflicted *Sadak* could not prevent some Fears that arose in his Mind, when he reflected on the exposed Situation of his beloved *Kalafrade*, who, since her Lord’s Departure from the Seraglio, had suffered far greater Terrors from Oppression and Lust, than *Sadak* had experienced from contending Elements.

For several Days she was permitted, without Molestation, to moan the Fate of her *Sadak*, whom she feared would be secretly destroyed by the Malice of *Amurath*.

But the wild *Amurath* could ill brook his Absence from *Kalafrade*; every Day he sent for *Doubor*, to enquire how she bore the Loss of *Sadak*, and but for the prudent Interposition of the Chief of the Eunuchs, he would have teized the fair One every Hour with his offensive Sollicitations.

Doubor, who knew that Persecution would rather inflame, than assuage the Sorrows of the virtuous *Kalafrade*, framed daily some new Excuse to prevent the Applications of *Amurath*; and at last, when the Monarch would be no longer with-held, he went before, and assured *Kalafrade* that *Sadak* was safe, and on his Search after the Waters of Oblivion.

The Presence of *Amurath* renewed the Sorrows of *Kalafrade*; she looked upon him as the Murderer of her Beloved, and all his Softness and Eloquence met with Reproof and Severity from the Eyes and the Heart of the much-injured *Kalafrade*.

The proud *Amurath*, vexed at his ill Success, cursed the faithful *Sadak*; and although his Oath prevented him from executing the Desires of his Heart, yet he resolved to attack the fair One, through those who were dearer to her than her own Existence.

Full of these Resolutions, he left the fair *Kalafrade* in wrathful Haste, and flew from her Presence, as the enraged Tyger springs from the Pursuit of the valorous Huntsmen.

Immediate Orders were given to the Jannisaries to seize on the Children of *Sadak*, who were, with their Grandfire *Mepiki* on the opposite Shores of *Asia*. But ere the Jannisaries could reach

reach the Village, the two elder were flown away with the aged *Mepiki*.

Amurath in Wrath cursed the Jannifaries for their Neglect, and ordered *Doubor* to dispose of the five that were taken in the Prisons of the Seraglio.

The next Morning the malicious Monarch appeared before *Kalafrade*, and commanded her to yield to his Desires.

The affrighted *Kalafrade*, trusting to the Monarch's Oath, refused to comply ; and *Amurath* enraged, found one Female in his Seraglio, who thought herself not honored by his lascivious Offers.

Pride and Fury possessed his Soul, and he commanded *Doubor* to bring the eldest of *Kalafrade's* Children before him.

The little Innocent was dragged out of the Dungeon, and came with trembling Limbs into the Presence of *Amurath*.

“ *Doubor*, said the Sultan, unsheath thy Scymitar, and sacrifice that accursed Pledge of
“ *Sadak's* Love before my Eyes.”

The Heart-wounded *Kalafrade*, who had long been torn from her Children, rejoiced at the Sight of *Rachal*, the elder of her Daughters ; and the little *Rachal*, when she perceived her tender Mother, forgot the Terrors of the Dungeon and the Frowns of *Amurath*, and ran from
the

the Chief of the Eunuchs, and hid herself in the Folds of *Kalafrade's* Garments.

The bold Affections of a Mother at that Instant animated the tender *Kalafrade*, and folding her Daughter in her Arms, she passionately embraced the beauteous *Rachal*, and bedewed her little Cheeks with maternal Tears.

The mighty *Amurath* could not behold the Scene unmoved, but the Thoughts that *Sadak* was the Father of *Rachal*, soon changed his Breast from Pity to Malice, and the enraged Monarch again commanded *Doubor* to lead forth the little *Rachal* to instant Execution.

At the Voice of *Amurath*, the Eyes of *Kalafrade* glistened with Rage, and she viewed the Sultan as the Lions darts forth indignant Flashes from her Eyes, when disturbed in the lonely Caverns of the Rocks by the adventurous Hind.

“ Tyrant, said she, Death only shall divide
 “ my best loved *Rachal* from these widowed
 “ Arms; though *Sadak* might have civil Du-
 “ ties to struggle with against his Love, a
 “ Mother knows no superior Tie to with-hold
 “ her from succouring those who were the Off-
 “ spring of her Womb, and the Children of her
 “ Breast.”

“ *Doubor*, said the wavering *Amurath*, what
 “ means this foolish Heart of mine, that dares
 “ not

“ not encounter with a Woman’s Will; but
 “ Slave, thou well mayest read thy Master’s
 “ Mind; yet four are left in thy Possession,
 “ those sacrifice to my neglected Love, and
 “ teach this stubborn Beauty, what she owes to
 “ *Amurath* and her Prince.”

“ Ah! what saidst thou, Tyrant, interrupt-
 “ ed the distracted *Kalafrade*, shall *Camir*, the
 “ lovely Image of his Father’s Strength? Shall
 “ *Elphan*, ever submissive to his Mother’s Will?
 “ or the fair *Opbu*, pretty Mimick of my play-
 “ ful Actions? or the lovely *Ifadi*, sweetly
 “ smiling when *Kalafrade* smiles? Shall these
 “ dear precious Innocents bleed beneath the
 “ murdering Knife of a Slave’s Hand? O righ-
 “ teous *Alla*, who gave these Pledges of my
 “ *Sadak*’s Love, in painful Labors to my Arms.
 “ Remember what I suffered for their Lives,
 “ and let not a vile Wretch at once destroy,
 “ what thou, with many a Groan didst bring to
 “ Light and Life.”

“ Art thou too turned to Stone, by this wild
 “ Woman’s Talk, said *Amurath* to *Douber*,
 “ that like a stricken Hart, thou pantest for thy
 “ Breath? Slave, instantly retire, and bring the
 “ Heads of these early Rebels to my Sight,
 “ who ape so soon the treacherous Features of
 “ their Father’s Crimes.”

Douber

208 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

Doubor, with slow Reluctance, obeying his Sultan, left the Apartment, and went with down-cast Looks, to seek the Childen of *Kalafrade* in the Dungeon of the Seraglio.

As soon as the little *Camir* and *Elphan* saw the venerable Eunuch approach, they ran with sparkling Eyes, and seizing on his trembling Hands, they lifted up their smiling Countenances, and told him they were glad to see him, for the black ill-natured Men who had watched them, had given them no Provision for the Day.

Doubor, who had before secretly cherished the little Offspring of *Kalafrade*, wondered not at the innocent Freedom of *Camir* or *Elphan*, but the good Eunuch's Eyes ran down with Floods of Tears, when he beheld the smiling Countenances of those, whose Blood he was so soon condemned to spill.

Conquered by their artless Love and Freedom, the tender *Doubor* took them to his Arms, and kissed them with a Father's Fondness: Then partly drawing forth his shining Scymitar, the little Family of *Kalafrade*, affrighted at its glittering Sight, fled swiftly to the Extremity of the Dungeon, and *Doubor*, overcome with friendly Tenderness and Zeal, thrust the cruel Blade back again into its Scabbard, and fell to the Earth, unable to perform the cruel Purposes of his Master's Will.

While

While *Doubar* was thus employed in the murky Dungeon, *Amurath* was not less irrefolute in the gilded Apartments of *Kalafrade*; now fully bent to execute his Rage on the sweet smiling *Rachal*, he drew his crooked Faulchion, and made up to the Wife of *Sadak*, when awed by her maternal Tenderness, the Weapon fell from his Hand, and he dared not strike where every Blow would prove a Wound to his *Kalafrade's* Peace.

At length mad with his ineffectual Toil, the Monarch with a Frown boding Severity and Wrath, broke suddenly from the Apartment of *Kalafrade*, and beckoning to some Mutes which stood at the Entrance,

“Slaves, said he, take that little Urchin from
“her frantick Mother, and with your griping
“Hands cast over her Infant Face the rigid
“Countenance of Death.”

The Mutes, obedient to their royal Master's Orders, hastened into the Apartments of the much trembling *Kalafrade*, and regardless of her Entreaties, tore from her struggling Arms her Daughter *Rachal*.

The distracted *Kalafrade* in vain cast her snowy Arms around her beauteous Daughter, in vain called on *Alla*, on *Sadak*, nay, even on *Amurath*, to relieve her: The unmoved Wretches in silent Steadiness pursued their cruel Orders, and with

their barbarous Gripe, left *Rachal* in the Agonies of Death, at the Feet of her frantick Mother.

Kalafrade being released from the Mutes who held her fast, while the rest executed the horrid Commands of *Amurath*, sprang toward the expiring Infant, and kneeling on the Ground, she took the struggling *Rachal* in her Arms, and pressed her to her panting Breast; then lifting up her languishing Eyes, wearied with many a fruitless Tear,

“ O Prophet, holy Prophet, said the distracted fair One, look down on all a Mother’s anxious Love, and spare my *Rachal*! Spare her, Prophet of the Just!”

After which, wildly folding her in her Arms, the miserable Mother poured on her livid Face the copious Streams of Sorrow, and with a Sigh, that might have pierced even the Heart of *Amurath*, she cried, “ Ah *Rachal*! *Rachal*! Heaven spare thee!”

Buried in Tears, and sobbing over her Child, *Doubor*, with a pale Face and bloody Hands, entered before her; and while the faithful Eunuch strove to utter his melancholy Tale, he saw the afflicted Mourner hanging over her expiring Infant.

At such a woeful Sight, Pity touched his aged Breast, and the venerable Eunuch hastened to her Assistance, with all a Father’s soft Affection.

“ Wretched,

“ Wretched! miserable! and afflicted fair
 “ One! said the trembling Eunuch, what fatal
 “ Grief has seized thy Heart? Ah, said he,
 “ looking on the distorted Features of the inno-
 “ cent *Rachal*, what rude murdering Fiend
 “ hath spoiled this lovely Image of *Kalafrade*’s
 “ Beauties?”

Kalafrade, whose Eyes were dim with Grief,
 saw not the Eunuch till he came up to her, and
 poured his Lamentations over her wretched In-
 fant, but as the fair One eyed his bloody Hands,
 about to take her *Rachal* from her Arms,

“ Bloody and relentless Villain, said she,
 “ avaunt! thou shalt not feast upon my *Rachal*’s
 “ Flesh!” Then recollecting herself, “God of the
 “ Faithful, said she, ’tis the murderous Eunuch,
 “ stained with my Children’s Blood! Steel-
 “ hearted Executioner, hast thou eaten the
 “ Hearts of *Camir*, and his Brethren? but thou
 “ shalt not bereave me of my *Rachal*’s Heart.”

“ My much honored *Kalafrade*, said the af-
 “ frightened Eunuch, I have no Orders to be-
 “ reave thee of thy beauteous *Rachal*; I came
 “ here, seeking *Amurath*, my Lord, but what-
 “ ever Misfortune has befallen thy Child, *Dou-*
 “ *bor* will gladly remedy the Evil.”

“ What, officious Eunuch, said the hasty
 “ *Kalafrade*, hast thou destroyed, and canst thou
 “ also mock my Grievs? Full well thou knowest

“ the bloody Orders of thy Master’s Heart,
 “ four of my Babes thy murderous Hands have
 “ stolen for ever from my Sight ; their Bodies
 “ are now perhaps cast forth the Portion of some
 “ ravenous Animal, not half so fell in Heart
 “ as thou and *Amurath*. O my Children, is
 “ the dear Flesh I have so often printed with a
 “ fond Mother’s Kifs, now torn between the
 “ Fangs of a merciless Breast, or trodden under
 “ the Feet of black unfeeling Slaves ! O Pro-
 “ phet, save me from the Pangs of such Heart-
 “ riven Thoughts !”

“ The righteous *Alla* knoweth, answered the
 “ Chief of the Eunuch, how *Doubor*’s Heart
 “ was racked at *Amurath*’s Command ; but
 “ here *Kalafrade*, I have no Command to hurt
 “ or to distress ; and unless my Art deceive me
 “ much, I can with Ease recall this tender in-
 “ fant into Life again.”

“ Just reeking from the bloody Scene, art
 “ thou become an Instrument of Life, de-
 “ ceitful Eunuch !—Ah ! forgive me *Doubor* !
 “ excellent *Doubor* ! said she, recollecting herself,
 “ didst thou not say, thou wouldest recall my
 “ dearest *Rachal* into Life again ; I will forgive
 “ thee.—No, continued she, pausing, I never
 “ can forgive thy murderous Arms. *Alla*, said
 “ she again, recollecting herself, distracted with

“ ten

“ ten thousand Ills, I know not what I utter ;
 “ but thou, O *Alla*, knowest all ! and not to
 “ this base Eunuch, but to thee, I lift my ex-
 “ piring *Rachal*. Thou *Alla* canst call a Bles-
 “ sing from his bloody Hands, and raise my
 “ Child to Life, through him who has already
 “ scattered fourfold Death among my *Sadak*’s
 “ lovely Offspring !”

The patient *Doubor* heard with deep Anguish of Heart, the wild and awful Ejaculations of the miserable *Kalafrade* ; yet unwilling to lose a Moment, he answered not, but pulling out a Phial from the Folds of his Garments, he poured some of its Contents into the Mouth of the gasping *Rachal*.

The powerful Medicine wrought a quick Change in little *Rachal*’s Frame ; the strong Convulsion ceased, and the reviving Female opened its blue Eyes, which sparkled with returning Life, like the Morning Star.

As the Eyes of *Rachal* brightened, so flashed with new Life and Spirit, the watery Eye-lids of the fond *Kalafrade* ; and much her full Heart meant to say, when a Mute abruptly entered, and commanded *Doubor* instantly to attend his Lord.

Doubor, leaving the Apartments, found the Seraglio in Confusion. The rebel Jannisaries proclaimed

proclaimed aloud in the Courts the Tyranny of *Amurath*, and their Leaders demanded the brave *Sadak* at the Hands of their Monarch.

Amurath, fearful of their Rage, sent for his faithful *Doubor* to appease their Clamor; and when he saw the Eunuch enter before him with bloody Hands, his Conscience darkened every Hope of Safety, as the black Orb of Night, when she spreads her envious Mantle o'er the Face of the Sun.

“ Wash, *Doubor*, in the Sea, said *Amurath*,
 “ those murderous Hands, and rather stain the
 “ whole *Propontis* with thy Crime, than but one
 “ Drop of Blood appear to rob thy Master of
 “ his tottering Throne. O *Doubor*! *Doubor*!
 “ what Seas of Wealth would I not pour forth,
 “ to gather up the innocent Blood thou hast this
 “ Day spilled. Go forth, good Eunuch, and
 “ appease these clamorous Spirits; but with thy
 “ guilty Hand, hide thy far guiltier Heart,
 “ and over all throw the thick specious Cover-
 “ ing of Deceit; and *Doubor*, if Success attend
 “ thy friendly Cause, *Sadak* shall be restored
 “ to all his Honors and his Children.—
 “ His Children, *Doubor*, we'll forget. This
 “ Day, O Prophet, save me from Destruction,
 “ and all my future Life be thine!”

Doubor

Doubor, in Obedience to *Amurath*, endeavour-
ed to go forth among the tumultuous Jannifa-
ries; but in their Rage, they would suffer none
to speak, unless the brave *Sadak* was delivered
to them.

Doubor returned with pale Looks to *Amu-
rath's* Apartments.

“ My Lord, said the affrighted Eunuch, 'tis
“ vain to stem the Torrent. Your Enemies
“ increase each Moment, and unless *Sadak* is
“ delivered to them, they vow Revenge on thee
“ and all thy Slaves.”

“ Then, *Doubor*, said *Amurath* falling, I am
“ lost indeed; and Life, dear precious Life,
“ like a departing Friend, will take a short
“ Farewell of me.”

“ Glory of the *Oihman* Race, answered *Dou-
bor*, suffer not your Fears to interrupt your
“ Safety, but send some Slave among the Jan-
“ nifaries, and promise, in a few Hours, to
“ give them *Sadak*; in the mean Time, I will
“ remove thy best Effects through the Water-
“ gates, and we may fly to some neighbour-
“ ing City, where thy loyal Subjects shall still
“ defend their Sultan against these bold un-
“ daunted Rebels.”

“ Friendly *Doubor*, said *Amurath*, thy Words
“ recall my sinking Spirits, and *Doubor*, neglect
“ not

“not among my Mutes and Slaves, to carry fair
 “*Kalafrade* with thee.”

The honest Eunuch sighed at his Master's Words, but in such perilous Circumstances, he thought Obedience was a double Virtue.

With the fair *Kalafrade*, wondering at her Fate, *Doubor* conveyed the reviving *Rachal* to the Shores of *Asia*, whom *Amurath* soon followed, disguised like a Mute, among the Slaves of the Seraglio.

The faithful *Doubor* led the royal Family to *Iznimid*, and there proclaimed the Arrival of *Amurath*, and the Rebellion of the Jannifaries.

Abdulrahman, the Governor of *Iznimid*, immediately assembled the Troops of the Province, and the royal Standard being displayed, the Army of *Amurath* increased daily.

During these Preparations, *Kalafrade* was confined in the Women's Apartments of *Abdulrahman's* Palace, and the little *Rachal* was suffered to attend on her wretched Mother.

The Jannifaries of *Constantinople* having chosen the brave *Boluri* for their General, after they were apprized of the Departure of *Amurath*, resolved to march to *Iznimid*, to attack the royal Troops, before they were sufficiently strengthened by the neighbouring Provinces.

The Governor *Abdulrahman* went out to meet the Forces of *Boluri*, but the Battle soon proved favor-

favorable to the Rebels, and Messengers arrived from the defeated *Abdulrahman*, advising *Amurath* to leave *Iznimid*, and fly to some other City.

Boluri, elated by his Success, the next Day marched to *Iznimid*; but the royal Tyrant was fled to a neighbouring Castle, with a Number of Friends, who came too late to join the Forces of *Abdulrahman*.

Here, in a Place defended by Nature, the Sultan and his Family remained several Months; during which Time, the Rebels were unable to force the Defenders of *Amurath* from their impregnable Castle.

A long and fatiguing Siege succeeding, many of the Jannisaries grew tired of a War, where there were no Hopes of Plunder; and *Boluri*, fearful that *Amurath* might recover all, if suffered to depart from the Castle, would not listen to the Advice of his Soldiers, who wished him to rove over the Provinces of *Asia*, and plunder those who would not acknowledge his Authority.

This Misunderstanding produced Discontent in the Rebel Army, and many of the Officers seeing there was little Prospect of Plunder under *Boluri*, secretly offered to give him up, if *Amurath* would pardon his Jannisaries.

Amurath with great Joy accepted the unexpected Terms; *Boluri* was privately strangled in

218 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

his Tent, and the Jannifaries laid down their Arms at the Feet of *Amurath*.

The royal Monarch being thus re-instated, forgot his Obligations to those who had betrayed *Boluri*, and he commanded the Ringleaders of the Rebel Army to be destroyed.

Thus secure from a second Insurrection, he marched back at the Head of his Army to *Constantinople*, and soon reducing the Rebellion there, he in a short Time found himself re-instated in the Seraglio of his Ancestors.

But now forgetful of his former Dangers, his Heart beat with new Passion for *Kalafrade*; and fixed again on his Throne, he wondered that a weak Oath should so long have withheld him from the rapturous Possession.

Doubor, apprized of his Master's Thoughts, labored in vain to prevent the Breach of his Oath; and *Amurath* found, that while his faithful Slave stood beside him, he should ever meet with an Opposition that he could not brook.

To remove this Obstacle, the vicious Sultan ordered *Doubor* to repair on a trifling Message to *Iznimid*, resolving to force *Kalafrade* to his Will, during the Absence of his officious Eunuch.

While these dark Clouds were gathering over the miserable *Kalafrade*, *Sadak* and his Son were the Victims of the Storm; beneath the Rocks of
the

the Island of Oblivion, and on the same Night that *Doubor* departed from *Iznimid*, *Abud* and his Father were buffeted by the Tempest and the Storm.

But the Piety of *Sadak* and the Submission of *Abud*, alleviated, in some Measure the dreadful Hours of that Night of Horrors, till Day arose, and chased from their Eyes the gloomy Visions of the Night: But with the friendly Day, returned again the unfriendly Tide, buffetting their bruised Limbs, and smothering them with its Waves, as the Insect which preys upon the Plantain Leaf is washed by solstitial Showers.

After waiting with Patience the Reflux of the Tide from their Cavern, *Sadak*, unwilling to lose the Benefits of the Day, led *Abud* out on the narrow Breach, while as yet they were forced to wade through the Sea; and directing their Steps toward the left, they endeavoured to surround that Part of the Island, which was opposite to the burning Torrent.

This toilsome Journey, though executed with the utmost Difficulty and Hazard, was yet as hopeless as the former; the black Rocks, which had been hollowed by the Waves, hung in rude Arch Work over their Head each Step they took and formed a continued Barrier, without any Interruption, except where the Sea broke inward

in deep Eddies, and formed in the Fissures of the Rock, the giddy Whirlpool.

Wearied with this fruitless Search, the wretched *Sadak* led his duteous Son back to the Cavern, before the swelling Ocean rose again to exercise his Severity on them; and after having encountered its Fury, they gladly sunk into a Repose, which lasted till the returning Tide obliged them to rise.

But now their Provision being exhausted, or spoiled by the Water, still severer Distresses encompassed them, and the miserable *Sadak* beheld his Son wasted with Fatigue, and overcome with Hunger and Thirst.

One Drop of Wine yet remained in a little Vessel, which he had fastened to his Sash; this the tender Parent offered to pour on the parched Tongue of his afflicted *Abud*, and this the duteous Son refused, and with uplifted Hands, pressed the Vessel toward his Parent's Mouth: An affectionate Struggle ensued, and the Duties which arose from Nature prevailed over Nature; till *Abud*, receiving Strength from the Dictates of Duty, started up, and before his Father was aware, suddenly forced the Liquor into his Mouth; then falling on his Knees at his Feet,

“ Ever honored Parent, said the trembling
 “ Youth, forgive the first Disobedience I have
 “ practised against you; let these tottering
 “ Limbs

“ Limbs bear Witness, what Terrors possess my
 “ Soul, in that I have dared to exert my Strength
 “ against the Author of my Being. Pardon,
 “ said I, O Father, rather strike me to the Earth
 “ for my Presumption, and cast from thy Sight
 “ these Rebel Arms, which have prevailed against
 “ thy revered Image.”

“ O *Abud*, my Son ! my Son ! said *Sadak*,
 “ stooping, *Alla* shall doubtless bless thy filial
 “ Prowess ; thou hast indeed prevailed, most
 “ noble Youth, but thou hast prevailed in
 “ Duty, and art thy Father’s Superior in the
 “ Triumphs of Affection ; yet how dear, O my
 “ Son, shall thy Victory prove, if to add a few
 “ Moments to thy Father’s Age, thou hast suf-
 “ fered the fair Blossoms of thy own Life to
 “ wither and decay.”

The Words of *Sadak* gave Comfort to the
 duteous Soul of *Abud*, and the Cravings of
 Hunger was suspended, while he heard the sweet
 Rewards of his duteous Labors ; but short were
 the Pleasures of *Abud*, excessive Thirst parched
 up his Lips, and his supplicating Eyes looking
 upwards on Heaven and *Sadak*, expressed the
 silent Anguish of his Heart.

“ To see thee thus, O my Son, said the dis-
 “ tracted *Sadak*, falling upon him, is worse
 “ than the Death thou hast, for a Moment
 “ driven from me. Oh cruel *Abud* ! I will re-
 “ call

“ call my Forgiveness, for thou hast robbed
 “ my of a Life far dearer than my own.”

As *Sadak* spake these Words, the wretched *Abud*, overcome by his Hunger, fastened on his own Flesh, and greedily sucked the Issues of his Life; which unnatural Relief, for a short Time, subdued his Thirst, and he waited with Patience, till the Tide permitted them again to go in search of some Escape from their Distresses.

Passing along the narrow Beach, *Sadak* observed the Water pouring from a small Fissure in the Rocks.

“ *Abud*, said the miserable *Sadak*, his Eyes
 “ sparkling with the distant Hope, let us watch
 “ till the Tide turn, and observe whether the
 “ Water returns through this Fissure of the
 “ Rocks.”

Abud rejoiced in his Father's Hopes, and the two Descendants of *Elar* sat waiting in Silence on the Fragments of the Rocks.

The Conjectures of *Sadak* were right; at the Return of the Tide, the Waters formed a Whirlpool, and were drawn inwards through the Fissure of the Rocks.

“ Whatever be our Fate, said *Sadak*, this Passage only seems to promise us the Means of
 “ Life; for on this Beach, ere two Suns are
 “ passed, we must perish by Famine; where-
 “ fore *Abud*, continued his Father *Sadak*, let us

“ plunge together through this dark Eddy, and
“ either meet an End to our Toils, or a Re-
“ ward to our Labors.”

“ Father, said *Abud*, faintly, let us not at-
“ tempt together the Dangers of this Whirl-
“ pool ; but as I have less Means of Life re-
“ maining in me than yourself, I will first ex-
“ plore the Secrets of this watry Cave.”

Thus spake the duteous *Abud*, not expecting any Relief from the Undertaking, but desiring to prolong the Life of his honored Parent.

Sadak, hoping his Son might succeed, yielded to his Intreaties ; and *Abud* having promised, if possible, to return with the ebbing Tide, plunged into the foaming Whirlpool, and disappeared from the Sight of his anxious Father.

For a few Moments, the Heart of *Sadak* was bouyed up with pleasing Expectations, and he doubted not but *Abud* was already in the Land of Plenty ; but, as the wretched Parent looked on the foaming Whirlpool, and saw its tumultuous Eddies roll ungulp'd beneath the rocky Bed whereon he stood, his weakened Spirits sunk within him, and he cried out, in the Agonies of Despair, “ Oh *Abud*, my Son ! my
“ Son ! Oh treacherous Ocean ! thou hast rob-
“ bed me of both my Sons.”

The Tide rising, obliged him to return to his Cavern, where the emaciated *Sadak* sat
wringing

wringing his Hands, weeping for his Children, and bemoaning the Fate of his miserable *Kalaf-rade*.

The Calls of Hunger also increased with his Distress, and he cut the Sandals from his Feet, and gnawed from them a poor lifeless Sustenance, till the Waters prevailing, obliged him to combat their resistless Fury.

The next Tide, the worn-out *Sadak* returned to the Fissure in the Rocks, and altho' the Waters passed out, yet *Abud* appeared not on their Surface.

Sadak now waited impatiently the Return of the Tide, and with the first Wave that entered, in leaped the adventurous Hero into the Jaws of the Whirlpool.

For several Moments he was hurried through the Rocks, and bruised and wounded on all Sides by their rugged Points, till Light appeared through the Waters, and he found himself in a deep Cave, surrounded with Rocks, and open at the Top.

The Rocks growing wider and wider, formed an irregular Ascent, and with some Difficulty, the wounded *Sadak* crawled upwards, till he had attained to the Summit of the Rocks.

Here he found an extended Country, irregularly planted with Fruits and Herbs, and plentifully

fully watered with little Rivulets, gushing out of many Parts of the Earth.

As *Sadak* looked round on this delightful Prospect, he fell with his Face to the Earth, and said,

“ O *Alla*, thy Creature poureth forth his
 “ Praises towards thee, and the Wretch whom
 “ thou hast blessed adoreth thee for thy
 “ Bounty !”

As *Sadak* spake these Words, the pleasant Vision faded from his Sight, and he found himself cast forth by the Waters on the Beach, from whence he had leaped in the Morning.

The Heart of the unfortunate Warrior fell at the Sight, and the Spirits of *Sadak* were nearly overwhelmed at the unexpected Change.

“ But hold, said the submissive *Sadak*, if this
 “ Change cometh through my Devotions to
 “ *Alla*, blessed be that Change, for *Sadak* had
 “ rather acknowledge his God on the barren
 “ Rocks, than forget him in the Mansions of
 “ Festivity.”

As *Sadak* spake these Words, he perceived the Eddies of the Whirlpool to rise with an unusual Swell, and a Female in Vestments of Gold came forth from its Surface.

“ Righteous *Sadak*, said the Genius *Adiram*,
 “ I rejoice in thy Fortitude, and I am happy in
 “ being the Messenger of thy Comfort ; but

226 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ ere I unfold to thee the Wonders thou hast
 “ seen, permit me to lead thee in Security to
 “ that Place, from whence so lately thou wast
 “ torn, as a Sleeper from his Dream.”

So saying, the Waters ceased from the Fissure,
 and the Genius and *Sadak* descending into the
 Cave shortly after, attained to the Summit of
 the Rocks, where *Sadak* had before seen the
 Planes of Plenty.

“ As *Sadak* arrived on the Plane, now, said
 “ the Genius *Adiram* to him, arise and satisfy
 “ thy exhausted Nature, and then I will instruct
 “ thee in the Lessons of our Race.”

“ But first, answered *Sadak*, O Genius, since
 “ such is human Weakness, that even seeming
 “ Good may be real Mischief intended, let me
 “ address myself to that God in whom no one
 “ shall be deceived; for, if I partake of these
 “ Viands, he first whom I serve shall be blessed
 “ for his Bounties.”

As *Sadak* spake thus, he fell on the Earth,
 and said,

“ O *Alla*! thy Creature poureth forth his
 “ Praises toward thee, and the Wretch whom
 “ thou hast blessed, adoreth thee for thy
 “ Bounty.”

“ This noble Instance of thy Gratitude and
 “ Dependance on *Alla*, said the Genius *Adiram*,
 “ is even beyond my Hopes of thee, O *Sadak*,
 “ thou

" thou highly beloved! to be brave and dute-
 " ous when Misfortune cometh, is the Lot of
 " many, but few have Fortitude to withstand
 " Temptations of Pleasure, and the Delusions of
 " Security: As Joy approacheth, the Knowledge
 " of *Alla* vanisheth from the Minds of Mortals;
 " and when the Prize is attained, the elated
 " Conqueror looketh not on him that bestow-
 " eth it. The Delusions of Self-sufficiency arise
 " out of Ease, and Man looketh on the unde-
 " served Gift, and calleth it a Reward, and the
 " Price of his Merit: But happy is he who re-
 " ceiveth with Thankfulness, and forgetteth
 " not, that to *Alla* belongeth the Praise and the
 " Glory."

" O bountiful Genius, answered *Sadak*, tho'
 " much I am fortified by thy religious Dictates,
 " yet doth my Heart pant after *Abud*, whom
 " I have lost, and after *Kalafrade*, whom I left
 " in a Tyrant's Power."

" As to *Abud*, answered the Genius *Adiram*,
 " his Fate cannot yet be unrolled to thy Sight;
 " and *Kalafrade* still suffers for her Contempt of
 " that Life, which *Alla* had commanded her to
 " preserve. Ah poor *Kalafrade*! the Bird of *Adi-*
 " *ram* can no longer comfort thee, and the Oath
 " of a lawless Tyrant, is as a flaxen Band
 " around the flaming Pile! But haste and pur-
 " sue the Waters of Oblivion, for many Dan-

“gers yet surround thee; yet thou hast well
 “learned, to be most aware when Perils are
 “unseen. Thy Way is onward to the flam-
 “ing Mountain, in which the Waters are
 “hidden.”

The Genius *Adiram* then departed from the
 Sight of *Sadak*; and after the laborious Warrior
 had finished his Repast, he walked onward to-
 ward the burning Mountain.

The Plane whereon he walked, led him into a
 deep Valley, overgrown with Bushes and Trees,
 through which he broke with the utmost Diffi-
 culty; and when unsupported by the Branches
 of the Trees, he fell into watry Bogs, where he
 had perished, but for the broken Fragments and
 Boughs which he had gathered, to prevent his
 sinking.

Having passed this Morass, he arrived at a
 River which ran among the Rocks, whose
 Source sprung from a wild Cataract, which came
 foaming with a terrible Noise, in two divided
 Torrents down the Rocks.

Here the astonished *Sadak* stood looking on
 the frightful Water-fall, in wild Amaze, and
 stunned with the rapid Dashing of the Torrent,
 for some Time paused, unable to pursue his
 Course, or retreat from the dizzy Scene.

No Way appeared to pursue his Journey, un-
 less he dared venture up the craggy Precipice,
 which

which broke the two Cataracts, and divided the roaring Currents from each other by its Bed of Stone.

Toward this middle Rock, the brave Warrior crept, his Nature trembling at the bold Determinations of his Heart; and although his Eyes swam, and his Imagination tottered, yet the steady *Sadak* seized on the Rock, and arose by Degrees on its prominent Fragments.

The Foam and the Suff of the neighbouring Torrents washed him as he arose, and the Noise of the impetuous Currents overpowered him, so that he heard not the Fall of several rocky Fragments, which came tumbling on every Side.

After his Fatigue, and scrambling upward, he reached a broad, flat, prominent Rock, whereon he laid his wearied Body, and looked downward on the Waves below. Ten thousand Colors played in his Eyes, and the Rock whereon he lay extended, seemed, in his Fancy, to break, and falling with him, to tumble headlong through the foaming Waves.

Fear seized his Body, though Fortitude possessed his Soul, and Nature, tired of the Struggle, kindly stole him from himself, and consigned him to Oblivion; for a few Minutes he lay entranced, and as he waked, forgetful of his Situation, he rolled over to the Brink of the
Rock,

Rock, and was falling downward, when he clasped the Rock, and secured himself with his Hands. Having gained his former Situation, by long Struggle and Labor, he ventured not to look down from the Precipice he had escaped, but turning his Eyes upward, he perceived he had yet a third Part of the Rock to climb, ere he could reach the Top.

His Perseverance in a short Time prevailed, and *Sadak* stood on the utmost Summit of the Rock, from whence he looked over an extended Lake to the burning Mountain, whose Smoke and Eruptions darkened the Air, and filled it with sulphureous Stench.

To pass this Lake, *Sadak* determined to plunge into it, and swim across; but he saw, that unless he could steer between the two Currents, he should be hurled headlong down the perpendicular Torrent.

Unabashed by the Danger, *Sadak* boldly leaped into the Flood, and striking forth his Limbs with the utmost Dexterity, in a short Time gained the opposite Shore of the Lake.

Here the hot Cinders blown from the Mountain, fell in black Showers upon him, and scorched his Raiment and his Flesh; till *Sadak* gathering a large Bundle of wet Flags, which grew on the watry Banks, he tied them with his Sash,

Safh, and placed them over his Head for his Security against the burning Coals.

In this Manner he marched onward, the hot Soil scorching his Feet, and the sulphureous Stenches blasting his Lungs, till he perceived an huge Cave, through which ran a Rivulet of black Water.

Sadak doubting not but this was the Water of Oblivion, ran eagerly into the Cave, and saw at the Extremity of it a fair Virgin, sitting in a musing Posture.

At the Sight of *Sadak* the Virgin arose, and welcomed his Arrival.

“ Noble Stranger, said she, it is now two
 “ hundred *Hegiras* since any one has been able
 “ to reach this Scene of Horrors ; but to you
 “ it is given to taste the Waters of Oblivion,
 “ and to enjoy the Blessings of our immortal
 “ Race.”

As the Virgin uttered these Words with a pleasing Aspect, she drew of the Fountain in a Goblet of Gold, and presented the dark Waters to *Sadak*, who turning the Goblet from him with an easy Motion, thus replied to the Solicitations of the blooming Virgin.

“ Fair Keeper of these enchanting Fountains,
 “ excuse my Refusal ; it is not for myself that
 “ I seek the Fountain of Oblivion, bound by a
 “ fatal Oath, I come a miserable Exile from
 “ the

232 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ the *Othman* Throne, to seek a Death more
 “ cruel by succeeding, than others have found,
 “ who failed of Success.”

“ Then drink of this refreshing Stream, an-
 “ swered the Virgin, and forget the Curses
 “ which *Amurath* hath heaped upon thy Head ;
 “ here drown thy former anxious Thoughts,
 “ and rise refreshed in the lethargick Stream, to
 “ untried Scenes of Pleasure and Amusement ;
 “ thy Sins, thy Follies, and thy Pains forgot,
 “ here take a blessed Renewal of thy Life, the
 “ past be blotted from thy Care-worn Breast, the
 “ future all in Prospect, all untried ; then shall
 “ the golden Dream of Hope spring forth afresh,
 “ and the gay Vision of unbounded Joy, again
 “ dance on thy sprightly Fancy ; Wealth,
 “ Power, and Beauty, rich in Possessions, emi-
 “ nent in Fame, in Extacy dissolved, shall all
 “ by Turns solícite thy divided Mind, while not
 “ a Thought of what thou once hast felt, shall
 “ e’er again molest thy troubled Brain.”

“ Such Pleasures, answered *Sadak* sternly, may
 “ captivate the Wretch, whose Conscience
 “ wishes all the past one universal Blot, but *Sa-
 “ dak* has not lived to wish the Thread of Life
 “ unravelled and destroyed. No, Virgin, tho’
 “ great are the Ills I feel, yet this, in every Ill,
 “ supports my Mind, I have not sought, nor
 “ yet deserved, the Evils that I suffer.”

“ For the weak Child of Man to boast, re-
 “ plied the Virgin, argues neither Sense nor
 “ Merit; conceited, vain, and ignorant, their
 “ Path of Life is stained with Error, and per-
 “ plexed with Doubt; purblind they grope
 “ along, in the bright Meridian Day, and
 “ every Action past, they wish undone.”

“ It is not presuming on a well-spent Life,
 “ that I refuse your Boon, replied *Sadak*
 “ to the Virgin of the Cave; but conscious
 “ of no studied Ill, I thank my Prophet for
 “ his Mercies past, and value the great *Alla's*
 “ former Gifts too largely, to desire Oblivion
 “ may prevent my future Thanks; whatever
 “ Afflictions are endured, were meant as Blef-
 “ sings, to increase my Faith; these surely to
 “ forget, were base Ingratitude. Whatever are
 “ the Blessings that *Sadak* has received, these
 “ yet reflect new Comforts on my Soul, and
 “ these to lose, were little to deserve the future
 “ Mercies of my God. No, Virgin, one Mo-
 “ ment's Recollection of *Kalafrade's* Truth, is
 “ more delightful far to me, than Years of
 “ Pleasure with a second Flame. Though dead,
 “ shall I forget thee *Codan!* whose pious Cares so
 “ lately honored good *Mepiki's* Grave. Tho'
 “ lost to me, yet never from my Mind shall
 “ *Abud's* righteous Image pass. *Abud*, dute-
 “ ous Name! who doubtless now beyond Life's

" Tyranny, quaffs the pure milky Streams of Pa-
 " radise above, richly repaid by his kind Prophet,
 " for those few Drops of Life, he nobly gave
 " the Fountain whence he sprung. Hail righte-
 " ous suffering Family of *Elar* ! And thou, great
 " Parent of my Life, look down, and curse this
 " ungrateful Head, when *Sadak* wishes to forget
 " thy Truth ! Perhaps, partaking of this Stream,
 " I might turn Christian, and sell my God for
 " some base Bargain ; or, like the evil *Genii*,
 " lift up my rebellious Arm, and brandish my
 " weak Weapons against the Almighty Power."

" Noble *Sadak*, answered the Virgin, thou
 " alone art worthy to succeed, who hast learned
 " rightly to value the Gift thou hast obtained :
 " Take then this Goblet, and carry to thy Prince
 " these Waters of Oblivion ; and fear not the
 " Toils of returning, for as soon as thou art in
 " Possession of the Goblet, thou shalt stand at
 " the Gates of the Seraglio of *Amurath*."

" But, gentle Virgin, replied *Sadak*, ere I
 " receive from thy Hands this inestimable Gift,
 " inform me, I beseech thee, where is the du-
 " teous *Abud*, the Glory of my Years ?"

" *Abud*, answered the Virgin, is hidden from
 " my Knowledge ; but let this content thee,
 " that thou alone hast prevailed, and been able
 " to bear from hence the Waters of Oblivion."

Thus

Thus speaking, the Virgin gave into *Sadak's* Hand the golden Goblet; and as he received it, the Cave and Fountain rolled off in a dark Cloud from before him, and *Sadak* found himself at the Gates of *Amurath's* Palace.

The Jannifaries, who recollected the Features of their long lost General, shouted for Joy, and the Populace in Tumults proclaimed the Arrival of *Sadak*.

The Slaves of *Amurath* hastened to inform him of *Sadak's* Arrival, and the Eunuchs of the Seraglio brought him without Delay before the impatient Sultan.

As *Sadak* entered the royal Apartment with the Goblet in his Hand, he perceived *Amurath* sitting with a disturbed Visage on the embroidered Sofa.

Sadak thrice prostrated himself before him, and *Amurath* with a Frown, commanded his Slaves and Attendants to retire.

“What, Slave, said the royal Tyrant, as *Sadak* arose, hast thou succeeded in thy Employment? Or dost thou bring thy forfeit Head a Tribute to thy Prince?”

“Lord of the *Othman* Race, answered *Sadak*, the great *Alla* whom I serve, hath blessed the Cause of thy Slave, and *Sadak* is returned with Honor and Success to the *Othman* Court.”

“ Curse on thy Honors, vain Slave, replied
 “ *Amurath* hastily, and cursed be the Pride of
 “ thy Heart : Thinkest thou that thou shalt
 “ triumph over thy Prince ? Or that *Alla* hath
 “ reserved for thee Joys superior to those which
 “ *Amurath* possesses ?”

“ The Blessings of *Alla*, answered *Sadak*, have
 “ refreshed my Heart, and the bounteous
 “ Smile of my all-gracious Maker, hath en-
 “ lightened my Soul in every Horror I have
 “ passed.”

“ Blasphemous Slave, said *Amurath*, rising
 “ in Haste, thou liest ; *Alla* meant not to
 “ bless thee beyond thy Lord, but has buoy-
 “ ed up thy Heart with treacherous Hope,
 “ to make thy Disappointment greater. Yes,
 “ Slave, thy Master has resumed himself, de-
 “ stroyed thy Children, and blessed *Kalafrade*
 “ with these outstretched Arms, that thou
 “ mightest curse thy God and die.”

“ Hast thou prevailed, thou Tyrant ? said
 “ *Sadak* trembling, then welcome the black
 “ Contents of this infernal Bowl, for now Ob-
 “ livion's all I ask.”

“ Slaves, said *Amurath*, clapping his Hands,
 “ seize from the frantick Slave that precious
 “ Bowl, it were Luxury too great for him to
 “ taste and to forget.”

As *Amurath* uttered these Words, the Slaves of the Seraglio entered, and wrested the Goblet from the struggling *Sadak*.

“ Give me or this, or Death,” said *Sadak* to the Slaves around him.

“ No, pious Wretch, answered *Amurath*, ’tis
 “ I alone have Blessings for thy Heart. Chained
 “ to a damp Dungeon’s Side, each Day I will
 “ visit, and provoke thy Memory with all the
 “ Joys I lately tasted in thy *Kalafrade*’s Arms.
 “ When with amorous Struggles, the half re-
 “ luctant Female gave Denial to my Fondness,
 “ and increased my Flame; when heaving on
 “ Love’s tumultuous Ocean, her Breath my
 “ Gale, her Tears my Sea, I seemed like the
 “ proud *Venetian* on his holy Festival.”

“ Thy Faith, thy Oath, thy Honor lost,
 “ call not, base *Amurath*, said *Sadak*, on *Al-*
 “ *la* more; e’en yet, since Death and Obliv-
 “ ion are denied me, I’ll triumph over thee;
 “ for in all the Curses that afflict poor *Sadak*’s
 “ Heart, none can overwhelm his Conscience
 “ with such Shame as thine.”

“ Slave, replied *Amurath*, thy Speech is free,
 “ I love to hear thy pious Resignation; but
 “ Death o’ertakes thee, if again thy Words re-
 “ flect Dishonor on thy Prince; for think not,
 “ Wretch, so meanly of me, that I approve of
 “ broken Vows; none are so hardened, but must
 “ tremble,

“ tremble, tho’ they can’t relent: Yes, Slave,
 “ the Joys I felt with my fond Mistress, leave an
 “ irksome Sting behind them, and while I
 “ triumph o’er thee, I curse myself; but these
 “ dull Thoughts shall be driven from my anxi-
 “ ous Breast. The Waters of Oblivion are de-
 “ signed for mine, and for *Kalafra*’s Peace;
 “ wherefore, bring me Slaves the refreshing
 “ Goblet, for my gloomy Soul pants for Obli-
 “ vion, and I long to Sin, and think it Virtue.
 “ Slaves, give me the Goblet: Now welcome
 “ Peace, and Conscience thou base Intruder, a
 “ long Farewell to all thy wretched Admoni-
 “ tions; but Slaves, remember ere I drink this,
 “ *Sadak* dies.”

As *Amurath* spake thus, he received the gol-
 den Goblet from the Hands of the Slaves, who
 had rescued it from *Sadak*, and looking with a
 ferocious Smile on the wretched Husband of *Ka-
 lafra*, “ See *Sadak*, said he, how greatly *Amu-
 “ rath* doth Honor to his Slave: I drink this
 “ Bowl to be like thee, and fair *Kalafra* hav-
 “ ing tasted its sweet Contents, shall look on
 “ *Amurath* and think him *Sadak*.”

The greedy Monarch then raised the Goblet to
 his Lips, and drank of the dark Liquor it con-
 tained; which quickly spread its fatal Influence
 thro’ his Veins, and the disappointed *Amurath*, too
 late

late perceived, that with Oblivion Death goes Hand in Hand.

Sadak surprized, started at the unexpected Effects of the deadly Goblet, and the Slaves of *Amurath*, who ran to his Assistance as he fell, finding their Endeavours to recover him ineffectual, now fell trembling at the Feet of *Sadak*, whom they imagined the Jannifaries would doubtless place on the *Othman* Throne.

“ Lord of our Lives, said the Minions of
“ the Seraglio, *Alla* hath justly punished the
“ wretched *Amurath*, for his broken Vows, and
“ thy Slaves wait thy Commands, to cast his
“ wretched Carcase forth a Prey to the Fowls of
“ the Air.”

“ Wretches, said *Sadak*, sternly to them, I
“ seek not the Power you are so ready to be-
“ stow; let the faithful *Doubor* be called, that
“ the Subjects of the *Othman* Throne may be
“ acquainted with their Loss.”

“ Heir to the *Othman* Glory, answered the
“ Slaves, *Doubor*, by *Amurath*’s Command, is
“ gone to *Iznimid* on the Affairs of State.”

“ Then said *Sadak*, carry forth the Body of
“ our departed Sultan, and shew his pale
“ Limbs to the brave Soldiers of the Court, to
“ whom (since no Successor by Inheritance or
“ Will is left) the Choice of a new Monarch
“ falls. As to myself, tell them, I seek no Ho-
“ nor,

“ nor, curst in all I hold most dear. To me
 “ Honor were a grievous Burden. *Kalafrade*
 “ the virtuous, *Kalafrade* is defiled, and *Sadak*
 “ shall retire for ever from the World !”

The Report of *Sadak*’s Arrival, and the Death of *Amurath*, was now spread through every Part of the Seraglio ; and while Part of the Officers hastened to acknowledge *Sadak* for their Sultan, others found out the melancholy *Kalafrade*, and declared every Circumstance of the joyful News to the mourning fair One.

“ Is he returned, said the transported *Kalafrade* ;
 “ *rade* ; is *Sadak*, my Lord, unnumbered with
 “ the Dead, then are my past Sorrows like the
 “ Vision of the Night, and I again shall rise to
 “ a joyful Day of Constancy and Love : But
 “ lead me instantly, continued she, to his be-
 “ loved Presence, that I may bless his conquer-
 “ ed Arms with Love, and clasp him once
 “ again within these fond encircling Arms !”

So saying, she hastened with the Slaves to the Apartment where *Sadak* stood, with his surrounding Guards, and flying in Transports, she fell at his Feet, and bathed his Sandals with her overflowing Tears.

Sadak saw her Approach with a mixed Countenance of Love and Terror, and his Soul divided by Affection and Resentment, knew not how to supply his Tongue with a proper Utter-

rance; but perceiving her at his Feet, the tender wretched Husband stooped to the Earth, and bowed himself before her.

“What! noble Partner of my Thoughts,
 “said *Kalafrade*, in Amaze! art thou dumb
 “with Joy. Oh foolish Wretch, continued she,
 “why came I so suddenly into the Presence of
 “my Beloved! My loved, my honored *Sadak*,
 “behold thy tender Wife, and bless me with
 “one look of Love. Alas! Guards, said she,
 “turning to the Eunuchs, as she perceived *Sa-*
 “*dak* still immoveable, with his Face to the
 “Earth, surely the Death of *Amurath* hath not
 “seized on *Sadak*; my Beloved hath not drank
 “of the pernicious Goblet!”

“Oh! that I had drank thereof, said *Sadak*,
 “groaning, when I stood before the Virgin of
 “the Fountain of Oblivion!”

“Speakest thou, my Beloved, said the af-
 “frighted *Kalafrade*, speakest thou my Be-
 “loved! and not to me. Oh! oh! am I chang-
 “ed my Beloved! or—art thou not *Sadak*!”

“The tender *Kalafrade* shrieked at these
 “Words, and fell into the Arms of her Atten-
 “dants.”

At the Shriek of *Kalafrade*, *Sadak* rose in wild
 Haste, and claspt her in his Arms.

“ Partner of my Soul, said he wildly, look
 “ on thy much injured Lord ; look up, *Kalaf-*
 “ *rade*, it is *Sadak* calls thee.”

“ Dost thou call, said *Kalafrade*, faintly ;
 “ dost thou, O *Sadak*, on whom my Soul hang-
 “ eth, call thy *Kalafrade* back to Life ! Oh *Al-*
 “ *la*, spare me yet, for I am *Sadak*’s !”

“ Oh that thou wast, said *Sadak*, relapsing at
 “ the dreadful Thought. Oh that thou wast
 “ thy *Sadak*’s only, that I could again press thee
 “ to my Heart, and call thee only mine !”

“ I am, my *Sadak*, I am only thine, repli-
 “ ed the faint *Kalafrade*, thine only could I be.
 “ Not *Amurath*, and all his lawless Power, could
 “ ever tempt a Thought from *Sadak*’s Love.”

“ Wretched *Kalafrade*, said *Sadak* sternly,
 “ *Alla* knows my Heart bleeds at thy Distress,
 “ yet seek not meanly to disguise the dark Sins
 “ of Tyranny and Lust : Thou canst not surely
 “ be so base, to wish thy *Sadak* in polluted
 “ Arms.”

“ Oh *Alla*, replied *Kalafrade*, what means
 “ my Lord ! By all our righteous Constancy and
 “ Truth, I swear thou never hast been injured
 “ in *Kalafrade*’s Love.”

“ Vain Woman, replied *Sadak* hastily, strive
 “ not to deceive me, the lawless Tyrant boasted
 “ of his Crime, and cursed my Ears with the
 “ Description of his injurious Lust.”

At

At these Words, *Kalafrade* looked in wild Amaze at her offended Lord, and her Eyes, unwilling to express Resentment, melted into Tenderness and Love.

The constant *Sadak* saw the Sufferings of his Beloved, and his Conscience checked him for increasing the Distresses of his injured Wife.

“Forgive, said he, running to her, forgive,
“O virtuous *Kalafrade*, the Cruelties of thy *Sadak*,
“thou camest seeking Ease and Consolation from thy Lord, and I have doubled the
“Curfes of *Amurath* upon thy much suffering
“Heart.”

“One Word, though but one Echo, of my
“*Sadak*’s Love, answered the afflicted Fair,
“blots all Resentment from *Kalafrade*’s Heart.”

“Whate’er is past, tho’ grating to my Soul,
“thine were the keenest Pangs, said *Sadak* in
“Return—but to hold Converse on a publick
“Stage, where Love, or where Misfortune is
“the Theme, but ill befits the tender Sufferers;
“wherefore, retire my best *Kalafrade*,
“and when the royal Jannisaries have heard my
“Tale, I’ll come and weep with thee in mutual Wretchedness.”

The fair *Kalafrade* bowed at her Lord’s Commands, and left *Sadak* with his surrounding Nobles.

Sadak having given Audience to the Officers of the Army, the *Visiars* and the *Bashaws* of the *Ottoman* Court, declined their proffered Honors; but the Voice of the Multitude prevailed, and he was constrained to bear the Weight of Empire on his Brow.

The Shouts of the Faithful rent the Air with Notes of Triumph, when *Sadak* yielded to his People's Supplication.

In the Midst of their Clamor, a Messenger arrived in the Seraglio, and declared the Approach of *Doubor* from *Iznimid*.

A Gleam of Comfort shot through *Sadak's* Soul, as he heard the Name of *Doubor* pronounced, and he sent his *Visiars* to welcome his Arrival, and bring him into the Presence of his Friend.

The faithful *Doubor* soon arrived, and having learnt from his Friends the wondrous Change, fell prostrate at the Feet of *Sadak*.

“ Since he whom *Doubor* long revered is
 “ dead, said the faithful Eunuch, *Doubor* re-
 “ joices at the publick Choice of *Sadak's* Virtue
 “ to succeed him; yet forgive me, royal Mas-
 “ ter, if *Doubor* play the Courtier but auk-
 “ wardly before thee; born for his Service, I
 “ lived in the Smiles of *Amurath* my Lord,
 “ and let these Tears bear Witness for me, I
 “ cannot ere forget so great a Master.”

Doubor,

“ *Doubor*, said *Sadak* sternly, thou art not
 “ the only afflicted Soul that *Amurath* hath left
 “ behind him ; deep are his Curses stricken on
 “ *Kalafrade’s* Heart, and Woes unutterable are
 “ *Sadak’s* Portion.”

“ Surely, my Lord, returned *Doubor*, the
 “ Chief of the Eunuchs, the mighty *Amurath*
 “ did near presume to break his Oath ?”

“ Yes, he broke it, Slave ; nay more, and tri-
 “ umphed in his Sin, said *Sadak* fiercely ; and
 “ thou, I fear, hast borne a Part in all his
 “ vengeful Malice : All other Evil I with Pa-
 “ tience bore, but this extremest Cruelty loads
 “ my distracted Thought past human Suffer-
 “ rance.”

“ My Lord, answered *Doubor*, permit me to
 “ lead thee to fair *Kalafrade’s* Apartment ; I
 “ yet must hope, some Mystery unravelled
 “ hurts your Peace.”

“ To sooth with Words ambiguous, when
 “ Misfortunes past can never be redeemed, is
 “ a Slave’s Province, said *Sadak*, but *Sadak* has
 “ a Soul not to be lulled by Women’s Tales ;
 “ for know tame Wretch, I have already seen
 “ *Kalafrade*, and viewed the graceful Ruins of
 “ my once loved Wife. O Prophet ! Prophet !
 “ where was thy all-seeing Eye, when to un-
 “ hallowed Lust thou gavest up the purest of
 “ her Sex ?”

“ Noble

“ Noble and royal *Sadak*, answered *Doubor*,
 “ prostrate on the Earth, I beseech you to con-
 “ sider what mighty Ills you heap on fair
 “ *Kalafrade*, if unheard, you cast her from
 “ your Presence, and accuse our Prophet,
 “ whose boundless Mercy, like the Mountains,
 “ shade, preserves, and comforts every faithful
 “ Mind.”

“ *Doubor*, replied *Sadak*, thou ever wast to
 “ God and Man an acceptable Slave; and duly
 “ temperest Submission to thy Prince, with
 “ Faithfulness to *Alla*. I yield, good *Doubor*:
 “ Lead the Way to dear *Kalafrade*’s Apart-
 “ ments, and *Alla* grant Success attend our
 “ Search!”

The Chief of the Eunuchs preceding the trembling *Sadak*, led him to those Apartments of the Seraglio, where he had formerly been seized by the Guards of *Amurath*; and commanding the Doors to be flung open, *Sadak* discovered *Kalafrade*, sitting on the Sofa, with her surrounding Attendants.

At sight of *Sadak*, the beauteous Sultana arose, with wild distracted Looks, and turning to her Slaves;

“ Who is this, said she, who basely apes the
 “ Majesty of *Othman*’s Prince. Whoe’er thou
 “ art, bold Slave, continued she, depart, or
 “ by

“ by my Beauties, the God-like *Amurath* shall
 “ sacrifice thee to our mutual Loves.”

“ O Prophet of the Just, said *Sadak*, hasting
 “ to her, what means this wonderful Change ?
 “ ’Tis *Sadak*, my Beloved: *Sadak*, who comes to
 “ be convinced thou never hast submitted to
 “ base *Amurath*’s Love.”

“ Submitted, Wretch, said *Kalafra*de with an
 “ haughty Frown, dost thou then call the royal
 “ Presence of the Love bringing *Amurath* an Evil?
 “ On my Soul, to me no Joy was ever equal to
 “ his fierce Embrace, when with reluctant Strug-
 “ gles I increased his Love ; but thou, rude
 “ Slave forbear, nor with unhallowed Touch
 “ defile that Form, which ere has served to
 “ bless thy royal Master’s Heart.”

“ Just, righteous God, said *Sadak* falling
 “ back, what are these Sounds that rack my
 “ jealous Ears ? Have I then lived to hear *Ka-*
 “ *lafra*de prize a Tyrant, and despise her Lord ?
 “ ——— No, it cannot be. I see wild Passion
 “ rolls her Eye, and Madness has possessed her
 “ Brain ; borne down by former Evils, and de-
 “ pressed by anxious Cares, the unexpected
 “ Change seized too quickly on her Soul, and
 “ the transported fair One ran to meet me, ere
 “ that her Mind was calmed by Reason or Re-
 “ ligion. In such a State thou camest, sweet
 “ *Kalafra*de, to thy *Sadak*’s Arms ; and when
 “ thy

“ thy fluttering Heart, with hasty Pulse de-
 “ manded Comfort, I gave thee base Suspicion,
 “ and with rude Hand repelled thy tender Love;
 “ as not contented with thy Sufferings past, I in
 “ my first royal Act I played the Tyrant on my
 “ Wife, and cursed thee more than *Amurath*
 “ had done. But, righteous Prophet, thou hast
 “ well repaid my base Ingratitude ! Blind as the
 “ dark Mole, I dared accuse thy wonderful
 “ Sight, and in the puny Ballance which my ig-
 “ norant Will held out, presumptuous weighed
 “ the Mercies of my God !”

The pious Words of *Sadak* were attended
 with unusual Omens ; from the left the vivid
 Lightning flashed, the Palace shook, and a thick
 Cloud filled the Apartment where *Sadak* stood,
 out of the midst of which came forward the
 stately *Adiram*, and thus addressed the Consort of
Kalafrade.

“ Noble *Sadak*, the Trials of your Fortitude
 “ are now finished, and *Adiram* is the joyous
 “ Messenger of your future Peace. The beauteous
 “ Female who stands before you is not the real
 “ *Kalafrade*, as you will perceive, when she shall
 “ restore to *Doubor* the enchanted Ring.

“ After your Departure from the Seraglio,
 “ in Search of the Waters of Oblivion, I per-
 “ ceived that the Obligations of an Oath could
 “ not bind the Man, that was influenced by Re-
 “ venge,

“venge, and unmoved by the tender Calls of
 “Humanity: I therefore sent by my little
 “winged Messenger an enchanted Ring to
 “*Doubor*, declaring its Virtues, and bidding
 “him use it when *Kalafrade*’s Distress should
 “most require its Assistance. The friendly
 “*Doubor* had in vain employed both Artifice
 “and Persuasion, to prevent his Master from
 “yielding to his Passions; every Contrivance
 “proved abortive, and *Amurath* was determined
 “to force *Kalafrade* to his Will.

“In this Distress I sent the enchanted Ring
 “to *Doubor*, commanding him to put it on the
 “Finger of one of the Ladies of the Seraglio,
 “who should thereby be enabled to personate
 “*Kalafrade*, and deceive the Sultan. *Doubor*,
 “overjoyed, carried it to the fair and haughty
 “*Zurac*, who had long pined unnoticed in the
 “Walls of the Seraglio. *Zurac* tenderly loved
 “*Amurath*, but her Lord had never returned
 “her Affections.

“*Zurac*, said *Doubor* to the fair Princess, you
 “are well acquainted with *Amurath*’s Passion;
 “every Beauty of the Seraglio is neglected, and
 “*Kalafrade* alone possesses the Heart of *Amurath*.

“Say then, fair One, should *Doubor* give to
 “*Zurac* the Powers of pleasing the mighty *Amu-*
 “*rath*, if *Doubor* should make him neglect *Ka-*
 “*lafrade*, and seek only thee, what Reward

“ should the Chief of the Eunuchs meet at thy
 “ Hands.”

“ He should be, answered *Zurac*, as the clear
 “ Fountain to the Desert; or as Pardon to the
 “ Wretch condemned.”

“ Take, therefore, answered *Doubor*, this
 “ Ring, and while you wear it, your Speech
 “ and Person shall be as the Speech and the Per-
 “ son of the Favorite *Kalafrade*; but beware
 “ lest your Tongue betray the Deception, and
 “ be cautious, and seemingly reluctant, that
 “ the Change of Behaviour awaken not in *Amu-
 “ ratb* any Suspicions concerning you.”

“ *Zurac* readily yielded to the Proposals of
 “ *Doubor*, and the Eunuch secretly removed *Ka-
 “ lafrade* from these Apartments, and brought
 “ *Zurac* in her Stead; but the Monarch, fearful
 “ that *Doubor* would seek to prevent his Desires,
 “ sent the faithful Eunuch to *Iznimid*, and the
 “ next Day commanded the false *Kalafrade* to
 “ yield to his Desires.

“ *Zurac*, happy that *Amurath* should so soon
 “ seek after her, made a faint Resistance, and
 “ the passionate Monarch took Possession of her
 “ Charms, the Day before you arrived from the
 “ Fountains of Oblivion.

“ Though born to indulge his Passions, with-
 “ out Contrull from any human Power, yet was
 “ *Amurath* shocked at the wild Effects of his
 “ Lust,

" Lust, and he repented of his Folly when you
 " arrived; but the submissive Resignation of
 " *Sadak*, and his superior Virtue, stung the
 " Soul of the faithless Monarch, and yielding
 " to Revenge, he poured his Malice on your
 " Heart, for which the Vengeance of *Alla* was
 " levelled at his Head, and he was suffered to
 " drink down the deadly Potions of Oblivion.

" As soon as *Amurath* was dead, I appeared
 " to *Doubor*, who was travelling toward *Con-*
 " *stantinople*, and I commanded him not to take
 " the Ring from *Zurac*, or to reveal the Secret
 " to any one, till he should see me again.

" And now, *Doubor*, continued the *Genius*,
 " be you the Messenger of these happy Tidings
 " to *Kalefrade*, and prepare her Heart to receive
 " her Lord; and acquaint her also with the Safe-
 " ty of her Children, whom *Amurath* command-
 " ed thee to destroy, but whom thou secretly hast
 " preserved, having stained thy innocent Hands
 " with the Blood of a Kid. And that no Consi-
 " deration may damp your Joys, know, that
 " *Abud* is living, whose Failure on the burning
 " Island, was the Consequence of his filial Piety.
 " Having passed the Whirlpool and ascended
 " the Rocks, he came to the fruitful Plane,
 " and overjoyed at the Sight of the Fruits
 " that grew thereon, the duteous Youth
 " plucked several, and folding them in his

252 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

" Garments, he descended down the Rocks,
 " resolving not to taste them, till he had carried
 " them to *Sadak*, his Father : But as through
 " his Haste to relieve the fainting *Sadak*, he
 " neglected to thank *Alla* for the Gift, the evil
 " *Genii* claimed a Power over him, and the
 " Cause was debated between our Race and the
 " impious *Genii*, before the Footstool of *Mahomet*.
 " Long were the Contests of each, and
 " every Argument was used, which either
 " Mercy or Malice could suggest ; till at length
 " *Mahomet* determined, that the Youth should
 " neither succeed, nor be condemned, but that
 " he should be conveyed to the Ship of *Gebari*,
 " which was sailing toward the *Othman* Empire.
 " He therefore shall, if *Alla* permit, return
 " within the Space of a Year to his Parents
 " Arms, and in Compassion to the Race of the
 " Faithful, he shall not ascend to the Enjoy-
 " ments of his Brother *Codan*, till, after thy
 " Death, he hath swayed with Fame and Glory
 " the *Othman* Sceptre."

Thus spake the *Genius Adiram*, and retiring
 into the dark Cloud, she left the brave *Sadak* in
 the royal Seraglio ; who, after he had assured the
 fair *Zurac*, that she should enjoy the Honors of
Amurath's Sultana, hastened to meet his Beloved.

Doubor, who in Obedience to *Adiram*, had
 imparted the glad Message to *Kalafrade*, was pre-
 senting

senting her five Children to the happy fair One, when *Sadak* entered the Apartment. The Sight of his long lost Children filled the happy Father with the liveliest Transports, and the Honor of his *Kalafra* so happily restored to him, gave new Graces to his beauteous Comfort. They met with Tears of Joy, running like Fountains from their pious Eyes; and while in silent Rapture they hung entwined in each others Arms, their beauteous Children kneeled around, and bathed their Robes with Streams of Tears.

Conscious that Passion had formerly transported them beyond the Bounds of Reason, they both in secret prayed for *Alla's* Grace to moderate their Joy; and having borne the Trials of Adversity, they now strove to obey the sober Dictates of Calmness and Humility.

And first, kneeling in the Midst of their dutious Family with Hearts and Eyes uplifted to the Throne of Heaven, they poured forth their pious Praises for their Maker's Mercies; then in modest Tendernefs, indulged in mutual Converse, by Turns embracing all their Children, and blessing their long lost Offspring, and with their Tears of Joy, fell some few piteous Drops for righteous *Codan's* Loss, and dutious *Abud's* Absence.

These happy Duties finished, the royal *Sadak* arose, and went toward *Douber*, the faithful Eunuch.

“ Friend

294 THE TALES OF THE GENII:

“ Friend of my Bosom, and great Instru-
ment of all my Joy, said *Sadak* embracing
him, not all the Monarch of the *Ottoman*
Throne can do for thee, can ere repay thy
generous Services: Happy am I, to think
that *Alla* will reward thee, with the Heart-felt
Pleasures of an approving Conscience, that,
Doubar, shall be thy chief Reward; for
worldly Pleasures, command thy *Sadak*'s
Fortune, the Wealth of all my Empire is at
thy Disposal.”

The beautiful *Kalafrade* and her Children, fol-
lowed the Example of *Sadak*, and all with Joy
acknowledged *Doubar*'s generous Kindness.

The good old Man, overcome by the affect-
ing Scene, in Silence lifted up his watry Eyes to
Heaven, then fell at *Sadak*'s Feet, and would
have kissed his Sandals, but the grateful *Sadak*
raised him up, and seated him beside his amiable
Kalafrade.

Serenity and Mildness succeeded in the affecti-
onate Interview, where all were happy in each
other, and where all acknowledged the Source
of their Happiness in the Bounties of *Alla*.

The *Genias Adiram* thus finished her Tale, and
Iracagen and the surrounding *Genii* bowed from
their Thrones, the Children of Earth were filled
with

with firm Resolutions of Fortitude, and the noble Image of *Sadak* fired their youthful Imaginations.

“ While the Sons of the Faithful, said *Iracem*, have received the Impressions of Fortitude from the Lips of our Sister *Adiram*, the Daughters of our Prophet have been well instructed in Constancy and Truth, by the glorious Example of the firm *Kalafrade*; and doubt not, ye beauteous Offspring, but Virtue and Fidelity shall be as greatly distinguished, and as fully rewarded in the female Sex, as ye see it honored and approved among the Sons of Men. Born for each other, and alike endued with an ever-living Soul, the great *Alla* impartially regards the Sufferings and the Virtues of all his Children; and where Weakness most prevales, there most his gracious Strength supports, and comforts in the unequal Conflict.

“ Nor weakly think, ye Daughters of Affliction, your Sex is loaded with superior Ills; though Man in Strength surpass you, yet seldom, against the virtuous and self-resolved Breast, prevales his brutal Force: Guardians of your Sex, our watchful Race, attendant view your Toils, and turn, unseen, the base Designs of Man back on himself, or make your Sufferings, when sustained with Truth,
“ appear

256 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ appear far brighter Ornaments, than the Gem
 “ which vainly strives to cast a Lustre on your
 “ Charms.

“ Fair Daughters persevere, and let no foul
 “ Intruder sully the beauteous Image of a fe-
 “ male Soul: From your approving Smiles,
 “ the Sons of *Adam* take their first Impressions;
 “ and were every Woman virtuous, Man soon
 “ would blush at Vice and copy you.”

Thus said the smiling *Genius* to his tender
 Charge, nor added more: Then turning toward
 the illustrious *Nadan*,

“ *Nadan*, said the Sage *Iracagem*, we next
 “ expect to hear the mild Doctrines of thy per-
 “ suasive Tongue.”

“ Chief of our immortal Race, answered the
 “ venerable *Nadan*, I obey.”

MIRGLIP,

6 MA 57



The Sultan ADHIM looking on his Palaces from y^e Towers of Oriz.



MIRGLIP,

THE

PERSIAN;

OR,

PHESOJECNEPS,

THE

DERVISE OF THE GROVES.

TALE THE NINTH.

IN the first Ages of the *Mahomedan* Faith, the Kingdom of *Persia* was governed by *Adbim*, the Magnificent, who removed the royal Palace from *Ispahan* to *Raglai*, and enlarged the Glories of his Habitation beyond the Example of all his Predecessors.

The Palace itself was built on the Mountain *Orez*, standing on an extensive Plane, which was surrounded by four Walls, two hundred Feet in Height, and covered with a Platform of Marble, whereon nine Chariots might drive a-breast. The northern Wall, which looked toward the *Caspian* Sea, was three Leagues in Length, and supported by six and thirty Towers, whose Turrets reached one hundred and eighty-two Feet above the Platform of the Wall.

The Wall to the South, which looked toward *Ormus*, the great City, was also three Leagues in Length, and was supported by six and thirty Towers, of equal Height with the former.

The western Wall looked toward *Affyria*, and its Towers were in Number thirty and six, and its Length from the first Tower southward, to that which looked toward the North, was three Leagues.

The eastern Wall, which completed the Fortification, looked toward the Kingdoms of *India*; and its Towers, and its Platform, and its Extent, were equal to the rest of the Walls, which *Adbim* had caused to be built around the Plane of *Orez*, the Place of his Habitation.

Within these Walls, *Adbim* caused the Plane to be divided into Gardens; and because there was no River near, he employed three hundred thousand Men to bring the great River *Abutour* from
beyond

beyond *Caschnabat* to the eastern Side of the Plane, where it entered through the Wall under an Arch, whose Center reached even to the Platform, which *Adbim* had caused to be laid on the Surface of the Wall which he had built.

In these Gardens *Adbim* built a thousand Palaces for his Nobles and Warriors; and in the Midst, on a rocky Mountain, whose Summit was eight hundred Feet from the River *Abutour*, which was made to run round the Mountain, stood the Palace of the King.

And because the Soil of the Plane *Orez* was rocky and barren, *Adbim* employed fifteen thousand Carriages, to bring the fat Soil of the Valleys within the Walls of his Habitation; and he removed the Forest of Cedars, which grew on the Mountains of *Esdral*, and planted them in the Plane of *Orez*, which he had fortified with Walls, and with an hundred and forty Turrets.

And now *Adbim* looked from his Palace on the Mountain *Orez*, and his Heart leaped within him to behold the Works which he had made, and he said to his Counsellors, "Who is equal
" to *Adbim*, whose Buildings are as wide ex-
" tended as the *Caspian* Sea, and whose Works
" no Man can count because of their Number?"

And his Counsellors answered *Adbim*, and said,
"None is equal to *Adbim*, the Viceroy of *Alla*."

And *Lemack*, his Viziar, replied, "None is equal to *Adbim*, our Lord, whose Buildings are like the Cities of the eastern Princes, and whose Palace is as a desirable Kingdom."

Adbim, pleased with the Flattery of his Princes, retired to Rest, and the next Morning summoned them again, to behold the Glories of his Reign.

The Courtiers seemed to admire the Magnificence of *Adbim*, and they said, "None is equal to *Adbim*, the Viceroy of *Alla*."

And *Lemack*, his Viziar replied, "None is equal to *Adbim*, our Lord, whose Buildings are like the Cities of the Eastern Princes, and whose Palace is as a desirable Kingdom."

The enraged *Adbim*, disgusted by a Repetition of the same Flattery, which had pleased him so much the Day before, commanded his Courtiers and his Viziar to retire, and he went up alone to the highest Battlements of the Palace, to survey at once the mighty Works which he had lived to complete.

For a few Minutes the extended Idea filled his Soul: He endeavoured to reckon the Flocks and the Herds which had been driven into the Pastures, bordering on the River *Abutour*; but they might not be told for Number, and he was pleased to find, that it was in vain to attempt.

tempt to count the Inhabitants of the Palaces on the Plane of *Orez*.

“ But what, said the discontented Monarch,
 “ shall these Glories avail me, if the Minds of
 “ my Courtiers are are not dilated with their
 “ Master’s Magnificence? Here are Objects
 “ sufficient to diversify the Ideas of my Viziers
 “ for a thousand Years, and yet the Words
 “ which they uttered Yesterday, are to Day in
 “ the Mouths of my flattering Court.”

Displeased at viewing unnoticed the Glories of his Palace, *Adbim* descended toward the Women’s Apartment, and conducted several of his Sultanas to the Terrace, which overlooked the Buildings he had erected.

“ *Yasdi*, said the Sultan, to the Female who
 “ stood at his right Hand, observe the Glories
 “ which surround *Adbim*, thy Lord: Canst thou
 “ reckon, O *Yasdi*, the glittering Palaces which
 “ I have built? Or canst thou number the
 “ Multitudes whom thy Sultan hath blessed?”

“ Glory of the Earth, answered the Princess
 “ *Yasdi*, great are the Perfections of *Adbim*,
 “ my Lord, but O, if *Yasdi*, thy Slave, might
 “ speak, if she might answer her Lord, who is
 “ but as the Handmaid of his Pleasures, *Yasdi*
 “ would kneel before thee in Behalf of her Re-
 “ lations, and thou shouldest give to the Chil-
 “ dren

“dren of my Father, an Habitation in thy Palace of the Plane.”

“*Tasdi*, answered *Adbim*, thy Request shall be granted : But what saith *Tema* to the Palaces which I have built ?”

“O, said *Tema*, let my Lord not be displeased, and I will speak. *Tema*, whose Soul is Love, and whose Spirit is Fondness for thee, my Lord, wishes to enjoy the Smiles of *Adbim* in the Grove, and to see none other than the Face of her Beloved.”

“Gentle *Tema*, replied the Sultan fighting, I thank thy Love, but I perceive the Cottager has Charms sufficient to provoke the Affections of *Tema*.”

“And what thinks *Abiaza* ?” said the fond *Adbim*, smiling on his favorite Sultana.

“O my Lord, answered *Abiaza*, you have brought me to an hideous Height, and my Head swims, and my Fancy totters at the dismal Prospect.”

Adbim could no longer concele his Resentment, he turned hastily from the Princesses, and descended from the Terrace into the Apartments of his Palace.

“Let *Lemack*, my Viziar, said the Monarch, be brought before me.”

Lemack hurried into the Presence of *Adbim*, and fell at the Feet of his Sultan.

“Since

“ Since those who have chiefly experienced
 “ the Bounties of their Lord, said *Adhim*, are
 “ most ignorant of his Glories, I mean, *Lemack*,
 “ to go disguised, and hear my Praises
 “ among my less favored Subjects : Wherefore
 “ prepare the mean Clothing of two Artizans,
 “ and we will together issue forth out of the Pa-
 “ lace, and join the Conversation of my Sub-
 “ jects, whose Buildings are without the Walls
 “ which surround the Plane of *Orez*.”

The Viziar *Lemack* endeavoured to sooth the
 Pride of his Prince with a Profusion of Compli-
 ments, but *Adhim* stopped his Career with a
 Frown, and bid him not by a stale Artifice, in-
 crease the Guilt of his former Indifference.

Lemack obeyed, and ere the Bat had spread
 its leathern Wing amidst the sable Clouds of
 Night, the Sultan and his Viziar issued forth in
 Disguise into the Suburbs which surrounded the
 Palace of *Orez*.

After wandering some Time through the
 Streets, they were met by two Merchants, who
 had just been paying the Sultan's Tax at the Re-
 ceipt of Custom.

“ Ah, said the first Merchant, these are the
 “ cursed Artizans who are employed by the
 “ Sultan, to work up that Wealth, which is
 “ squeezed out of our honest Employment.”

“ True,

“ True, replied the second Merchant, but
 “ would *Adbim* be as easily satisfied, as one we
 “ are well acquainted with, how happy should
 “ the Merchants of *Raglai* live !”

“ My Lord, said *Lemack* to *Adbim*, let us
 “ return, your Subjects, I fear, are but little
 “ disposed to commend the Glories of your Pa-
 “ lace.”

“ Nevertheless, answered *Adbim*, we will
 “ proceed : A Prince should be able to hear
 “ with Indifference both the good and the bad ;
 “ all my Subjects, *Lemack*, are not Merchants.”

As they walked onward, they met several young
Persians, intoxicated with the forbidden Juice
 of the Vines of *Deran*.

“ These, said *Adbim*, though Rebels to Go-
 “ vernment, will yet speak as they think ; nei-
 “ ther Prejudice, nor private Interest hangs on
 “ the Tongue of him who is drunken with
 “ Wine.”

“ Tell me not, said the first of the River
 “ *Abutour*, was I Sultan of *Persia* it should run
 “ Wine, and the Walls of my Vineyard should
 “ surround a Province.”

“ ’Tis indeed a petty Place, answered the
 “ second, and I believe there are better Wines
 “ drank without the Wall than within it.”

“ ’Tis only fit, said the third, for the Habi-
 “ tation of our sober Friend the Water Drinker.”

“ Peace, replied the fourth, his Fame can
 “ never be blown upon by the Breath of Drunkenness ; and, with all my Gaiety, I had rather be that sober Water Drinker, than the
 “ Brickmaker *Adbim*.”

The Sultan hardly could concele his Rage at the opprobrious Epithet which the last young Man had bestowed upon him ; but being determined to prosecute his Search, he left the riotous young Men without endeavouring to confute them.

Lemack the Viziar again attempted to divert the Intentions of his Sultan, but in the Midst of his Entreaties they were overtaken by an old Man and his Son.

“ Gentlemen, said the old Man, be Judges
 “ between me and my Son ; the young Rogue
 “ broke loose from me this Morning, and Tonight he is returned hungry and cold ; and
 “ though I set before him such Food, as his
 “ Mother and myself have used from our Infancy, yet he talks of nothing but the Delicacies of those, who eat in the Palaces of the
 “ Planes of *Orez*.”

“ And my Father, answered the Son pertly,
 “ would persuade me, that our Neighbour lives
 “ better than *Adbim* the magnificent, and that
 “ he who eats little is happier than the Prince of
 “ his People.”

“ *Lemack*, said *Adbim*, let these, and the
 “ young Men, and the Merchants, be brought
 “ before me To-morrow, that we may know
 “ what they mean, by preferring their Neigh-
 “ bour to their Prince.”

Lemack promised to obey, and *Adbim* still
 pursued his Walk.

And now they met a little Family, following
 the Heels of a Man and Woman in mean At-
 tire, who filled the Streets with their piteous
 Lamentations.

“ Pity, good Muffelmén, said the Man,
 “ have Pity on a poor Family, who are op-
 “ pressed by the Hand of Power, and who are
 “ ruined, that their Ruin may add a needless
 “ Splendor to those, who are capable of sport-
 “ ing with the Miseries of Mankind!”

“ Of whom do you complain,” said *Adbim*,
 kindly walking up to them?

“ Alas, answered the Man, so wretched are
 “ we, that we dare not mention the Name of
 “ our Oppressor, and but for the Bounty of one
 “ who this Day relieved us, we had perished in
 “ the Streets.”

“ *Lemack*, said *Adbim*, whispering his Vi-
 “ ziar, relieve them To-night, and To-morrow
 “ let them be brought with the Merchants, and
 “ those we have already met.”

“ Com-

“ Commander of the Faithful, replied *Lemack*, thy Slave will obey the Voice of his
 “ Lord: But the unwholsome Dew falleth from
 “ the Heavens, and my Lord will be wet by
 “ the sickly Steam.”

“ *Lemack*, said *Adbim*, we will enquire what
 “ means that Crowd before us, and then return
 “ to the royal Palace.”

“ Alas! alas! cried a frantick Female, who
 “ preceded the Crowd, *Quesbad*, the faithful
 “ *Quesbad*, who supported my tender Infants with
 “ the Sweat of his Brow, is no more! Thy
 “ Limbs, O *Quesbad*, are broken, yet not by
 “ Toil! Thy Life is wasted, while as yet thou
 “ hadst Strength to go forth to the Labors of
 “ the Day!”

“ Unfortunate Wife of *Quesbad*, said one, who
 “ endeavoured to alleviate her Afflictions, miti-
 “ gate thy Grief, and know, that *Alla* hath, for
 “ wise Purposes, made this Trial of thy Faith.
 “ *Quesbad*, O Mourner, was indeed a tender
 “ Husband to thee, but *Quesbad* was not thy
 “ God. There are yet left those, who can pity
 “ thy Misfortunes, and relieve thy Distress;
 “ and doubtless the righteous *Adbim*, when he
 “ hears thy Husband lost his Life, in finishing
 “ the mighty Buildings he hath erected, will
 “ pour the Bounties of a Monarch into thy wi-
 “ dowed Arms.”

“ O mighty *Alla*, said *Adbim*, sighing in
 “ Secret to his Vizar, are these the Glories I
 “ proposed, when I employed all my Subjects
 “ in such Works of Magnificence ! O *Lemack*,
 “ *Lemack*, I fear I am wrong ! However, bring
 “ this Widow and her Friend, who has so
 “ justly answered for his Sultan, before me To-
 “ morrow.”

Lemack employed the greatest Part of the Night in finding out those, who were, the next Morning, to appear before his Prince, while *Adbim* lay extended and restless on the downy Sofa.

In the Morning, the Divan was crowded, and the People were in Tumults to know, for what Cause so many Prisoners were brought before the Throne of *Adbim*.

No sooner was the Sultan seated, than *Lemack* presented the two Merchants before him.

“ Merchants, said *Adbim*, what I heard, not
 “ as a Prince, I shall not punish as a Prince ;
 “ only be cautious for the future, not to load
 “ your Governors with undeserved Calumnies ;
 “ and tell me truly, whom you dared wish in
 “ the Throne of *Adbim* your Sultan ?”

The Merchants were confounded at the Speech of *Adbim*, but perceiving he had over-heard them the Night before, they fell at his Feet, and besought

sought his Pardon : And the second Merchant said :

“ *Alla* forbid thy Slave should see any other
“ than *Adbim*, my Lord, on the Throne of
“ his Forefathers ; notwithstanding, I confess,
“ I meant to praise the temperate Virtues of
“ *Mirglip* the *Persian*.”

“ *Lemack*, said *Adbim*, bring forward the
“ young Men, who despised the Law of *Mabo-*
“ *met* ; and, *Viziar*, remember, that when all
“ these are dismissed, seek out this *Mirglip*, and
“ bring him before me.”

The young Men, ashamed of their Debauch,
fell with their Faces before the Throne ; and *Ad-*
bim, gently chiding them for their Excess, en-
quired of them, who they meant to praise for his
temperate Behaviour ?

The young Men returned their Thanks to the
Sultan for his Clemency ; and the third said :

“ Next to our Sultan, *Mirglip*, the *Persian*,
“ is beloved in the Streets of *Raglai*.”

Lemack frowned at these Words, and he
curled the Speaker in his Heart ; but the *Viziar*
dissembled his Rancour, and brought the old
Man and his Son before the Throne of *Adbim*.

“ From whence, O young Man, said the
“ Sultan, hast thou learned to despise thy Pa-
“ rents, and to disregard the Authority of those
“ who are set over thee ?”

“ Prince

“ Prince of thy People, answered the young
 “ Man, trembling, forgive the Follies of an
 “ inexperienced Youth, and I will ever hereafter
 “ frame my Conduct from the Example of the
 “ temperate *Mirglip*.”

“ What ! said the King astonished, is *Mir-*
 “ *glip* the Neighbour of all my Subjects ?”

“ He was indeed, answered the old Father,
 “ that bright Pattern of Temperance, which
 “ I last Night proposed as an Example to my
 “ Son.”

The old Man and his Son retiring, *Lemack*,
 the Viziari, brought the poor Man and his Fa-
 mily before the Sultan.

“ Of whom didst thou complain last Night,
 “ said the Sultan to him, when thy dark Words
 “ did seem to cast a Shadow on thy Prince ?”

“ Forgive me, Glory of *Persia*, answered the
 “ poor Man, if an Heart, overloaded with Sor-
 “ rows, poured forth a Part of its Distress in
 “ the Ear of its Prince : Indeed, Commander
 “ of the Faithful, the Miseries which my little
 “ Ones have suffered, since my Cottage in the
 “ Valley was destroyed, to make Room for the
 “ mighty Engines which drew down thy Ce-
 “ dars from the Mountains, forced me to com-
 “ plain in the bitter Anguish of my Woes.”

“ Slave, answered the Sultan, thou mayest
 “ well ask Forgiveness for thy Presumption ;
 “ but

“ but I have resolved not to punish ; and even
 “ thy Slander shall not make void the Purpose
 “ of my Heart : But who was this Stranger
 “ that relieved thee, of whom thou spakest in
 “ such Terms of Praise ?”

“ Master of my Life, answered the poor
 “ Man, to the good *Mirglip* do I owe my own
 “ and my Children’s Existence.”

“ These Slaves, said *Lemack*, are Confede-
 “ rates in their Tale ; and some Enemy of thy
 “ Peace, O royal *Adbim*, means to set up this
 “ Hypocrite above his Lord.”

“ Thy Surmise, O *Lemack*, said the Sultan,
 “ is just : But let us hear these last whom we
 “ met Yester-night, ere we proceed to pass on
 “ this upstart *Mirglip*, such Judgment as his
 “ Insolence deserves.”

The poor Man and his Family being dis-
 missed, he who had comforted the Wife of
Queshad came forward, with the sorrowful Wi-
 dow on his right Hand, whose Distresses he en-
 deavoured to alleviate, by representing to her
 the amiable Generosity of *Adbim*, before whom
 she was about to appear.

The disconsolate Widow fell trembling at the
 Feet of *Adbim*, and her Words, which strove
 for Utterance, were stopped by heaving Sighs,
 and an Heart swelled with Affliction.

The Stranger who attended the Widow, viewed with compassionate Eyes the Sorrows of her Soul, and with silent Respect, seemed to wait the Commands of *Adbim*, to speak in her Behalf.

“ Stranger, said the Sultan *Adbim* to him,
 “ I applaud your Compassion, and as you have
 “ been the Support, be also the Voice of your
 “ Female Friend.”

“ Guardian of our Faith, answered the
 “ Stranger, this Widow is indeed my Friend,
 “ for she is a *Persian*, and also a Follower of
 “ our holy Prophet; and although I never be-
 “ held her till Yesterday, yet hath her Ne-
 “ cessities knit us together in the Bond of Friend-
 “ ship.”

“ Stranger, said the Sultan smiling, I un-
 “ derstand you, you are charmed with the
 “ beauteous Sorrows of this amiable Widow,
 “ and you are ready to renew the Vows, which
 “ *Queshad* doth now remember no more.”

“ Prince of thy People, replied the Stranger,
 “ thy Slave would never wish to countenance
 “ Ingratitude to those whom we have lost.
 “ Grief is the natural Tribute of a fond Heart,
 “ to the Memory of the Beloved. And though
 “ I have besought the Widow of *Queshad* to mo-
 “ derate her Affliction, yet should I grieve to
 “ see her change her pious Tears for wanton
 “ Dimples.

“ Dimples. No, Prince, moved only by Hu-
 “ manity, I met, and as my poor Endeavours
 “ could, I succoured the Distressed; and now,
 “ by royal *Adhim*’s kind Permission, I kneel
 “ before my Prince’s Throne, an humble Sup-
 “ pliant for an helpless Widow.

“ *Lemack*, said the Sultan, turning hastily
 “ toward his Viziar, thinkest thou the new
 “ Favorite, *Mirglip*, has half the Virtues of
 “ this Man before me: Haste, Viziar, and
 “ bring him here, and I will engage, our Stran-
 “ ger shall in every Grace, exceed this upstart
 “ *Mirglip*.”

As the Sultan *Adhim* spake thus, the Stran-
 ger fell with his Face before the Throne, and
 he said:

“ If *Mirglip* hath offended his Prince, let thy
 “ Guards, O Sultan, here strike, and sacrifice
 “ him to thy just Resentment.”

“ What, said *Adhim*, starting, art thou too
 “ *Mirglip*? officious Slave! Was it not suffici-
 “ ent to send this flattering Crew before me, but
 “ must thou also act thy base Hypocrisy in Per-
 “ son here?”

“ Merciful *Adhim*, said the Viziar *Lemack*,
 “ let this trusty Scymitar lay bare the Traytor’s
 “ Bosom, and relieve my Prince from such
 “ daring Rebellion.”

“ Hold, *Lemack*, said the Sultan sternly, and
 “ defile not my Reign with so mean a Sacrifice :
 “ No, let him live, and if indeed he be the
 “ Man Fame speaks him, he well were worthy
 “ of a Monarch’s Favor.”

The Subjects of *Adbim* hearing the noble Sentence of their Prince, made the vaulted Divan echo with their Praise, and every Eye but *Lemack*’s sparkled with a joyous Tear.

However, the cautious Vizier perceiving the Purpose of his Master *Adbim*, and the Satisfaction of the Populace, veiled his Malice with a Courtier’s Smile, and descending from his Seat, he gave his Hand to *Mirglip*, and raised the prostrate *Persian* from the Earth.

“ O royal *Adbim*, said *Mirglip*, ere he rose,
 “ if with a View to worldly Honor only I had
 “ done my Duty, or to court the soft Air of
 “ gentle breathing Flattery, then might my
 “ Prince with Indignation view the Rebel *Mir-*
 “ *glip*, but surely, Prince, to follow the holy
 “ Precepts of our Law, in Honor of my Pro-
 “ phet, is not a Deed deserving royal *Adbim*’s
 “ Hatred?”

“ *Mirglip*, said *Adbim*, rise, thy Prince ap-
 “ plauds thy holy Zeal, and thou shalt live with-
 “ in my spacious Walls, that daily I may hear
 “ thy virtuous Converse.”

“ Bountiful

“ Bountiful Sultan, answered *Mirglip*, in
 “ humble Meanness bred a Native of the Fo-
 “ rest, the Honors of my Lord would wear
 “ unhandsomely upon thy Slave, and I should
 “ act the Courtier with an aukward Grace: Ra-
 “ ther, if it please my Prince, let *Mirglip* still
 “ among the meanest wander, sufficiently re-
 “ warded for his Labors, that *Adbim* once hath
 “ deigned to bless his Life with an approving
 “ Smile.”

“ What, said the Sultan astonished, canst
 “ thou resist the Offers of thy Prince? Are
 “ not the Tribes of *Xemi*, the mightiest of my
 “ Subjects? Are not the Captains of the Host
 “ of *Feriz* in the long Toils of War renowned?
 “ Are not these all anxiously soliciting to be ad-
 “ mitted into the Palaces of the Plane of *Orez*,
 “ and shall *Mirglip*, a base Peasant, dare refuse
 “ the Bounties of his Lord? Yes, Peasant as
 “ thou art, continued the Sultan, thy Folly be
 “ thy Punishment, go live inglorious, in the
 “ Cottages of the Forest, and every Hour la-
 “ ment the lost Affections of thy Prince.”

Thus said the Sultan, nor suffered a Reply,
 but hastily withdrew with *Lemack* from the Di-
 van, while the Populace with Tears departed, all
 wondering at the Abstinence of their Favorite
Mirglip.

The Pride of *Adbim* was severely rebuked by the Indifference of *Mirghip*, and he looked on his Palaces with Contempt, since they were unable to raise his Fame among his Subjects, or to tempt the Admiration of a rude Peasant.

Lemack with Pleasure saw the Emotion of his Master, the Peace of *Adbim* was indifferent to the Viziar, so long as no upstart Favorite was likely to destroy his Interest with his Prince.

“ The well-instructed and the ingenuous Mind
 “ alone, said the Viziar to *Adbim*, can admire
 “ the extensive Works of *Adbim*, my Lord; to
 “ *Mirghip*, and his Tribe of Peasants, these
 “ beauteous Piles look like the steep Moun-
 “ tains, which the laboring Hind toils over,
 “ without reflecting on its mighty Founder.
 “ As the Bird, with out-stretched Wing,
 “ poised on the buoyant Air, obliquely skims
 “ upon a Palace or a Cottage, and in its native
 “ Ignorance, knows not the Sultan of *Persia*
 “ from the Peasant of the Mountain.”

“ Thy Words, replied *Adbim*, tho’ meant to
 “ sooth my Gloom, do truly add a poignant
 “ Sting thereto; I have seen, O *Lemack*, the
 “ busy Thrush with impotent Anxiety framing
 “ its little Nest, and I have smiled to view the
 “ insignificant Beams of its Dwelling Place :
 “ Yet, *Lemack*, that Thrush, perhaps, is now
 “ regardless of my Palaces, with a few airy
 “ Circlets

“ Circlets, circumscribing thy *Adbim's* Magni-
 “ ficeuce; and, should I venture forth, might
 “ chirup out a careless Note above, and mute
 “ upon thy Prince, whom all the Armies of the
 “ *Persian* Empire might vainly follow to revenge
 “ his Pastime.”

“ My Prince, answered *Lemack*, is merry
 “ with his Slave.”

“ Thy Prince, answered *Adbim*, is dissatisfied
 “ with his own Magnificence, when he sees,
 “ that a Peasant may be more esteemed for his
 “ private Virtues, than the Sultan of *Persia* for
 “ his stately Palaces: Nay, *Lemack*, I myself
 “ esteem this *Mirglip*, and thou shalt haste, and
 “ pay that Widow, whom he so charitably sup-
 “ ported, an hundred Sequins.”

“ Alas, Glory of the East, answered the Vi-
 “ ziar, shall *Adbim* then, the Sultan of *Per-*
 “ *sia*, stoop beneath a Peasant? Shouldest thou
 “ heap half the Wealth of thy Kingdom on this
 “ Woman, not thine, but *Mirglip's* would be
 “ the Praise, and the hypocritical Peasant should
 “ seem to make thee but the Treasurer of his
 “ Coffers.”

“ Sooner let the Widow waste like the live
 “ Ember, said the Sultan, than such Reflections
 “ glance on *Adbim*.”

“ But why, O Prince, said *Lemack*, should
 “ a Peasant's Follies haunt thy Fancy? Hath

“ not

278 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

" my Lord ten thousand Slaves that wait upon
 " his Pleasure? For thee the undaunted Hunts-
 " man rouses with his well poised Spear the
 " tawny Monarch of the Forest, or with dex-
 " terous Eye marks where the Panther hides its
 " callous Offspring; or drawing with keen Aim
 " the feathered Arrow, buries its bearded Point
 " within the spotted Tyger's Back; for thee the
 " Clarion sounds, and the brisk Trumpet blows
 " its lively Note to mark thy Footsteps; for thee,
 " returning from his watry Bed, the Sun lights
 " up the grey Morn, and kindles for thy Plea-
 " sure the genial Face of Day; for thee the
 " blooming Virgins of the East dissolve in amo-
 " rous Sighs, while every Eye, attendant on
 " thy Will, beams not, unless thy Favor light
 " it up, and give it Life."

" And where is the Joy, said *Adbim*, that,
 " Tyrant of the Wood, I spread Destruction?
 " that, cursed by me, the lordly Lion dies, or
 " that the tender Progeny, which Heaven gives
 " the Panther, I destroy? What Praise shall
 " *Adbim* challenge, *Lemack*, that the Tyger
 " writhes his bloody Back, and groans out beast-
 " ly Sighs to give me Pleasure? That my Fame
 " hangs upon the filthy Blast of some swollen
 " Trumpeter? Or shall I think the Sun awaits
 " my Call, who long before my Realms re-
 " ceive a distant Ray, is listening to the Whistle
 " of

“ of some Eastern Husbandman ? Yet worse
 “ than all these, thou settest my Honor on a
 “ Woman’s Smile, and wouldest persuade thy
 “ *Adhim*, that greedy Eye glistens at me, which
 “ glistens at my Gold. No, *Lemack*, without
 “ a self-approving Conscience, and a virtuous
 “ Mind, base are the Pleasures of an human
 “ Soul ; and *Minglip*, by one righteous Deed,
 “ shall gain more solid Comfort, than royal
 “ *Adhim*, on the Persian Throne. *believe* ”

“ *Lemack*, continued the Sultan, this *Mir-*
 “ *glip* shall be our Friend, and thou, ere Morn-
 “ ing dawns, shalt court him to thy Prince.”

“ The Will of *Adhim*, replied *Lemack*, be his
 “ Viziar’s Law.” *now* *the* *slave* *of* *him* *is* *his* *law* ”

Thus said the jealous Viziar, and retired
 from the Palace of *Adhim*, unwilling to exe-
 cute the Commands of his Master, and yet
 fearful of disobeying his Orders. *the* *slave* *of* *him* *is* *his* *law* ”

“ This villainous Slave, said *Lemack*, as he went
 “ from the Presence of *Adhim*, has, by his stale
 “ Virtues, corrupted the magnificent Heart of
 “ *Adhim*, my Lord. While *Adhim* led his Ri-
 “ vers through the Rocks, I led *Adhim* through
 “ the blind Vallies of Deceit ; and when Am-
 “ bition stirred, I set my royal Builder to rise
 “ from Stone to Stone, and scale the Clouds :
 “ Long with such fruitless Toil, he pleased his
 “ Infant Mind, and, big with mighty Plans of
 “ moving

" moving barren Mountains, he left the lower
 " Offices of Government to me: Then luxuri-
 " ous Plunder filled my Chests, and as I passed,
 " the Children cried, the Widows shrieked,
 " and the astonished Populace hid their Heads,
 " and cried, Hosh, prostrate fall, the Vizier
 " *Lemack* comes! Then every Step I took,
 " great *Lemack* trod upon some abject Neck,
 " and the deluded *Persian* thought, Death by
 " my Hand, was a safe Passport into Paradise:
 " If with hot Eye I caught a Female Glance,
 " the Husband trembling came, and offered
 " me his Wife, proud, that from *Lemack's*
 " Loins, should rise his future Progeny; or
 " if the cold senseless Matron sighed out a De-
 " nial, her House erased, her Children slaugh-
 " tered, and her Husband pierced with the
 " bloody Stake, were the first Tokens of my
 " least Displeasure.
 " Such *Lemack* was, while *Adhim* was a
 " Builder, but now his Plan complete, his
 " Tower erected, and his Plane enclosed, his
 " busy Mind unsatisfied, seeks new Diversion,
 " and for Want of Vice, Virtue has made a
 " faint Attempt upon his Heart. But I will
 " stir the infernal Race, and raise up Phantoms
 " to elude his Search; and chiefly, that no
 " starch Example lead him forward, this *Mir-*
 " *glip* shall find a ready Way to that Heaven
 " which

“ which he longs for, that every pious Fool
 “ may know, how dangerous it is to ape a
 “ Saint, where *Lemack* reigns.”

Such were the Thoughts of *Lemack*, the Vizi-
 ar of *Adbim*, as he passed from the Presence of
 his Sultan, to his own Palace on the Planes of
Orez, and in the rancorous Malice of his Heart,
 he resolved to send forth a Midnight Executioner
 to destroy the virtuous Peasant *Mirglip*, whose
 Actions had made such an Impression on the
 Mind of *Adbim*.

But the crafty Viziari soon considered, that
 the Blast of Opposition, would increase the re-
 viving Flame of *Adbim*'s Virtue, and that to de-
 stroy one vigorous Plant, would be to raise a
 thousand Shoots around the expiring Stock, he
 therefore resolved to work in secret Craftiness,
 and that very Night to go in Search of the Sor-
 cerer *Falri*, under whose Tuition he had been
 bred in the dark Caves of *Goruou*.

For this Purpose, the Viziari *Lemack* exchanged
 his gorgeous Robes of State, for the religious
 Weeds of a poor Devotee; but that his sanctified
 Appearance might not have too much of the
 Reality of Religion, he hid under his outward
 Rags a Meal of royal Delicacies, and a Flag-
 gon of the delicious Produce of the Vintage of
Tibi.

Thus equipped, he walked forth toward the Caves of *Gornou*, which were in a secret Part of the Forest, about three Leagues from the royal Buildings, and, fearful of a Discovery, he avoided every *Persian* in his Walk, lest they should know the disguised Viziar, and revenge themselves on the publick Author of all their Wrongs.

The Cave of *Falri* was surrounded with unhallowed Swine, who grunted on the dark and filthy Leaves of Corn, which the Sorcerer had prepared for their Sustenance and their bed; an ill-flavored Steam arose from their Hides, and the neighbouring Woods were filled with the loud Snarling of the Guards of *Falri*.

As *Lemack*, pressing the beastly Muck, with his wet Sandals, passed the hot smelling Swine; they all, with erected Bristles, endeavoured to oppose his Passage, till scenting the Delicacies which were hidden beneath his Rags, they run upon him, and unless he had suddenly entered into the Presence of *Falri*, they had destroyed the Viziar.

The Cave of *Falri* smelt not more delicately than the Swine before it; on every Side appeared the disgorged Marks of Drunkenness and Gluttony, and the sour Steam which issued from the covered Pavement, assured *Lemack*, that he came too late to partake of the Debauch of *Falri*.

At

At the upper End of the Cave, the Sorcerer lay extended, pressing his aching Forehead with an Hand besmeared with Grease, and with the Lees of Wine; his little red Ferret Eyes were half squeezed by Anguish from their bleared Sockets, and his Cheeks scalded with the fiery Rheum, and bloated by Excess, shone discolored with a thousand Hews. Blotches, Carbuncles, and Warts, adorned his glowing Nose, and in his filthy Beard, the different Sauces of a Week's Extravagance were closely matted: his Lips, chapped and divided by the burning Steam of his overloaded Stomach, discovered his foul Teeth, clogged by corrupted Food, and black with Rottenness; and on his furred and fever-parched Tongue hung not a Drop of Moisture. Over his unweildy Paunch, and lifeless Limbs, were thrown a few disordered Garments, but in contrary Fashion to their real Use; the Turban, unfolded, covered his Feet, and the Vest was wrapped round his Head, while his unseemly Parts were left exposed, and Emblems of his Beastlihood. Beside him stood his Tube, burning with the fœtid Herb Tobacco, filling the Cave with its poisonous Odor, and on his right Hand was placed a Calabash of the spirituous Juice of Rice.

As the Viziar *Lemack* entered, the Sorcerer *Falri* filled the Cave with Curses and Excretations;

but when he perceived it was his Pupil in Disguise, the Wretch arose with many a Stagger on his tottering Legs, and ran with out-stretched Arms to hold him in his nauseous Gripe.

“What bringeth *Lemack*, said the ferret-eyed Sorcerer, from the Feasts of *Raglai*, to the Caves of *Falri*? Are all the Oxen of the Planes of *Orez* devoured? or are the royal Flaggons of *Adhim* exhausted?”

“Thy Son, answered *Lemack* sighing, was once the Pride of *Orez*, and the Voice of his Mouth was a Law in *Persia*, *Adhim* was magnificent, and *Lemack* was absolute, my Days were crowned with Festivals, and my Nights with Debauch; but soon these joyous Carousals shall be no more, *Adhim* awakes to Virtue, and an abstemious Peasant will shortly be his Guide, unless the Power of *Falri* shake from his Security the abstemious *Mirglip*.”

“What *Lemack*, answered *Falri*, art thou a Viziar in *Persia*, and comest thou to me to destroy a Peasant for thee? Let thy Guards this Night dismember the abstemious *Mirglip*, and To-morrow rise, and fear not to meet thine Enemy in thy Paths.”

“The Nature of *Adhim*, my Sultan, replied *Lemack*, will not be deceived; when *Mirglip* shall be missing, his whole Pursuit shall be
“ after

“ after the Murderer, and *Lemack* at length be
 “ sacrificed.”

“ Then answered *Falri*, Leave him to thy
 “ Friend; return in Peace to thy Palace, and
 “ To-morrow, when thou goest into the Pre-
 “ sence of thy Prince, boldly declare that *Mir-*
 “ *glip* could not appear before him, because he
 “ was drunken with Wine.”

“ Alas, replied *Lemack*, the Sultan, jealous
 “ of my Tale, will haste to summon *Mirglip*
 “ before him, and I, detected in my Falsehood,
 “ shall fall for ever from before my Prince.”

“ If such Suspicions, answered *Falri*, rise, do
 “ you engage, by the succeeding Night, to
 “ shew your Sultan, *Mirglip* drinks the forbid-
 “ den Wine, and leave the rest to me.”

“ To *Falri*’s Artifice, replied the Viziar, I
 “ will leave it all; and haste again to *Raglai*,
 “ and the Planes of *Orez*.”

Thus said *Lemack*, and departed, not forget-
 ful of the Viands which he kept concealed in his
 Garments; but willing to feast alone, in the
 Wood, after he had left the Sorcerer: For his
 Purpose gained, the Viziar, who was exhausted
 by his Journey, wished for no Partaker in his
 Gluttony.

In the Morning, when *Lemack* appeared be-
 fore *Adhim*, the Sultan enquired after *Mirglip*
 the *Persian*.

“ Glory

“ Glory of the Earth, said the Viziar, bow-
 “ ing, Who is he, that is like *Adbim* in the
 “ Greatness of his Mind? Over whom Custom
 “ hath cast no Chain, and who knows not the
 “ sceptred Power of Appetite and Passion? *Mir-*
 “ *glip*, O Sultan, hath won the Hearts of all
 “ the People; he riseth and scattereth abroad
 “ the Gifts of Benevolence; he healeth the
 “ Breaches of Neighbours; he comforteth the
 “ Afflicted: But, fatigued with the severe Du-
 “ ties of the Day, his wasted Strength requireth
 “ recruit; and at Night, after all his Toils, he
 “ is renewed with the precious Tears which fall
 “ from the luscious Grape.”

“ Hah! *Lemack*, said *Adbim*, starting, is
 “ *Mirglip*, the wise, the temperate *Mirglip*, the
 “ Slave of Wine! No, *Lemack*, it cannot be.”

“ O thou, answered the Viziar, before whom
 “ Hypocrisy flieth dismayed, and in whose Pre-
 “ sence Falsehood dare not stand, forgive the
 “ Tongue of thy Slave, which wisheth not to
 “ utter the Failings of its Brother: To me, O
 “ *Adbim*, *Mirglip* is allied by the Ties of Vir-
 “ tue and Religion; and not without my own
 “ Distress, do I discover the little Spot which
 “ sullies the Glory of *Persia*: But my Prince
 “ requireth Truth from his Slave. Know then,
 “ O Sultan, that in Obedience to thy Com-
 “ mand, I entered this Morning the Cottage of

“ *Mirglip*;

“ *Mirglip*; where I saw, O piteous Sight!
 “ his out-stretched Corps unwashed on the
 “ Ground, and the empty Flaggon, which
 “ stood beside him. Struck dumb with the
 “ Sight, I hasted away before *Mirglip* awoke,
 “ to relate to my Prince the disagreeable
 “ Tale; and having heard from his Neigh-
 “ bour, that this is the only Failing of *Mirglip*,
 “ which he repeats every Night, my Prince
 “ may himself To-night discover the Truth of
 “ my Assertion.”

“ That, answered *Adhim*, I mean to do, in
 “ the same Disguise which we lately assumed.
 “ Wherefore *Lemack*, leave me now, and pre-
 “ pare to convince me this Night of what you
 “ have said.”

Lemack obeyed, and Night being come, *Ad-*
bim and his Viziar departed silently from *Orez*,
 to the Cottage of *Mirglip*.

In the mean Time, *Falri* disguised in the
 Habit of a Merchant; entered the City of *Rag-*
lai, and knocked, in the Dusk of the Evening,
 at the Cottage of *Mirglip*; who invited him into
 his House, and understanding he came from a
 far Country, set before him such plain Provisi-
 ons as he used himself.

The pretended Merchant having eaten his fill,
 sighed, and telling *Mirglip* that he was greatly
 fatigued

fatigued with his Journey, he desired him to bestow one Cup of Wine upon him.

Mirglip started at the Request of the Merchant. What, said he, have I received under my Roof one who despiseth the Precepts of *Mahomet*, and the Command of *Alla*?

“Alas, answered the pretended Merchant, *Mahomet* knows what a Force I put upon my Conscience, when I besought thee to favor me with the Cordial of the Vintage; but surely, when my Nerves quiver, and my Strength fails, *Mahomet* will approve of your righteous Deed.”

As the false Sorcerer spake thus, he tumbled from the Sofa whereon he was placed, and he sighed aloud, “O Prophet, save my exhausted Frame.”

Mirglip perceiving the Distress of the sham Merchant, and supposing it real, ran to those who dealt in Sherbet, and bought a Pitcher of Wine, which he carried home, and set on the Ground before the Sorcerer.

It happened, that as *Mirglip* was entering his Cottage, *Adbim* and *Lemack* passed him in Disguise; and the Sultan saw plainly, that *Mirglip* was carrying into his Cottage a Pitcher of Wine.

The enraged Sultan, at first resolved to sacrifice the Hypocrite, as he supposed, to his just Resentment,

Resentment, which *Lemack* the Viziar advised. But a few Moments Reflection, made the Sultan rather choose to condemn him publickly, than to gain the Hatred of his People by a precipitate Execution.

Adbim disgusted, returned to his Palace, ordering *Mirglip* to be brought before him in the Morning; and *Lemack* retired to a joyous Banquet, of which he partook with a new Relish; as he doubted not but the Fate of *Mirglip* was determined.

Early in the Morning, the Guards of the Sultan surrounded the Cottage of *Mirglip*; and the Viziar *Lemack* commanded a few chosen Guards to enter, and seize on the hypocritical Peasant.

Mirglip, though surpris'd at the Tumult, yet shewed no Marks of Fear; Conscience spread no Alarm within, and he was satisfied that the Sword which might deprive him of his Existence, could not destroy the inward Peace of his Soul.

The Guards, who were accustomed to strike Terror into their Captives, supposed they had been mistaken; and that the Man who kneeled not for Mercy, nor trembled through Fear, could not be *Mirglip*, whom they were commanded to seize.

Being assured from his own Lips, that he was *Mirglip* the *Persian*, they brought him before *Lemack*; whose Eyes were swoln with Intemperance, and whose Brow was laden with Malice.

“What calm Hypocrite, said *Lemack* roughly,
 “have we here? who has so soon forgot the
 “Revels of the Night, and the Fumes of
 “Wine: But *Adbim*, the royal *Adbim*, shall
 “judge thee; thou vile Sycophant. Guards,
 “continued the Vizar, were there no Partakers
 “with this *Mirglip*? was no one with him in
 “the Cottage, where ye found him extended
 “on the Floor with Drunkenness?”

“Just Judge of *Persia*, answered the false
 “Sorcerer, who then came forward, let my
 “Pardon be sealed by the Lips of the righteous
 “*Lemack*, and I will speak.”

“If thou declarest truly before our Sultan,
 “what passed between thee and *Mirglip* last
 “Night, answered *Lemack*, thou shalt be for-
 “given; but till then Guards seize on him, and
 “let us bring them both before our Sultan.”

The Croud gathered as *Mirglip* and the Vizar passed; and when they entered before *Adbim*, the Divan was crouded with anxious Spectators.

The Sultan sat on his Throne, when *Lemack* brought *Mirglip* in Fetters before him.

“This, O royal *Adbim*, said *Lemack* bow-
 “ing, is the Man whom *Persia* loveth more
 “than

“ than her Prince ; who in his Midnight Haunts
 “ pours out the spacious Goblet ; who cheats
 “ the deluded Populace by sanctified Expressi-
 “ ons in the Day, and at the Decline of the
 “ Sun curseth *Alla*, and his Prophet, in the
 “ Cups of his Drunkenness.

The Populace shuddered at the malicious Ex-
 pressions of *Lemack* ; and they doubted not, but
 the Viziar would prevale, and destroy their Fa-
 vorite.

“ Viziar, replied the Sultan, we sit here to
 “ judge from real Facts, and not from the
 “ warm Expressions of Zeal. Who is it that
 “ accuseth *Mirglip* ?”

“ This Merchant, answered *Lemack*, whom
 “ he entertained last Night, shocked at *Mirglip*’s
 “ Hypocrisy, and penitent for his own acci-
 “ dental Share in it ; he, without Compul-
 “ sion offered, to disclose the Truth, if *Ad-*
 “ *bim* would forgive the Partaker in the Crimes
 “ of *Mirglip*.”

The Viziar then brought the sham Merchant
 forward before the Throne.

“ Son of *Persia*, and Guide of the Faithful,
 “ said the Sorcerer, prostrate before *Adhim*, let
 “ my Lord forgive, and I will speak.

“ Speak then, answered *Adhim*, the Truth,
 “ and Justice shall, for this Offence, forget to
 “ strike.

“ As I entered this City last Night, said the
 “ sham Merchant, yon *Persian* accosted me,
 “ and willed me to partake with him of the
 “ plain Food of his Cottage; thankful for his
 “ Offer, I followed him, and he set before me
 “ some Roots, and some boiled Rice. After
 “ which, Merchant, said he, can you be se-
 “ cret? you are fatigued with your Journey,
 “ and a Cup of Wine will enliven you. It was
 “ in vain that in answer, I urged the Command-
 “ ment of our Prophet, and the Law of *Adhim*,
 “ *Mirglip* would be obeyed; and he gave me a
 “ small Cup, but in his own Hands he held
 “ one large enough to contain a Measure of
 “ Rice. By frequent Pledges, we soon emptied
 “ our first Pitcher of Wine; and *Mirglip*, not
 “ content, went forth to those who sell Sherbet,
 “ and purchased a second.

“ The more we drank, the more lively we
 “ grew, and *Mirglip* waxed communicative;
 “ Merchant, said he, I invite only Strangers,
 “ and after the first Night I see them no more:
 “ You will, perhaps, be surpris'd to think that I,
 “ but a mean Cottager, can every Night sup-
 “ port such an Expence; but your Wonder
 “ will cease, when you shall hear, that I am
 “ bountifully supplied by the rich Merchants
 “ and Widows of *Raglai*, with Money to dis-
 “ tribute among the Poor; half of their Sup-
 “ plies

“ plies I regularly distribute every Day ; and
 “ the Populace have made a Saint of me for
 “ my Labor ; the other half exactly supplies
 “ me with an Entertainment and Wine each
 “ Night for myself and a Stranger.”

“ And how cometh it to pass, answered I,
 “ that none of these Strangers discover you ?”

“ That, answered *Mirglip*, is a Secret which
 “ you never must know.”

“ This, O Sultan, made me suspect, that
 “ *Mirglip* at last gave some Potion to his Guests,
 “ to take from them all Memory of his Feast ;
 “ and therefore I resolved to taste nothing more
 “ in his House.

“ What I suspected was true ; when I was
 “ about to depart, he brought out a small
 “ Stone Bottle, This, said he, O Stranger, is
 “ a Wine of the most exquisite Flavor, I can
 “ afford you but a little of it, to every Guest
 “ I give a Cup, and no more.

“ *Mirglip* then poured forth a Cup full, and
 “ I pretended to drink thereof, but in Truth
 “ I turned aside, and poured it secretly into my
 “ Bosom, by which Means I preserved my Me-
 “ mory, and have been enabled to detect the
 “ Hypocrisies of *Mirglip*.”

As the sham Merchant uttered these Words, a
 deep Groan was heard through every Part of the
 Divan, and the Populace incensed, cried out,

“ That

“ That *Mirglip*, the deceitful *Mirglip*, might
“ be delivered to their Fury.”

“ The Words of the Merchant, said the
“ Sultan, are too true ; a Part of his Tale I my-
“ self did witness, when going through the
“ City in Disguise, I met this *Mirglip* with a
“ Pitcher of Wine in his Hand.”

No more Proof seemed wanting, nor would
the Sultan suffer *Mirglip* to answer for himself.

“ Thy Tongue, said he, is used to Deceit,
“ and I will not hear the Hypocrisies thou art
“ prepared to utter.”

Lemack, rejoicing, seized instantly on *Mirglip*,
and commanded the Guards to gag him, that
he might not, in the Malice of his Heart, utter
any Blasphemy against *Alla*, or Rebellion against
his Prince.

The unfortunate *Mirglip*, overpowered by
Force and Tumult, was led away, *Lemack*
hoped to instant Execution, but the Sultan, in
the Midst of his Anger, felt his Heart yearn to-
ward him, and he commanded, that till his
Sentence was pronounced, he should be cast
into a deep Dungeon, at the Foot of the Rock,
on which stood the Palace of the King.

Mirglip peaceably submitted to his Fate, and
seeing no present Hope of answering for himself,
meekly followed the Guards of *Adhim* to the
Dungeons of the Mountain.

The

The Viziar *Lemack* having thus blasted the Reputation of *Mirglip*, resolved to divert the Thoughts of *Adbim* by some sudden Scheme, that he might the easier destroy the unhappy Peasant in Secret.

For this Purpose, he commanded his Emis-
saries to procure some of the most beauteous Slaves; that, if possible, the King might be moved from his present Thoughts on Temperance and Virtue, to the looser Phantasies of Dalliance and Love.

The Orders of *Lemack* were always executed with Precipitation, the Viziar, impatient in his Purposes, would brook no Delay, so that neither Rank nor Condition was considered, but every beauteous Female within the *Persian* Empire, was suddenly dragged to the royal Seraglio.

Out of these the artful *Lemack* chose thirty, who surpassed the rest in Proportion, Beauty, Elegance and Grace, and led them, adorned with the sumptuous Luxury of the East, to the painted Dome, where the royal *Adbim* constantly refreshed himself, as soon as he arose from his Mid-day Slumbers.

The Sultan, who, though he had banished *Mirglip* from his Presence, could not banish him from his Thoughts, was displeased at the offici-

ous

ous Zeal of his Viziar, and ordered *Lemack* to retire with his Females.

Lemack seeing the determined Countenance of his Sultan, was obliged to obey, and he made the Signal for the Virgins of *Persia* to retire from the painted Dome.

The Sultan, though indifferent, could not help observing the Joy which one of the Females expressed at the Signal of *Lemack*, the Viziar. During the Time of their standing in the painted Dome, her Eyes were cast on the Ground, and her Arms were folded in Despair; but when she heard the Voice of *Lemack* commanding them to retire, she alone lift up her sparkling Eyes in Transports to Heaven, while every other Female was disgusted at their Sultan's Neglect.

“ Viziar, said *Adbim*, who is she among the Virgins of *Persia*, that rejoiceth to be driven from the Presence of her Sultan?”

The fair *Nourenbi*, (for that was the Name of the Virgin) started at the Voice of *Adbim*; she perceived that the Sultan had noticed her Transports, and the pale Mantle of Fear overspread her Cheeks.

But the Fear of *Nourenbi* could not deprive her beauteous Frame of its delicate Symmetry, nor her lovely black Eyes of their radiant Lustre,

“ O *Alla*! said *Adbim*, as he beheld her,
 “ who art thou, O Virgin of *Persia*, whose
 “ Limbs are like the polished Pillars of the
 “ Temple? whose Breasts heave like the Roe
 “ panting for the Thicket? and the Arch of
 “ whose Forehead is glorious as the enlightened
 “ Hemisphere.”

“ Lord of thy Slaves, and Terror of the
 “ Earth, answered *Nourenbi*, thou seest at thy
 “ Feet the Daughter of a poor Countryman,
 “ whose Age and Infirmities are now without
 “ Support, since ten Days was my dear Sister
 “ *Kapbira* stolen from his Embrace, and now is
 “ thy Handmaid dragged from his trembling
 “ Arms.”

“ The Man who, but in Thought, hath in-
 “ jured him who gave thee Life, O Daughter
 “ of Heaven, said *Adbim*, stooping to raise her,
 “ shall meet the fierce Resentment of this Arm.

“ *Lemack*, continued *Adbim* hastily, from
 “ whence came this fragrant Flower? has she
 “ been plucked by Force, O Vizar, from her
 “ Parent Stock? or, by her Beauties awed,
 “ led ye her hither as the Queen of *Persia*?”

“ Author of Mercy, answered the Vizar,
 “ this Flower by Chance we found, and who
 “ her Parents are, thy *Lemack* knows not.”

“ To thee, then must I kneel, said the fond
 “ *Adbim*, thou Master-piece of Nature, to

“ know, from what deep Mine thy artless Lustres
 “ sprang, that in the Planes of *Orez* I may
 “ plant the whole Family of my Beloved, and
 “ heap such Honors on them, as *Persia's* Throne
 “ may give, and thy fair Beauties merit.”

“ To frugal Virtue long inured, answered
 “ the fair weeping *Nourenbi*, my aged Sire
 “ would curse his Daughter should you trans-
 “ plant him here. Curse, said I, alas I wrong
 “ my gentle Sire; no, Sultan, sweet endearing
 “ Smiles hang ever on his Cheek, and what he
 “ thinks amiss, in such soft Accent is pro-
 “ nounced, that even Guilt is pleased to hear
 “ itself condemned.”

“ By the great Founder of our Faith, said
 “ *Adbim*, described by such fair Lips, and such
 “ soft Words as thine, thy Peasant Father seems
 “ a Saint to me! O what Power is in those
 “ Lips, to make whomever you please as
 “ amiable as you are. But name him, beaute-
 “ ous Virgin, that *Lemack*, with a sumptuous
 “ Embassy may court him to our Presence.”

“ Forgive me, mighty Sultan, said the fair
 “ *Nourenbi*, but I dare not; for when the Pan-
 “ ders of thy royal Court came to the happy
 “ Grove, which late in vain concealed thy Slave,
 “ *Nourenbi*, said my Sire, let no Man know
 “ this safe Retreat, which long hath hid thy
 “ Father from the Eyes of Power.”

“ If such were his Commands, thou shalt
 “ obey him, fair *Nourenbi*, said the Sultan;
 “ and hereafter, when the imperial Diadem of
 “ *Persia* glitters on thy Brow, thou shalt sur-
 “ prise him with thy Presence, and tell his aged,
 “ unbelieving Heart, that *Adbim* is his Son-in-
 “ law.”

“ *Alla* forbid, replied *Nourenbi* firmly, that
 “ ere his Daughter should so soon forget the
 “ temperate Lessons of her tender Sire: No,
 “ royal *Adbim*, *Nourenbi* long hath learned to
 “ value the chaste *Mirglip*’s Virtues, more than
 “ all the Splendors of the *Persian* Throne.”

“ So, said *Adbim* pausing, *Viziar*, this is well;
 “ unsatisfied with his drunken Lusts, this Hy-
 “ pocrite hath also gained the *Persian* Females
 “ to his Interest.”

“ Bred from our Infant Years together, said
 “ *Nourenbi*, we long have loved with an holy
 “ Love, and *Alla* and his Prophet, oft have
 “ heard our plighted Faith.”

“ No more, said *Adbim*, Slaves remove this
 “ daring Female from my Sight; and, *Viziar*,
 “ continued the Sultan, let the Axe this Mo-
 “ ment fall, and free the Realms of *Persia* from
 “ the Hypocrisies of *Mirglip*.”

The Mutes and the *Viziar* both hastened to obey
 the Sultan; *Nourenbi*, with folded Hands and
 streaming Eyes, in vain besought his Pity; the

300 THE TALES OF THE GENIE

Mutes hurried her from the Presence of *Adbim*, and the Sultan was left alone in the painted Dome.

Adbim, enraged, seated himself on his Sofa, and impatiently desired the Return of the Viziar with the Head of *Mirglip*; but hearing a Noise in the Court beneath, he looked forth through the Lattice Work of the Dome, expecting that *Lemack*, to please him, had ordered the Execution of *Mirglip* within Sight of the Dome.

But the corpulent Sides of the Viziar, had so far retarded the Speed of his Malice, that he hardly reached the Middle of the Court, when *Adbim* looked forth through the Lattice Work of the Dome, where he saw *Lemack* stopped in his Course by two reverend Imans, who kneeled before him.

“ Vicegerent of *Persia*, said the first to *Lemack*, we come to inform our Sultan of one, who has dared to abuse the sacred Ears of Justice with the Tales of Falshood.”

“ Vile doating Priests, said the Viziar *Lemack*, panting for Breath, avaunt; our Sultan is too wise to listen to the Dreams of Priests; and mark me, reverend Grey-beards, if again, with Step officious, you enter the Palace of our royal Master, I'll send your Heads aloft above the Gates, to preach without your Bodeis.”

“ Viziar,

“ Vizar, said *Adbim*, opening the Lattice of
 “ the Dome, I will not have the Servants of
 “ my God disgraced without a Cause; if,
 “ contrary to their Faith, they have offended
 “ against our Laws, I bid thee, Vizar, be se-
 “ vere; as they who teach, should practice
 “ first the Duties they enforce; but if led alone
 “ by honest Truth, they come to warn me of
 “ some secret Falsehood, they, Vizar, act as
 “ dutious Servants to their Prince, and I will
 “ honor them. Venerable Imans, continued
 “ the Sultan, you, who have a free Access to
 “ *Alla*, shall never want access to me: Yet
 “ take Heed, and use these sacred Freedoms as
 “ becomes the Ministers of Truth; a flattering
 “ Priest, who bids us look to Heaven, that he
 “ may ransack Earth, shall meet with *Alla's*
 “ Curse, and Man's Abhorrence.”

The Vizar *Lemack*, finding he was overlooked, endeavoured to retract from his Severity.

“ Glory of the Earth, said he to *Adbim*, I
 “ have indeed injured these Children of our
 “ Prophet; warm with Indignation, that *Mir-*
 “ *glip* should so often offend my Prince, not
 “ even the Messengers of Heaven could stop
 “ my Fury; and those, whom in my cooler
 “ Hours, I love to honor, the Favorites of
 “ *Mabomet*, these holy Imans of our Faith,
 “ have I with hasty Words abused.”

“ It

“ It is enough, O *Lemack*, said *Adbim*, from
 “ the Window, I know thy Temper is jealous
 “ of thy Prince’s Honor; but bring these
 “ holy Men before me, and till their Audience
 “ be passed, let *Mirglip* live.”

Lemack obeyed with a dissembled Alacrity,
 and taking each Iman by the Hand, he led
 them upwards, toward the painted Dome, blef-
 sing *Alla* aloud, who had placed him in the
 Midst of two such holy Supporters.

The Imans, entering the Dome, fell prostrate
 before *Adbim*, who commanded them to declare
 the Cause of their coming.

“ O thou Prince, said the Elder, to whom
 “ *Alla* hath committed the Government of thy
 “ People, forgive the Boldness of thy Slaves,
 “ who come to declare to thee, the Innocence
 “ of thy Servant *Mirglip*.”

“ Good old Men, said the Sultan to them,
 “ look well that you do not utter Falsehood be-
 “ fore me; the Villainies of *Mirglip* are too
 “ giaring to be covered over by a specious
 “ Tale.”

“ Lord of *Persia*, answered the first Iman,
 “ it is now six Days since the Viziar and his
 “ Guards came into our District to seize on
 “ *Mirglip*; and we knew not till Yesterday,
 “ that he was accused of Drunkenness, by a
 “ Merchant, who lodged at his House, or we
 “ might

“ might long ere this have refuted the Calumnies of the Merchant.

“ *Mirglip*, O Prince, the Night before his Imprisonment, came to us, and with distressed Looks informed us, that a Stranger was taken ill under his Roof, who was so overpowered with Fatigue, that he besought him to give him a Cup of Wine, lest he should die. Wherefore, good Iman, said the charitable *Mirglip*, let me beseech you to haste to his Assistance, that ere the Veil of Death be drawn over him, his Soul may be comforted by your religious Prayers.

“ The Words of *Mirglip* were so urgent, that we both hastened to gird ourselves, to follow him to the House, where we found a Merchant on the Ground, who assured us, that he had but a few Moments to live.

“ *Mirglip* joined in our Devotions, and we spent the greater Part of the Night in Prayers to our Prophet; till the base Merchant, pretending to be relieved by our Prayers, arose from the Ground, and begged Leave to repose himself on the Sofa.

“ *Mirglip* yielded to his Intreaties, and we departed from our Friend's House, but not till he had poured forth into the Yard, the Remainder of the Wine which the Merchant
“ had

“ had left ; left his Slaves should taste of it,
 “ and break the Law of their Prophet.”

“ Viziar, said *Adbim*, as the first Iman had
 “ finished his Relation, let these good Men be
 “ detained in the Palace, till the Cryers of the
 “ City have given the Merchant Notice to ap-
 “ pear before my Throne ; and in the mean
 “ Time, defer the Execution of *Mirglip*, till the
 “ Truth of this Tale be made manifest.”

Lemack went forth to obey the Sultan with an
 heavy Heart, for he supposed that his Friend the
 Sorcerer was returned to his Cave, and he knew
 there was no Opportunity of seeing him, till
 Night had closed the Eyes of the Inhabitants of
Raglai.

The Cryers having in vain summoned the fic-
 titious Merchant, returned to the Palace, and
 assured the Sultan, that no one could discover to
 them the Merchant who had accused *Mirglip*.

“ There is yet, said *Adbim*, one Circumstance
 “ that may declare the Truth. For as none
 “ have had Access to *Mirglip*, whom, in our
 “ hasty Zeal we would not hear, he cannot know
 “ these Imans Tale, if out of Kindness they have
 “ forged it to release their Friend.”

The Sultan *Adbim* then commanded the Pri-
 soner *Mirglip* to be brought before him ; but,
 said he to *Lemack*, “ Viziar, attend him to our
 “ Presence, that no officious Look or Speech
 “ betray

“ betray the Purport of our calling him. And
 “ Imans, said he, do ye retire into that Apart-
 “ ment, where, unseen, you may be Witness
 “ of your Friend’s Defence.”

As *Lemack* entered the Dungeon of *Mirglip*, the unfortunate Youth doubted not but that he was the Messenger of his Death, for *Lemack* seldom visited the royal Prisons, except he came on some malicious Errand.

But the Viziar, who began to fear, lest he should have appeared too officious in condemning *Mirglip*, and doubting not but that the Love of *Nourenbi* would soon work his Destruction, resolved to put on the Appearance of Friendship, that should every Engine fail, the Promotion of *Mirglip* might not be the Means of his own Discredit.

Wherefore *Lemack* endeavoured to divest himself of that surly Frown, which usually hung upon his bloated Face, and with aukward Flattery, he addressed the unfortunate Prisoner.

“ They that are all Goodness, need not fear
 “ the Malice of their Enemies; for *Mabomet*
 “ will guard them from Hurt, and make the
 “ worst of Men their Friends. As to my Part,
 “ *Mirglip*, I am astonished at your Goodness,
 “ and have severely chid all the Officers of the
 “ State, that they did not tell me of your Vir-
 “ tues, that while my royal Master *Adhim* had
 Vol. II. R r “ been

“ been employed in the Glories of Creation, I
 “ might have had the Satisfaction of perfering
 “ the most religious of Mankind.”

“ Whatever is my Sultan's Pleasure, said *Mir-*
glip, bowing, I submit.”

“ My Sultan, said *Lemack*, somewhat offend-
 “ ed, hath, at my Request, resolved to hear thy
 “ Defence; therefore haste with me unto the
 “ royal Presence, and as you well are able, tell
 “ some well-coined Tale before him, till his soft
 “ Heart relent, and Pardon follow.”

“ If Truth deserves no Pardon, said *Mirglip*,
 “ firmly, Falshood ever must deserve it less.”

The Viziar replied not, but led *Mirglip* thro' the Dungeon into the painted Dome, for he perceived the young *Persian* suspected his Sincerity, and Pride and Resentment prevailed over his Hypocrisy.

Adbim having examined *Mirglip*, found by his Answers, that the Imans had declared the Truth, and that the strange Merchant had belied the innocent *Persian*.

Lemack, who feared the Truth would prevail, was confounded at the noble Simplicity of *Mirglip*, yet was he the first, at the Permission of *Adbim*, to release the two Imans, and congratulate them on the Success of their Information.

Adbim was also confounded at the Patience and Submission of *Mirglip*, who neither betrayed
 any

any Fear in his Condemnation, nor seemed elated by the gracious Acquital of his Prince.

But in the Midst of his Admiration, the Beauties of *Nourenbi* possessed his Soul; and the Sacrifice which he dared not make to his Pride, the Sultan resolved to offer to his Love.

“ *Lemack*, said the Sultan, dismiss these venerable Imans with costly Presents; that my Subjects may know, that *Adbim* will honor those who will boldly endeavour to relieve the oppressed.”

The Imans being dismissed, “ *Viziar*, said the Sultan, bring the fair *Nourenbi* into my Presence, that I may know by what Arts this base Man hath practised on her Innocence.”

At the mention of *Nourenbi*’s Name, the pale *Mirglip* sighed, and all his Precaution could not prevent the visible Marks of Fear which possessed his Countenance.

“ Ah! base Peasant, said *Adbim*, thy guilty Conscience has taken the Alarm; well mayest thou sigh to think thy iniquitous Purpose is reveled, and that thy Prince is witness of thy Fraud.”

“ If to love the fairest of her Sex, said *Mirglip*; if to engage in Vows of Constancy, with those whom *Alla* gave as social Blessings to Mankind; if in Obedience to the Laws of
R r 2 “ Nature,

“ Nature, to follow those Affections, which
 “ Religion sanctifies; if these be Crimes, said
 “ *Mirglip*, then hath *Mirglip* greatly erred.”

“ I did suppose, said *Adbim*, that a Man
 “ possessed like *Mirglip*, with a temperate Soul,
 “ had no Occasion for the Dreams of Love:
 “ Though to the World you seem austere, yet
 “ to *Nourenbi* you can relent, young Man; and
 “ while you preach of Virtue, teach her Dal-
 “ liance.”

“ Virtue, I have heard, O Sultan, said *Mir-
 “ glip*, reaches not the rigid, nor the soft Ex-
 “ tremes: She ne’er dissolves in wanton Lux-
 “ ury, nor plants her Foot, without Occasion,
 “ on the prickly Thorn: With the fair *Nou-
 “ renbi*, I first imbibed the Lessons of our Pro-
 “ phet; and while we hung attentive on the
 “ honeyed Lip of her dear Father *Phesoj Ecneps*,
 “ we both resolved to aid each other thro’ Life’s
 “ rugged Trial.

“ The good old Dervise saw our rising Love,
 “ and checked it not; but Children, said he,
 “ restrain its Bounds, and let Prudence and
 “ Religion lead it onward to your mutual
 “ Peace.

“ From that Hour, O Sultan, we gave our
 “ plighted Faith; and had not these unforeseen
 “ Misfortunes hindered us, To-morrow’s Sun
 “ was destined to behold our Marriage Rites.”

“ False Slave, said *Adbim*, amuse me not
 “ with such a senseless Tale : But here comes
 “ our faithful Viziar, with his beauteous
 “ Charge.”

Lemack then entered the painted Dome,
 leading the fair *Nourenbi*, supported by a female
 Slave.

The stately *Nourenbi* entered with downcast
 Eyes, and beheld not her beloved *Mirglip*, till
 the Sultan commanded her to look up, and cast
 her Eyes upon her Prince.

Nourenbi shrieked at the Sight of *Mirglip*, and
Lemack rejoiced to see the Agitation of his
 Sultan, when he perceived the lovesick Eyes of
 the beauteous Virgin.

“ Virgin, said *Adbim*, take thy Sultan to
 “ thy Arms, or see my Viziar make an instant
 “ Sacrifice of *Mirglip*.”

The Eyes of *Lemack* sparkled at the Speech of
 his Sultan, and he stretched forth his Hand to
 seize on his Scymitar.

“ If my perpetual Absence from this loved
 “ Image, will please thee, Sultan, said *Nourenbi*,
 “ I consent, but never can my Heart desert its
 “ Vow.”

“ Then, *Mirglip*, said the Sultan, yield her
 “ to me, and I will place thee next myself upon
 “ the Throne of *Persia*.”

At

310 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

At these Words the Heart of *Lemack* failed, for he doubted not but *Mirglip* would consent.

“ Prince of thy People, answered *Mirglip*,
“ how shall I answer the Proposals of my Sul-
“ tan, who wishes *Mirglip* to falsify his Oath.”

“ It is enough, said *Adbim*, I perceive both
“ are fixed ; *Lemack*, invent some Punishment
“ that may reach their Crimes.”

“ For *Mirglip*, said the Viziar, drawing forth
“ his Scymitar, this shining Blade shall soon
“ suffice ; but *Lemack* leaves the beauteous Fe-
“ male to her Master’s Mercy, who yet may see,
“ when this base Peasant is destroyed, new Beams
“ of Sprightliness awake within her.”

“ Hold, Viziar, said the Sultan, for *Adbim*
“ likes not the Meanness of thy poor Revenge ;
“ no, *Lemack*, thy Sultan only can devise a
“ Punishment adequate to their Crimes.”

“ *Mirglip*, continued the Sultan, and you,
“ proud haughty Fair, draw near.”

Mirglip and *Nourenbi* slowly obeyed the Com-
mands of *Adbim*, falling prostrate before him,
and both seemed more to fear for each other,
than for themselves.

“ Love, Vassals, said *Adbim*, drawing forth
“ his Scymitar, was your Crime ; be Love your
“ Punishment : Rise, and enjoy each other, and
“ so far shall *Adbim* be from separating your
“ constant Hearts, that I now draw this shining
“ Scymitar

“ Scymitar against your Enemies, and he who
 “ loves not *Mirglip* and *Nourenki*, is a Traitor to
 “ his Prince. Nor think it, constant Pair, a small
 “ Conquest I have made, for even yet, while
 “ Reason and while Justice persuade me to bless
 “ you, Intemperance and Passion urge to your
 “ Destruction; therefore withdraw, lest some
 “ fond Sigh from fair *Nourenki*’s Breast, kindle
 “ anew the Fever of my Blood.”

Lemack, who was thunderstruck at the unexpected Change, had Time, in some Measure, to recover, while *Adbim* spoke, and, Courtier like, he employed it, in framing a Compliment, which, though true, yet came but awkwardly from the Mouth of the fat Speaker.

“ Thou hast indeed, most noble Sultan,
 “ blessed this happy Pair; now let not *Mirglip*’s
 “ Temperance be more remembered, for thou,
 “ O *Adbim*, by this single Deed, hast shewn
 “ more Mastery of thy Passions, than this *Per-*
 “ *sian* has atcheived in all his Life.”

“ True, noble Viziar, answered the thankful
 “ *Mirglip*, to obey the Dictates of Temperance
 “ and Virtue, where Obedience is our greatest
 “ Pleasure, and our best Reward, argues but
 “ little Merit; to boast in such a Cause, were
 “ to call natural Appetite a Virtue; but to give
 “ up Desire, Possession, and a hundred fancied
 “ Charms, to follow rigid Virtue, this indeed
 “ enobles

“ enobles Man, and makes the Prince his People’s Parent, and his Subject’s Joy.”

“ Nor think, O virtuous Sultan, said the fair *Nourenki*, falling at his Feet, that thy Slave’s Beauties are too great to gaze on, though glowing with a Sense of royal *Adbim*’s generous Kindness; shall not these watry Eyes, which thou hast blest, O Sultan, reflect more Pleasure on thy Soul, than all the brutal Joys which Force could give thee: Yes, noble *Adbim*, continued she, clasping his Knees, thou art our Father, and our Prince, and from thy Bounties, as from the lofty Mountains, flow the Streams of Goodness on thy lowly Slaves.”

The generous *Adbim*, overcome by the Gratitude of his Slaves, dropped his Arms on them, as they kneeled at his Feet, and wept over them, and said to his Viziar, with a Sigh, “ *Lemack*, I feel more Joy in this one Action, than all my Labors past have ever given me; but I long to see the reverend Father of this beautiful Virgin, from whom such Virtues are derived.”

“ Joy of thy Slaves, and Sovereign of Hearts, answered *Mirglip*, we are bound by every Tie to do as thou commandest, and the good *Pbesoj Ecneps*, when he hears how greatly *Adbim* has condescended to bless his Slaves, will

“ will, doubtless, haste to fall prostrate before
 “ thy Footstool.”

“ There is no Need of that, answered *Adhim*,
 “ your Father doubtless, wishes not again to
 “ enter the busy Scene of Life, and mix with
 “ anxious Courtiers; and much Instruction
 “ shall thy Sultan lose, if *Phesoj Ecneps* regards me
 “ as the Prince of *Persia*; for though the Sove-
 “ reign of a Kingdom, I am not yet above the wise
 “ Direction of a temperate Sage, whose Heart
 “ uncantered with the Rust of Gold, sends forth
 “ the purest Streams of Piety and Truth: Yes,
 “ *Mirglip*, I am resolved in secret Guise to tread
 “ those Paths, where thou hast learned the first
 “ great Wisdom to be good, that I may kindle
 “ at the glorious Presence of your animating
 “ Sage, and treasure up such Knowledge as shall
 “ bless my People.”

The astonished *Lemack* heard the Resolutions
 of *Adhim* with Surprise, and feared, lest his Sul-
 tan should require his Presence, at the mortifying
 Lectures of the good Dervise of the Groves;
 but his grim Countenance shone with Joy, when
Adhim, taking him aside, declared his Intenti-
 ons of leaving the Reigns of Government in
 his Hands till his Return.

The subtle Viziar hearing his Resolutions,
 fell at his Sultan's Feet, and besought him not
 to think of hazarding his Life alone amongst

Strangers ; and that if he was resolved to persist, at least he hoped, that he would take him to the Dervise, that he might enjoy both the Company of his Prince and the Lessons of the Sage.

The unsuspicious Sultan assured his Viziar, that he should take all necessary Precautions, but that *Lemack* must submit to hold the Reins of Government till his Return ; and in the mean Time, he commanded his Viziar to send for a Cadi, and to make all Preparations in the Palace for the Nuptials of *Mirglip* and *Nourenbi*.

The City of *Raglai*, and the Inhabitants of the Plane of *Orez*, were surpris'd at the sudden Alteration in *Mirglip*'s Favor, which was soon published about the Palaces and Cities ; and every Wish was, that *Adhim* would resume the Power of administering Justice to his People, and not leave his Slaves in the Hands of the Viziar *Lemack*.

Adhim caused the Nuptials of *Mirglip* and *Nourenbi* to be celebrated with all Magnificence ; and *Mirglip*, who had received so much from the Hands of his Prince, easily submitted to the Pageantry of the Court.

Two Moons after the Marriage of *Mirglip*, *Adhim* sent for his Favorite, and reminded him of his Promise ; and told him, that he intended

to pass for the Son of a Nobleman, who was desirous of enjoying the Instructions of his Father-in-law.

Mirglip and *Nourenbi* were rejoiced to hear, that *Adhim* intended to put his former Resolution in Execution; for they were both anxious to see the good Dervise of the Groves, and to acquaint him with the unexpected Liberality of their Prince; and the Constraint of a Court was disagreeable to both, as *Nourenbi* had too much Virtue to give Encouragement to every Fop that endeavoured to entertain her, and *Mirglip* was too temperate to join in the Pleasures or the Scandal of the Emirs around him.

The Time of their Departure shortly arrived, and the Sultan and his two Companions, *Mirglip* and *Nourenbi*, passed through the eastern Gate of the Citadel in Palanquins, as Part of the Family of the old Emir *Holam*, whom the Sultan had intrusted with the Secret of his Departure.

For three Days they travelled Eastward, and on the fourth, they entered a Plane, on the Right of which stood a noble Grove of Cedars and Palms.

“It is now Time, said *Mirglip*, (who was their Guide) for us to send away these Slaves back to *Raglai*, that none may know the Recess which hides our Father *Phesoj Eneeps* from the Eye of Power.”

316 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

The Slaves being dismissed, *Mirglip*, and his Sultan, and the beauteous *Nourenbi*, walked forward into the Grove, and the young *Persian*, by secret Marks, led them about two Miles into the Centre of the Grove.

The Walk under the Cedars and Palms, tho' irregular, was pleasant and easy; and the Surface of the Earth was covered either with Moss or Sand, which, as no Sun could penetrate, was cool and refreshing to the Feet of the Travellers.

Having reached the Center of the Grove, they beheld a small irregular Lawn, through which ran a narrow clear Stream; over this they passed, by the Assistance of a rough Bridge, made of unhewn Timber, which brought them toward a Plantation of Laurels, Plantanes, youthful Cedars, and small flowering Shrubs.

Through this delightful Recess they trod in mazy Paths, till they beheld a second Lawn, smaller than the former, at the End of which appeared a neat and plain Cottage, yet light and airy.

“Yonder, said *Mirglip*, O Sultan, is the
 “Retreat of the happy *Phesaj Ecneps*; and now
 “permit me for a Time to forget the Honor due
 “unto my Prince, and to look upon *Adhim*,
 “the magnificent, as the Pupil of the poor
 “Dervise of the Groves.”

“The

“ The Pupil of Virtue, O *Mirglip*, said the
 “ enraptured *Adhim*, is more glorious than the
 “ Monarch of Vice ; and the Soul of *Adhim*
 “ has more ardent Longings in this little Spot,
 “ than it has ever experienced on the Towers of
 “ *Orez*.”

To this the good *Mirglip* could make no Re-
 ply, for he perceived the Dervise coming forth
 from his Cottage, and he ran and embraced the
 Knees of his Friend and his Father.

“ My good *Mirglip*, said *Pbesoj Ecneps*, with
 “ a joyous Smile, you have made the Heart of
 “ a poor Dervise flutter within him ; a pleasing
 “ Distress hangs on me, and the bright Beams
 “ of Goodness on thine Eyes, revive my sinking
 “ Soul.”

“ Thou art indeed all Goodness, said *Mirglip*,
 “ washing his trembling Hand with Tears ; and
 “ so full of Virtue and Wisdom, that you seem
 “ to behold your own Perfections in the meanest
 “ of your Friends ; if *Mirglip* has a Thought
 “ that rises toward Heaven, thou, with thy
 “ pious Breath hast blown it thither ; from thee
 “ flows all the Comfort I enjoy, to thee be all
 “ my Praise.”

“ *Mirglip*, said the Dervise gently, you have
 “ a courtly Phrase, and would sooth my Ears
 “ with Prayers instead of Praises ; indeed,
 “ my good Friend, I am neither *Alla*, nor his
 “ Prophet,

318 THE TALES OF THE GENIE.

“ Prophet, but a weak old Man, who cannot,
 “ by his Taste, distinguish sweet from sour;
 “ and therefore you do play upon my Weakness,
 “ as though I had forgotten, that God were
 “ alone the Giver of every Blessing.”

Mirglip blushed at the gentle Reproof of the good-natured Dervise, and was ashamed of that Part of his Salute, which Love, rather than Reason, had dictated.

“ It is enough, said *Pbesej Ecneps*; forgive
 “ me *Mirglip*, you know I seldom chide, unless
 “ my God be slighted; in his Cause, though
 “ Weakness be our Strength, yet must we ever
 “ arm, not to support his Power, but to declare
 “ our own Obedience; for all the Host of
 “ *Persia* could not create a Grain of Sand to
 “ swell his Seas, or in his fleeting Clouds sus-
 “ pend one falling Drop.”

“ Lost in Attention, I could ever hang upon
 “ the Honey of those Lips; but thy fair Daugh-
 “ ter, the beauteous *Nourenbi*, said *Mirglip*, is
 “ at hand, and waits, with a young *Persian*
 “ Nobleman, who pants to hear thy sweet in-
 “ structive Tongue.”

“ My Daughter, saidst thou, kind *Persian*,
 “ my lost *Nourenbi*! Is she with thee, on the
 “ Plane? O bring her to my Arms, and thou
 “ shall see me weaker still than ere thou yet hast
 “ known me.”

Mirglip

Mirglip was strongly affected at the passionate Expressions of the tender Dervise, and he feared he had been too precipitate in disclosing to him the Return of his Daughter; but the Fears of *Mirglip* were unjust, for the Tenderness of the Father, when *Mirglip* led his Daughter to the Dervise, did but increase his Piety to *Alla*.

“ O righteous *Alla*, said the affectionate Parent, as he embraced his Daughter in his Arms, blessed be thy Name, for thy Comforts have refreshed my Soul! nevertheless, teach me, O Father of Life, to love thee above all Things !”

Adhim was not an idle Spectator in this tender Interview, for the Piety of the Dervise enlarged his Soul, and he looked upward toward the Heavens, and contemplated his own Meanness, and the Glories of *Alla*.

“ I see! I see! said the enraptured Sultan, that neither Riches, nor Honor, nor Power, nor Might, nor Beauty, nor Dominion, can ennoble the Soul of Man, which then only is most glorious when it is most humble in itself, and most grateful to *Alla* !”

The Dervise, whose Joy and pious Sentiments at the Recovery of his Daughter, had for a few Moments taken his Thoughts from the Stranger, was startled at his noble Exclamation, and excusing himself to him, he said,

“ Pardon

" Pardon me, noble Stranger, in that I have
 " neglected to thank you for the Honor you
 " do this poor Cottage by your Presence; but
 " the Calls of Nature are strong, and she will
 " strive to be obeyed: In our Weakness is her
 " Strength, and happy are they who do not al-
 " ways blindly follow her undistinguishing Im-
 " pulse. Attempered by Reason, and awed
 " by Religion, her lively Sallies are the great
 " Springs of human Actions; and had we no
 " Passion, we should need no Instruction."

" Alas, continued the Sage, I forget that
 " your Natures, my Children, (for so, O
 " Stranger, I esteem all who enter under this
 " Roof) are harrassed and exhausted by the
 " Fatigues of your Journey; rest, I pray you,
 " on these mossy Seats, and I will set a few
 " Roots, and a Bowl of Water, drawn fresh
 " from the Stream, before you; the poor Der-
 " vish of the Groves has nothing more to offer
 " you; but even these, perhaps, said he, set-
 " ting them before his Guests, may become
 " more grateful to you, when you reflect, that
 " they all are the Bounties and Blessings of *Alla*;
 " and that there is more Wisdom discovered in
 " the Growth of a Root, than is displayed in
 " the most sumptuous Entertainment of the
 " Sultan of *Persia*,"

" Pardon me, noble Stranger, in that I have
 " neglected to thank you for the Honor you
 " do this poor Cottage by your Presence; but
 " the Calls of Nature are strong, and she will
 " strive to be obeyed: In our Weakness is her
 " Strength, and happy are they who do not al-
 " ways blindly follow her undistinguishing Im-
 " pulse. Attempered by Reason, and awed
 " by Religion, her lively Sallies are the great
 " Springs of human Actions; and had we no
 " Passion, we should need no Instruction."

Addim

Adhim was pleased at the easy Conversation of the good Dervise, who on every Subject, found an agreeable Method of mixing his Instructions with his Hospitality and Good-humor.

After their frugal Repast was finished, *Mirglip* told the Dervise by what Means he became possessed of his Daughter; and that the Sultan of *Persia* ordered the Nuptials to be celebrated in his Palace at *Orez*; and the good *Persian* was happy in the Opportunity of displaying his generous Sentiments before *Adhim*, who was unable to suppress the Relation.

Pbesoj Ecneps was so much enraptured with the Description of *Adhim*, that he told the disguised Monarch, he was sure the Sultan must be like him; which so confounded *Adhim*, that he had discovered himself to one whose Eyes had not been dimmed by Study and Age.

The fair *Nourenbi* then began her Tale, from her Separation from the good Dervise, her Father, to her meeting with *Mirglip*, in the Palace of *Adhim*.

“You may remember, Sir, said she, we
 “were walking at the Extremity of the Grove
 “of Palms and Cedars, and sighing at the
 “Loss of my dear Sister *Kaphira*, when the
 “Minions of the Vizar *Lemack* arrived at the
 “Entrance of the Wood, and seeing a Female,
 “persued me through the Groves: It was in

“ that you called upon me to stop, I feared that
 “ even the Eloquence of my Father, would be
 “ disregarded by the merciless Brutes who
 “ were sent by the proud Viziar, to ransack
 “ the Provinces of *Persia*, and therefore I fled;
 “ and with Reluctance returned when two of
 “ them had overtaken me in the Wood: After
 “ we reached your Presence, the Distress of my
 “ Father hung more heavy on my Imagination
 “ than the Evils I was likely to suffer, and
 “ even *Mirglip* was forgotten, when I saw the
 “ trickling Tears steal softly down the Cheeks
 “ and the Silver Beard of my honored Parent.

“ The Officers of the Viziar shewing their
 “ Orders, to seize on every Female they thought
 “ capable of pleasing their Master, my Father
 “ found it in vain to resist, and therefore, only
 “ begged Leave to speak a few Words in pri-
 “ vate to me, which *Nourenbi* never can forget.
 “ My Child, said he, we are the Creatures
 “ of *Alla*, and whatever the Hand of Power
 “ or Oppression worketh, is by his Permission;
 “ therefore bear with Calmness and Modera-
 “ tion the Afflictions of Life, and in whatever
 “ Station it shall please the just One to place
 “ thee, let this Retirement of thy Father be
 “ never reveled.

“ This was all I was suffered to hear; the
 “ Officers surrounded me, and carried me shriek-
 “ ing

“ ing and crying across the Plane, toward the
“ City of *Raglai*.

“ In a few Days, we reached the Viziar’s
“ Palace, and I found several hundred other
“ Virgins in the same Situation with myself;
“ but they rejoiced at their Fortune, and what
“ threw me into the greatest Distress, was to
“ them the highest Enjoyment.

“ The Viziar *Lemack* selected but a few of
“ our Number, among which, I unhappily,
“ as I then thought, was placed in a foremost
“ Rank: But the gracious *Alla*, whose Ways
“ are unsearchable, made me happy by deny-
“ ing me what most I wished for; and by send-
“ ing me into the Palace of the Sultan, gave
“ the virtuous *Mirglip* to my constant Arms.”

“ And I, said the good *Pbesoj Ecneps*, em-
“ bracing his Daughter, and the virtuous *Mir-*
“ *glip*, who arose to kneel before him, I will
“ constantly beseech the Father of all Men, to
“ sanctify and bless you; nor shall ye my
“ good Children despise the Blessing of your
“ Father, which *Alla* hath ever honored with
“ peculiar Efficacy.”

The good old Man then entered warmly
into the Praises of the generous *Adbim*, and the
disguised Sultan was obliged to bear a disagree-
able Part in his own Praises, till Evening warned

the happy Family to retire to their respective Couches.

Two Slaves were all that *Phefoj Ecneps* employed in his Household; one had formerly preserved his Master's Life beside a dangerous Precipice; and he, the good Dervise would say, claimed a constant Return of Tendernefs, while that Life remained which he had preserved: The other, animated by the bright Pattern of his Master's Virtues, preferred the Enjoyment of the good Dervise's Prefence, to the Liberty he had frequently offered him.

These attended the disguised Sultan and the happy *Mirglip* to their separate Apartments, where nothing luxurious or inconvenient appeared.

Early in the Dawn of Morn, when the Birds of the Grove began their natural Hymns of Praise for the returning Bounties of the Day, the Dervise arose, and dressed in neat and artless Simplicity, he entered a small Mosque, which was built at one Extremity of his Cottage, and where *Mirglip*, knowing the Custom of his Father-in-law, had before brought *Adbim* and *Nourenbi*.

The Dervise first saluted his Guests with a pleasing Chearfulness; and then, putting on the Robes of Religion, he began the Morning Devotions of the Faithful; mixing a lively Sense
of

of the Mercies of *Alla*, with an humble Depend-
ance on his Will, and diffusing the Heart-felt
Joy which possessed his Soul, into the Minds of
his attentive Family.

As he had finished his Devotions, the much-
affected *Adbim* went toward him, and embracing
him in his Arms,

“ O holy Dervise, said he, forgive my Emo-
“ tions, but I must thank thy good religious
“ Heart, for carrying me so near the Heavens
“ of my God ! Could every *Persian* hear thee
“ pray, the Mosque would be the Seat of Plea-
“ sure, and *Adbim* our Sultan, would leave the
“ Palaces of *Orez*, to live with thee in the
“ Temples of *Alla*.”

“ My good and noble Pupil, said *Phesoj*
“ *Ecneps*, gently squeezing his Hand, I am
“ pleased to find you animated by the holy
“ Truths of Religion ; but your Transports
“ incline me to believe, you have not heretofore
“ thought so frequently on the Subject ; the
“ Voice of Religion, my good Friend, is still
“ and calm, is gentle and serene, nor elevated
“ by Passion, nor depressed by Despair, but
“ constant and uniform ; the Result of Reason,
“ and the Daughter of Truth ; born for the
“ World, and living for each other : Religion
“ aims not to hide us from Mankind, but to
“ teach us the amiable Lessons of social Har-
“ mony,

326 THE TALES OF THE GENIL

“mony, as well as the humble Expressions of
 “religious Hope; each Morn we rise, our
 “Duty first to God we owe, and next to Man;
 “and to enter not the Mosque with Prayer and
 “Thanksgiving, is an unpardonable Neglect;
 “but to hide ourselves always in it, from the
 “useful Duties of Life, would be to bury those
 “Talents, which *Alla* hath given us to im-
 “prove,

“I see you Smile, continued the Dervise, and
 “I guess your Thoughts; sequestered in this
 “pleasant Valley from Mankind, you look on
 “*Phesaj Ecneps* as a Rebel to his own Instructi-
 “ons; but different Stations best become the
 “different Stages of our Life: Once like your-
 “selves, Youth strung my Nerves, and Health
 “gave Vigor to my Arm, my Voice was heard
 “among the People, and I read continually the
 “Law of our Prophet in the Mosques of *Is-
 pa-*
 “*ban*; till some of our reverend Fathers sent me
 “forth with certain of the Sons of the Emirs of
 “the *Persian* Court, to travel over the King-
 “doms of the Earth, and guide their opening
 “Minds to useful Knowledge; that, like the
 “industrious Bee, gathering the Honey of each
 “various Clime, they might return laden with
 “the best Riches of a Nation, sound Policy,
 “and experienced Wisdom; nor blush I to de-
 “clare, O noble Guest, that *Adhim* owes the
 “wisest

“ wisest of his Emirs to my fostering Care, tho’
 “ little be the Praise to *Phesaj Eneps* due, who
 “ but in gentle Whispers, guided those Streams
 “ of Virtue, which appeared in the Minds of
 “ the young Nobles committed to his Charge.
 “ These Offices discharged, a private Duty led
 “ me to this blissful Seat, the Gift of one, who
 “ fondly glories in the Name of Pupil. Here
 “ an aged Parent, depressed by Years, though
 “ cheerful and resigned, called for the fond
 “ Duties of a tender Son; and here my long-
 “ lost *Marinak* blessed my Arms with two fair
 “ beauteous Daughters, whose Minds, like open-
 “ ing Buds of fairest Blossoms, I have watched;
 “ and as each beauteous Tint displayed its
 “ Charms, I with soft Hand gave every Leaf its
 “ Place and Order, till my dear-loved *Kaphira*
 “ strayed, I know not how, from her fond Pa-
 “ rent’s Hut, and since, no Traces of her Foot-
 “ steps can we find.”

Here the good Dervise paused; the dear Re-
 membrance of his happy Family, drew pious
 Tears adown his reverend Cheeks; but turning
 quickly toward his royal Guest,

“ Stranger, said he, these are not Tears of
 “ Weakness; but of Love, and these I glory in;
 “ the Heart which cannot feel the tender Ties of
 “ social Harmony, is more or less than human;
 “ to be above the Calls of Nature I boast not,

“ to

“to be beneath them I scorn ; as Heaven gave
 “me Appetites and Passions, these shall I with
 “to wear, and guide aright, nor aim at that
 “vain Philosophy, which would give to feeble
 “Man the unfeeling Attributes of Stone.”

“But reverend Sage, said *Mirglip*, thou hast
 “taught thy Guest but half thy Virtues ; for
 “know, O noble Stranger, there’s not a Family
 “within ten Leagues of this plain Cottage,
 “but feels the good Effect of *Phesoj Ecneps*
 “Presence ; the Youth of either Sex he places
 “under proper Tutors and Directors, and makes
 “the rising Progeny of *Persia* both loyal to their
 “Prince, and dutious to their God. These
 “Streams indeed in secret flow, and as the
 “Moon, by Night, which tho’ she but reflects the
 “vigorous Rays of the overshadowed Sun, seems
 “not to borrow, but to give her Light : So are
 “the Minds of all this Sage’s Neighbours culti-
 “vated, while few can see the Light which
 “kindles up their Virtues.”

“Fie, *Mirglip*, said the good Dervise, to
 “destroy the little Merit of thy Friend, by
 “blazing it abroad. What we give in secret,
 “we give as *Alla*’s Stewards ; and unknown our-
 “selves, on *Alla*, where alone ’tis due, the
 “Honor is reflected : But when our Charities
 “go forth, confessed as our own meritorious
 “Service,

“ Service, we bid Mankind give Praise to us,
 “ for what is not our own.”

“ Nay, but said *Mirglip*, to speak before
 “ our Friend, is not to give our Voice to pub-
 “ lick Fame, though *Pbesoj Ecneps* Virtues well
 “ deserve its loudest Blast; but shall not this
 “ generous Stranger hear, how much the Der-
 “ vise of these Groves exemplifies the Virtues
 “ which he teaches, when, with a fond gene-
 “ rous Affection, he made the Life of his
 “ dear honored Mother smile in Age, and happy
 “ in Affliction; when the chief Glories of his
 “ youthful Soul, were to please her that gave
 “ him Birth; when, like the Stork, he made
 “ the Nest of Comfort for his Parent, and bore
 “ her into Light and Life on his industrious
 “ Wings; then, pleased alone with all Man-
 “ kind, when they were pleased with her. Or
 “ view him in his Friendship unreserved, and
 “ blessing all around him, the virtuous Smile
 “ light up where’er he stepped, and Peace and
 “ Joy attending at his Side. Or see him con-
 “ descending to the meanest of Mankind, dif-
 “ fusing Comfort, and enlightening Ignorance,
 “ pleased at each reflected Ray of Knowledge
 “ which he shed, and healing what the Rage of
 “ Poverty or Vice had maimed. Or view him in
 “ a stronger and a pious Light, his Soul in Tran-
 “ sports rising to the Throne of Grace, his Body
 Vol. II. U u humble,

“ humble, prostrate, and submissive; no Thought
 “ of his own Merit intervening, to damp Reli-
 “ gion with the Cloak of Sin.”

“ O my Friend, said *Pbesoj Ecneps*, interrupting
 “ *Mirglip*, 'tis rude indeed to break upon thy
 “ Speech, and I have suffered while my Pupil
 “ praised me, because this noble Stranger will
 “ believe, O *Mirglip*, that Midst the Lessons of the
 “ Grove, the Voice of Flattery has not been
 “ shunned; Adulation is intemperate Love, or
 “ base Hypocrisy; the last can ne'er be *Mirglip*'s
 “ Vice, the first is his Misfortune; generous
 “ in his Soul, he over-rates the little Favors
 “ which his Friend has shewn him, and seeking
 “ to make him great, he makes him mean.”

“ Indeed, answered *Mirglip*, it grieves me,
 “ pious Dervise, in ought to differ from thy
 “ amiable Sentiments; to nothing but his own
 “ Perfections is *Pbesoj Ecneps* blind, and rather
 “ had his Modesty concele the brightest Pattern
 “ of Humanity, than that the World in Whis-
 “ pers should declare from whence they caught
 “ the Virtues of their Heart.”

“ The World, said *Pbesoj Ecneps*, gentle
 “ *Mirglip*, is unconfined by Language or by
 “ Seas; and *Persia*, to this Earth, appears but
 “ as a Spot; yet even in *Persia*, the Dervise of
 “ the Groves at present is unknown; how weak
 “ then for the idle Pigmy to stretch his slender
 “ Neck

“ Neck the Distance of a Grain of Rice, and
 “ fancy all Men must admire him.—But I
 “ stop, for much I fear, my Words are but an
 “ Exercise for further Flattery : Let us walk,
 “ my Friends, around the little Spot, which I,
 “ with Nature, jointly cultivate.”

The friendly Company obeyed the Voice of the Dervise, and the good *Phefoj Ecneps* crossing the Lawn, led them in the rising Plantation before his Cottage.

Here, in the irregular Walks, they beheld several Seats, on which the Dervise looked with a pleasing Complacency, and seemed at sight of each, to smother in his Mind some private Thought.

“ Royal *Adhim*, said *Mirglip*, whispering the
 “ Sultan, we shall lose a great Part of our
 “ Pleasure, in this short Excursion, if you
 “ do not notice the silent Transports of our
 “ Friend.”

Adhim, obeying the Impulse of *Mirglip*, went toward the Dervise, and said,

“ Forgive me, generous Dervise, if I a Mo-
 “ ment interrupt your pleasing Meditations ;
 “ but I see your Countenance glow with pecu-
 “ liar Pleasure at each Seat we visit ; sure some
 “ fond Remembrance strikes you, and if it were
 “ just in us to ask it, that which gives such Joy to
 “ *Phefoj Ecneps*’s virtuous Soul, cannot but en-

“ liven the Hearts of his obedient and attentive
 “ Pupils.”

“ These Seats, said the good Dervise of the
 “ Groves, which first I raised to rest my wea-
 “ ried Limbs, Reflection dedicated to the
 “ Memory of my virtuous Friends, whose
 “ loved Images alternately strike my Fancy
 “ as I walk. Perhaps, to hear their different
 “ Trials, and their constant Victories o’er Life’s
 “ uncertain Passions may be no unpleasing
 “ Entertainment; at least indulge my friendly
 “ Zeal, which loves to shew deserved Honors
 “ on religious Actions.”

Thus spake the Dervise, and seated his Com-
 pany beside him.

“ The first Memorial of Friendship, said he,
 “ we have already passed, and tho’ dedicated to
 “ my chief Affections, I shall not affront my se-
 “ cond Friend, whose Idea here, by constant Prac-
 “ tice, fills my Mind, to sound another’s Praises in
 “ his little Temple. This Seat, O *Ellor*, was
 “ raised to thee: Sweet *Ellor*! gentle Com-
 “ panion of my former Years! with thee, I
 “ trained my early Mind to Piety and Virtue,
 “ and polished by thy inviting Converse, Life
 “ lost her rough ungrateful Sting, and every
 “ Change brought Comfort to my Mind.

“ This next sequestered Seat, said the good
 “ Dervise, walking onward, revives the Me-
 “ mory

" mory of peaceful *Yeliab*, a Name sacred to
 " every social Virtue; whose Heart, untrou-
 " bled by Ambition, yields only to the tender
 " Calls of Nature and Humanity; nor tho'
 " sequestered from the World, as is this Bench
 " from the Sun's fiery Heat by the o'erspread-
 " ing Cedar, is *Yeliab* therefore lost to publick
 " Duties; the Orphan claims, without a Fee,
 " his just Assistance, nor claims in vain; and
 " the Poor do bless him daily for Benevolence
 " unsought."

The Dervise then passed out of the rising
 Plantation with his Company, and led them
 beside the small Stream, till they arrived oppo-
 site two little Islands, which were planted with
 the overspreading *Larix*; between which Islands,
 a Rock, covered with Shells, lifted up its irre-
 gular Head.

" These Islands once, said the good Dervise,
 " were barren and uncovered, but with assiduous
 " Care, I raised these waving Heads upon
 " them, and gave their naked Surface the Ho-
 " nors of the Forest."

" Why Dervise, interrupted *Adbim*, it would
 " require the mightiest Engines to move these
 " Trees."

" Now, replied *Pbesoj Ecneps*, it might, but
 " thy Servant was content to raise their infant
 " Shoots from the bursting Seed, and every
 " Year

“ Year hath blessed me with a new Appearance;
 “ improving hourly on my admiring Fancy, I
 “ force not Nature, gentle Pupil, but I court
 “ her, and see her wide extended Arms return
 “ my Love.”

The Sultan stood some Time admiring the
 magnificent Appearance of each Island of *Larix*,
 and it damp'd his Pride, to reflect that the Plan-
 tations of the Dervise were gaining new Vigor
 from every returning Sun, while his exhausted
 Cedars were drooping their majestick Heads in
 the Planes of *Orez*.

They had now reached a third Seat, which
 looked on the Rock and the Islands.

“ Lively *Symac*, cried the Dervise, somewhat
 “ elevated, here do we recollect thy bright and
 “ humorous Converse, where Sprightliness took
 “ Hand with Virtue, and Laughter only pointed
 “ its keen Raillery at Impudence and Vice :
 “ Nor Laughter bred Intemperance, but was
 “ employed to elevate the Soul, and not
 “ misguide the Passions ; knowing that our
 “ wise all-seeing Master gave us Smiles to
 “ sweeten Life, thou dost make Goodness cheer-
 “ ful, and restore to slighted Virtue the Joys
 “ which Sin hath long in vain usurped ; nor
 “ loaded with the grievous Pains of Sickness
 “ or Affliction, sinks thy generous Mind, but
 “ while Torture wrecks thy Face, thine Eye
 “ still

“ still sparkles, and like the smothered Flame,
 “ breaks forth, and conquers every Weight
 “ above it.

“ When Life’s amusing Scenes are past, when
 “ Anguish cometh, and the dark long Day is
 “ lengthened out by Bitterness of Woe, even
 “ then my *Symac* can enjoy in Fancy what is
 “ past, and in Patience wait the future Mercies
 “ of the bounteous *Alla*.

“ And here, continued the good Dervise, be-
 “ side him is the Seat of *Eloc*, calm and affa-
 “ ble ; a constant Worshipper of *Alla* and his
 “ Prophet ; one, whose mild Instructions sink
 “ deep, whose Reason pleases, and whose Speech
 “ informs : Unsuspicious, easy, and resigned,
 “ he views the stormy World with steady Eye,
 “ nor studies to avoid, by Flight ungenerous, the
 “ casual Ills of Life, nor fears to meet them.”

The good Dervise then led his Pupils forward toward the Grove, where, mixed with opening Spots and sheltered Walks, he brought them onward to another Seat.

“ Friend of my Bosom, here *Serabi* holds my
 “ Heart ; our mutual Esteem from early Confi-
 “ dence arose, and happy I beheld him Favorite
 “ of Fortune, till a sudden Blast overset his prof-
 “ perous Bark, and every former Hope was
 “ lost. Then most I loved him, rising from
 “ the Furnace of Affliction with a noble Mind,

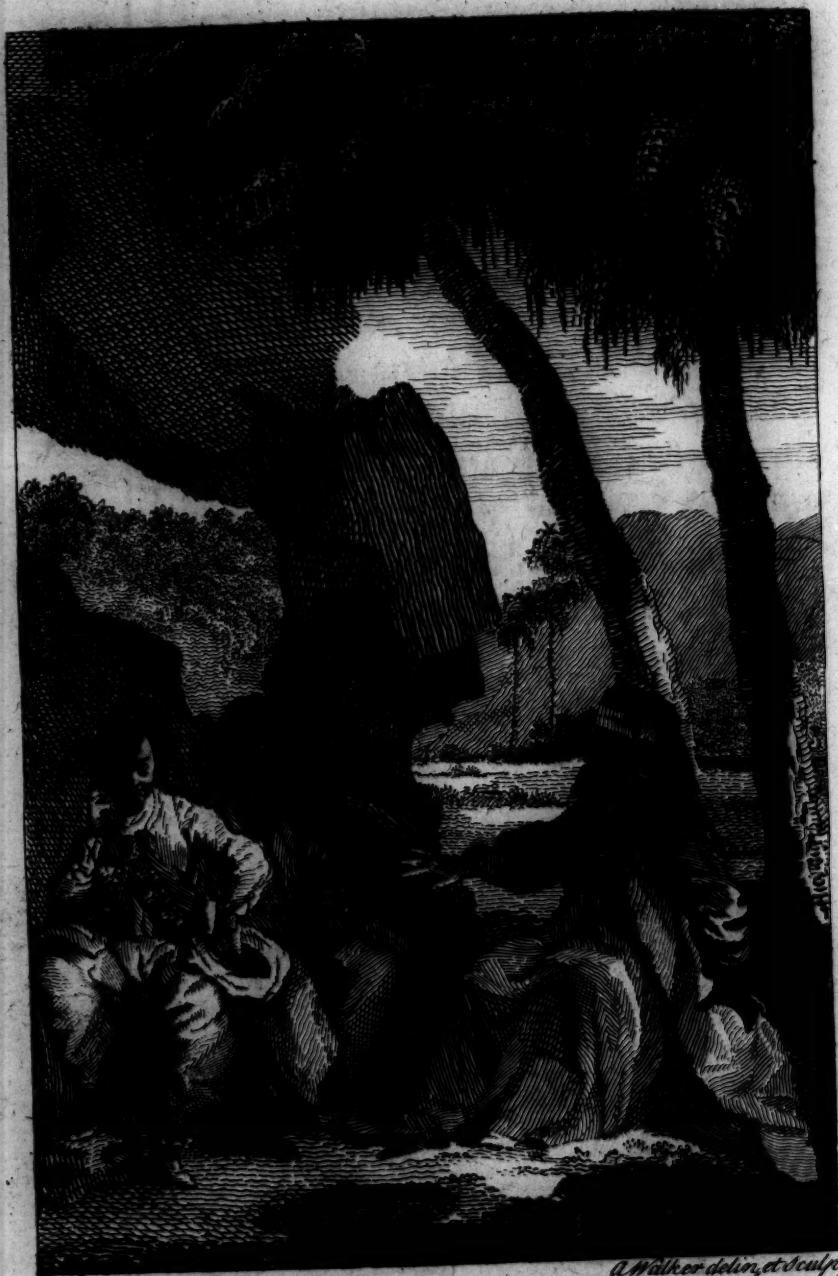
“ and leaving every Tie of Nature and of
 “ Friendship, to seek alone his Means of Living
 “ in a distant Clime ; where now, obedient to
 “ his Prophet’s Precepts, he teaches those around
 “ him, not to trust the flattering Dreams of pre-
 “ sent Life.”

Mirglip perceiving the Sage had finished his Encomiums on *Serabi*, proceeded to the Seat of *Norloc*, which was artfully hidden beneath the surrounding Branches which rose above it.

“ Concealed by studious Labors from the
 “ World, said *Pbesoj Ecneps*, yet never from my
 “ Mind, shall *Norloc*’s righteous Image stray,
 “ whose opening Mind surmounted all the Ob-
 “ structions Penury could cast upon it, and
 “ with eager and industrious Toil fathomed the
 “ Depths of Learning and of Science. But
 “ what, alas, avails thy learned Stores ! Those
 “ whom thou hast taught, shall rise above thee,
 “ and thou find no Reward on Earth, that the
 “ just *Alla* may reward thy Patience more here-
 “ after !”



6 MA 57



A. Walker delin. et sculp.
 MIRGLIP and ADHIM hearing the Instructions of
 PHESOJ ECNEPS The Dervise of the Groves.



THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE
OF MIRGLIP, THE PERSIAN; OR
PHESOJ ECNEPS, THE DERVISE OF
THE GROVES.

“ **B**UT if the Seat of *Norloc*, said
“ *Mirglip*, is concealed, yonder
“ Bench, however, is sufficiently
“ exalted, which looks upon half
“ the Provinces of *Persia*, from the Eminence
“ of that steep and lofty Rock.”

“ We will ascend the Mountain, said the
“ good Dervise, and examine the Prospects
“ which lie before it, and when our Minds are
“ filled with the wide extended Scenes in View,
“ we will still increase our Astonishment, by
“ considering the Extent of his Learning, to
“ whom the Summit of that Rock is justly
“ dedicated.”

A spiral Path winding easily round the Mountain, soon brought the Dervise and his Company to the Seat of *Stebi*; from whence appeared on the left Hand the *Caspian Sea*, and before them,

and on the Right, lay extended the wide Dominions of *Adhim* the Magnificent.

“ The View of this Territory, said the disguised Sultan, would fill me with Surprise, did I not recollect the Promise of the Dervise, to lay open before me the wonderful Acquisitions of his Friends.”

“ The Realms you see before you, said *Phesoj Ecneps*, contain a People, among whom the *Persian* Language alone is used; but *Stebi*, the Friend of my Bosom, is Master of every various Speech which *Asia* knows; nay more, doth understand the different Language, both of ancient and of modern *Europe*. But to him, Language is only the Handmaid of Knowledge; fraught with all the Science of each various Clime, with all the wonderful Truth Philosophy can teach, he climbs the Heavens, and explores her sparkling Stars; from Orbs extentricks drawing useful Learning, and reading in the wide Expanse, the mighty Work of him whose Wisdom planned the harmonious System of unnumbered Worlds.”

“ He then, said *Adhim*, is worthy of a Monarch's Notice, and fit to take his Station on the Towers of *Orez*, where *Adhim* hath invited the learned Sages of his Empire, to improve

“ improve that useful Study of the heavenly
“ Bodies.”

“ Alas, said the good Dervise, what is Me-
“ rit, when unassisted by a Courtier’s Smile?”

“ True, answered *Adhim*, (who well under-
“ stood the Artifices of Courts) the Officers of
“ State esteem each Place their Perquisite, and
“ Monarchy itself must yield to them, and
“ give his Courtiers Friends those Honors,
“ which more justly, in his private Mind, he
“ would confer on modest Merit.”

Mirglip smiled at the Observation of the dis-
guised Sultan, but he, willing to wave the Dis-
course, descended from the Mountain, and
looking forward, said to the good Dervise of
the Groves :

“ To whom is that Seat dedicated, which I
“ perceive is formed of rugged Roots, and seems
“ to offer but little Comfort to those who will
“ venture to seat themselves upon it ?”

“ This Place, said *Pbesoj Ecneps*, walking up
“ to it, myself did raise, in fond Remembrance of
“ *Smadac*’s zealous Friendship and unhappy Fate,
“ that I might not enjoy an ungenerous Ease,
“ while my anxious Thoughts did wander o’er
“ his cruel Fortunes. But why do I call them
“ cruel, since the abstemious Youth has but in-
“ creased his Virtues by Forbearance. The
“ Trials and the Conflicts of Life are no Misfor-

340 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“tunes, when Victory succeeds ; and *Smaddac*’s
 “Fame shall ever be remembered, who dared
 “with filial Piety encounter Love.”

“And Love so chaste and temperate, said
 “*Mirglip*, interrupting the good Dervise, that
 “might do Honor to the Breast of Purity it-
 “self ; and which, nor vain my Augury, our
 “holy Prophet shall ere long reward.”

“It must then, answered the good Dervise, first
 “meet with parental Blessings, for Heaven seldom
 “smiles, when Parents frown : Sometimes indeed
 “by Fortune blinded, or by Age misled, forget-
 “ful of their Offspring’s real Happiness, the Pa-
 “rent urges his Authority beyond the Laws of
 “God or Man, commanding Breach of Oaths,
 “or forced unnatural Union. Then *Alla* must
 “be first obeyed, for Parents who derive their
 “Power from him, can plead no Power to
 “break his holy Laws ; but oftener far,
 “thoughtless Affection springing from Fancy
 “or from Chance, the present Good unfelt, the
 “World untried, and Dreams of Happiness
 “which never shall be found, stir up the Chil-
 “dren to engage in miserable Alliance ; these
 “to prevent with tender Care by Mildness and
 “Affection, doth well become a Parent’s
 “Thought, whose riper Judgment hath al-
 “ready tried the various Scenes of Life ; whose
 “Expectations checked by the cold hopeless

“Whispers

“ Whispers of Experience, lead not to the air-
 “ built Fancies of a love-sick Brain.

“ Yet far from me be Speech which aims Dis-
 “ honor on the nuptial Vow, by soundest
 “ Policy approved, by every wise Man honored,
 “ and by *Alla* sanctified; the lawless Voice of
 “ wild Disorder shall cast its Scoffs in vain
 “ against connubial Truth, where Friendship
 “ holds its purest Empire o’er the Soul;
 “ where Love triumphant reigns, and from
 “ whose fruitful Progeny spring all the sweet
 “ endearing Blessings of Society, the Har-
 “ monies of Nature.”

“ But let us quit, said the good Dervise, this
 “ melancholy Scene, and rest a-while in yonder
 “ comfortable Bower, with easy smiling *Reza-*
 “ *lipb*; who, were he here, would join his
 “ ready Voice to deck our matrimonial Tri-
 “ umphs.”

“ He is then, said the disguised *Adhim*, the
 “ Father of a Family.”

“ Yes, continued the good Dervise, two
 “ smiling Boys hang on his Knees, like Clusters
 “ on the Vine; and *Rezalipb* is ever studious to
 “ implant his Virtues on their infant Minds.”

“ The Man who trains his Children in the
 “ Paths of Virtue, said *Adhim*, is the best Sub-
 “ ject that a Monarch knows.”

“ And

342 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ And feels, said *Mirglip*, the most exalted
 “ Pleasures of the human Heart; nor when
 “ outstretched upon the Bed of Death, can he
 “ be said to die, whose Virtues multiplied
 “ through all his Race, reflect his righteous
 “ Image to succeeding Worlds.”

The happy Family of *Pbesoi Ecneps* passed onward from the Seat of *Rezaliph*, through a narrow Path, shaded with the noblest Trees of the Grove, and advanced toward a small but beautiful Lawn, round which were planted several lofty Trees, under each of which the disguised Sultan beheld the Seats of Friendship and at the Extremity of the Lawn, he perceived the Cottage of the good Dervise of the Groves.

The Sultan stood some Time amazed, not considering that his Walk had been circular, and that he was again returned round to the Lawn which he had left; but he was satisfied of the Deception, when he observed on one Side of the Lawn, the Bench which they had first passed, without being acquainted with the Virtues of him to whom it was dedicated.

“ I see, said the good Dervise to him, that
 “ you are resolved I shall not forget my Friend,
 “ whom I have placed under yonder spreading
 “ Cedar of *Lebanon*, first in my Esteem, though
 “ last in the Order of our Walk. But here is
 “ also

“ also one, under this dark and majestick Cork-
 “ Tree, whom even *Adbim*, our Sultan, would
 “ rejoice to know. *Nael Ecaf*, the friendly
 “ and the upright ; in just Integrity of Heart
 “ and steady Virtue second to none.”

“ Nor is *Talpar* the mild and affable to be for-
 “ gotten : Nor the tender bounteous Heart of
 “ *Gapsac*, ever smiling on his Friend : Or the
 “ noble Spirit of *Eirruc*, indefatigable in his ge-
 “ nerous Attachments ; these each doth *Pbesoj*
 “ acknowledge as his Friends, and holds their
 “ Kindness as *Alla*’s choicest Blessing ; who gave
 “ us social Virtue, that in some Degree we
 “ might experience Heaven’s holiest Attribute,
 “ unbounded Love.”

“ The next Seat, said *Mirglip*, passing on-
 “ ward, is unworthy of our good Dervise’s
 “ Notice.”

“ What, replied *Pbesoj Ecneps* smiling, shall
 “ I forget my Son-in-Law, whom I have placed
 “ under this shady and elegant Tulip-Tree ?
 “ No : Kind Stranger, this Tree is dedicated
 “ to the Memory of my dear *Mirglip* ; and see
 “ how I have suited the Temple to the Inha-
 “ bitant ; how open and expanded are the
 “ Leaves of this Tree, like the generous Acti-
 “ ons of him they are designed to represent ;
 “ how noble and erect, and yet how pleasing ;
 “ the Stem, like the resolute Virtues of the
 “ affable

“ affable *Mirglip* ; and see, to mark him more,
 “ how exactly are the Leaves of this Tree in-
 “ dented.”

Adhim smiled at the chearful Sallies of the good Dervise, and walking forward toward an Acacia——“ To whom, said the disguised Sul-
 “ tan, is this airy Tree dedicated, and whom are
 “ we to recollect under its Shade ?”

“ One, said *Pbesoj*, who is like that Tree,
 “ both pleasing and agreeable while the Sun-
 “ shine of Life is upon him, but when the
 “ Clouds arise, and the Winds prevale, the
 “ Acacia is not more torn and broken with the
 “ Blast, than *Marob* is by the Violence of his
 “ Passion ; yet who is free from Weakness, or
 “ released from Error ; who can, through every
 “ Scene of Life, with Action just, and Manner
 “ blameless, support the perfect Character of
 “ faultless Man ?”

“ If such there be, continued the good Dervise,
 “ going up to the wide spreading Cedar, and bow-
 “ ing before the Seat, here, O Stranger, shall we
 “ find the Picture : Yes, Friend of my Bosom,
 “ bright Example whom I wish to copy, holy Der-
 “ vise of *Sumatra* ! thou art he whom Genius with
 “ her choicest Stores hath not honored more, than
 “ Virtue hath adorned with every Godlike Qua-
 “ lity of Mind ; to thee I look, as to the Spring
 “ and Fountain of all the Knowledge I enjoy ;
 “ but

“ but chiefly hast thou taught my wondering
 “ Soul the mighty Depths of *Alla's* Law; raised
 “ and instructed my darkened Sight, and o'er
 “ my wandering Thoughts cast all the amiable
 “ Light of heavenly Love. But who can paint
 “ the various Virtues of thy Soul, or give thy
 “ full Idea to the admiring World, as Parent,
 “ Husband, Friend, as Citizen of Earth, as
 “ Worshipper of *Alla*, or Teacher of Mankind?
 “ Though fraught with all the useful Knowledge
 “ of the World, yet easy, gracious, and mild,
 “ you seem to learn from those, whom you,
 “ with sweet Complacency instruct. Nor
 “ though by every good Man loved, admired,
 “ and revered, can Pride overwhelm thy
 “ Modesty of Thought!”

“ What, said *Adbim* starting, who is this of
 “ whom you speak in such fond Raptures? By
 “ *Mirglip's* Fame I first was roused to Love of
 “ Virtue, and looked on him as the great
 “ Pattern of superior Excellence, but he still
 “ onward led me, and described the temperate
 “ Lessons of his Father *Pbesoj Ecneps*, as the
 “ Seed from whence his Virtues sprung. And
 “ now, that I attendant watch thy much in-
 “ structive Speech, thou again dost raise my
 “ Fancy upward to the pious Dervise of *Suma-*
 “ *tra's* Rocks.”

“ And he, said the good Dervise *Phefoj Enceps*,
 “ were he here, would raise thy admiring
 “ Passions higher still, and fix them on that
 “ God, whose Worship he best knows, and best
 “ can teach Mankind.”

Mirglip was alike struck with the Astonishment of *Adbim*, and the Friendship of the good Dervise, and he every Moment expected, that in the Midst of his Emotions, the disguised Sultan would discover his Quality to *Phefoj Enceps*.

The Sun now had nearly attained the Summit of his Course, when the Dervise led his Company from the Cedar to his homely Cottage, where, after a frugal Meal, they retired to their Repose.

The Evening was spent, like the Morning, in viewing the delightful Prospects around the Cottage of the Dervise, and sometimes resting on the Seats which he had placed in the different Parts of the Country for the Reception of his Guests.

But each Seat supplied the good Dervise with an Opportunity of inculcating some moral or religious Truth, or holding to the View of his Pupils some eminent Example of Virtue or Friendship: Sometimes firing their emulous Souls with a Description of public Patriots, and then, at others, recommending the amiable
 Patterns

Patterns of private and domestick Virtue; among the latter, none was more engaging than the Character of the mild and blameless *Stevan*, to whose Memory the good Dervise had erected a Seat among his departed Friends.

“ *Stevan*, said *Phefoj Ecneps*, though bred
 “ where Virtue more is blasted by the rude At-
 “ tack of Sin, than countenanced or cherished,
 “ yet, amidst the boisterous Elements of Wind
 “ and Seas, preserved an Heart untainted with
 “ his Comrades Vices; nor Clime, nor Custom,
 “ could pervert his honest Soul; nor specious
 “ Argument, nor certain Prospect of unbounded
 “ Wealth, could shake his firm unalterable
 “ Virtue.”

The Remembrance of the tender *Stevan* drew Tears of Friendship from the Dervise and his Son-in-Law, while *Adbim*, who never in his Court had experienced the amiable Effects of that social Passion, gave Thanks to *Alla*, who had kindly introduced him to those who were thus capable of elevating his Nature, and giving him an higher Relish of Life, than the pompous Luxuries of the Court of *Persia* could teach him.

Several Weeks passed thus agreeably, and the Sultan was every Day so much enamoured with the delightful Recess of the good Dervise, that he had little Desire to return to his Palace at *Orez*: However, the more he admired the Les-

348 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

sons of Virtue, the more he saw the Necessity of putting her Maxims in Practice, where Providence had placed him as a Light to others; and he was about to disclose himself to the good Dervise, and require his further Counsel in the arduous Affairs of publick Justice, when an hasty Messenger arrived in the Grove where the Family of *Pbesoj Ecneps* was retired.

This Messenger was no other than *Bereddan*, the Son of the Emir *Holam*, who in the Garb of a poor Peasant, had wandered from *Raglai* in Search of his Master.

“ Ah, said the Sultan, starting, who art thou, O young Man, why art thou cloathed in these mean Garments? and why doth thy Face betray so much Anxiety of Heart?”

“ Alas, answered *Bereddan*, once Lord of all thy Slaves, but now a Traitor deemed in his own Realms, Flight only can preserve my royal Master from the Fury of his Usurper *Lemack*, who hath bribed the Tribes of *Xeri*, and the Captains of thine Host, to call him Sultan of *Persia*. The Cities of *Raglai* groan under the Tyrannies of thy Viziar, while a chosen Set of Villains, the Creatures of *Lemack*, were four Days past, commanded to seek thee in these Groves, and bring thy Head a Tribute to their proud Usurper. One of their Number, repenting of his intended
I
“ Crime,

“ Crime, came hastily to me, and told me,
 “ ere an Hour was passed, the Troops to which
 “ he belonged, were ordered to surround my
 “ Father’s Dwelling, and having made him
 “ their Guide to you, my Lord, they were to
 “ strike off his Head, with the Head of my
 “ Sultan, and bring them both to *Lemack’s*
 “ Court at *Orez*.

“ Astonished at the vile Command, I called
 “ a Peasant into my Father’s Palace, and
 “ changing Garments with him, while *Holam*
 “ escaped in a different Disguise, I bid him
 “ make what Use he pleased of my more dan-
 “ gerous Trappings, and mounted on an *Ara-*
 “ *bian* Courser, I rode both Day and Night to
 “ save my royal Master’s Life. The fleet and
 “ noble Beast bore me with what Speed he
 “ could, till I arrived within two Leagues of
 “ this Habitation, where fainting through Loss
 “ of Strength, I was constrained to leave him,
 “ and have happily explored this deep Recess,
 “ which, with all its Secrecy, can never long
 “ hide my Prince from *Lemack’s* Malice.”

The Astonishment of *Adhim* the Sultan, was
 not greater at the Recital of *Bereddan’s* Tale,
 than was the Wonder of the good Dervise, when
 he perceived that he had been entertaining the
 Sultan of *Persia* in his humble Cottage; he fell
 immediately at the Feet of *Adhim*, and besought
 his

350 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

his Pardon for the Boldness of his Speech; but the generous Sultan, seeing him on the Earth, stooped to raise him up, and assured him he should ever hold him Chief in his Esteem.

A hollow Noise, like the Feet of Horses hastening through the Wood, increased the Consternation of *Adbim* and his Friends; and they all advised him to strike through the most unfrequented Paths, and conceal himself in some remote Part of the Forest, till the Rebel Troops should be withdrawn from the Groves and Country which surrounded the good Dervise *Phefoj Ecneps*.

“ The Love of Life, said *Adbim*, is small
 “ Inducement to my Flight, which, were I un-
 “ prepared to lose when Fate shall take it, I
 “ were indeed unworthy of a Crown, and most
 “ unfit to stand upon the tottering Verge of
 “ Power; but to desert my Station, or yield to
 “ Evil when Virtue bids me draw the avenging
 “ Steel of Justice, this were baser Flight than
 “ to avoid prevailing Multitudes, and hide me
 “ for a Time from superior Malice; wherefore
 “ Friends, adieu, and Heaven grant my present
 “ Flight bring future Victory and Peace to
 “ *Persia*.”

Thus spake the Monarch, and hastened from the Presence of his Friends, while *Bereddan* and *Mirglip* were disputing which ought to follow
 their

THE TALES OF THE GENII. 351

their Lord, and which remain with the good Dervise of the Groves. At length, *Bereddan* prevailed on *Mirglip* to remain with *Pbesoj Ecneps* and his Wife *Nourenbi*, and the Son of the Emir endeavoured to follow the Footsteps of his wandering Lord.

Adbim flew swiftly through the Walks of *Pbesoj Ecneps* to the neighbouring Woods, where penetrating into the thickest Part of the Forest, he wandered onward, but not without frequent Alarms from the wild Beasts that furrounded him.

At the Close of Evening he entered a deep Valley, sheltered on all Sides with noble and majestick Cedars; and on the Foot of a Mountain found a small Opening, which led him under its Side.

Dubious of his Course, he knew not whether he might safely enter the Cavern or not, as it was probable, some Beast of the Forest did use it as its Den.

In the Midst of his Doubt he heard a Voice calling unto him,

“ *Adbim* ! Thou Lord of *Persia* fear not ! ”

The Voice from the Cavern did rather increase the Dread of *Adbim* than encourage him to enter, and he assayed to run from its Mouth, when a small Figure appeared at its Entrance.

“ *Adbim*,

352 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ *Adbim*, said *Nadan*, fear not, I am *Nadan*
 “ the Guardian of this Forest, and the Friend
 “ of Virtue.”

“ Whate’er thou art, said *Adbim*, if thy
 “ Heart is warm’d by Virtue’s sacred Flame,
 “ thou canst not deal inhospitably by a Stranger,
 “ though by thy Speech, the wretched *Adbim*
 “ is no Stranger to thee.”

“ *Adbim* indeed, said *Nadan*, is wretched,
 “ and though deserving of Compassion, yet
 “ not free from Error : Born for thy People’s
 “ Happiness, thy noble Heart did much mis-
 “ take its Pleasures, when it sought Renown
 “ and Comfort in the deep dug Quarry, or the
 “ mouldering Turret ; these can no more enno-
 “ ble Man, than may the barren towery Rock
 “ boast more Utility than the fertile Vale : Be
 “ useful, and be great ! From hence alone can
 “ Justice raise thy Fame, and Millions bless
 “ thy fostering Care ; from hence alone can
 “ spring the Heart-felt Pleasures of a noble
 “ Mind ; which never, unless in blessing others,
 “ can be blest itself. Survey the wide extended
 “ Earth, its steep form’d Rocks, and Moun-
 “ tains raised beyond the Clouds ; yet these,
 “ tremendous to a human Eye, are to the
 “ Globe, no more than Insects on the Rind of
 “ yon majestick Cedar ; what then are all the
 “ Labors of thy puny Race, unless some future
 “ Good

“ Good to Man do sanctify the Builder’s Toil?
 “ What, but the weak Effect of blind erroneous
 “ Pride, mistaking both the Means and End of
 “ what it aims to compass? Pride, indeed, di-
 “ rected to its proper Object, is noble; or ra-
 “ ther, to form my Speech in fitter Terms, I
 “ should call it Emulation, and the brave Spirit
 “ of a Godlike Soul, which stirs your Race to
 “ every Exercise of Virtue; which marks the
 “ Life of him who wears it, with distinguished
 “ Honor, and gives Mankind that best of Cha-
 “ racters, a virtuous Patriot. For think not,
 “ Sultan, that in the sequestered Vale alone,
 “ dwells Virtue, and her sweet Companion
 “ with extensive Eye, mild, affable Benevo-
 “ lence: No, the first great Gift we can bestow
 “ on others, is a good Example; and he, who
 “ in his private Life doth combat every Duty,
 “ and lives at Variance with domestick Virtue,
 “ shall vainly ape the generous Figure of his
 “ Country’s Patriot; for what are the Blessings
 “ of Society, but those, which in a lesser Scale
 “ we meet at Home, Peace, Honor, Faith, and
 “ Love. Will he then, Prince, who gives up
 “ these within his House, cherish and extend
 “ their Influence abroad? Or can the Man who
 “ rives a Parent’s Heart, and curses those
 “ whom first he’s bound to bless, be ever
 “ deem’d a Friend sincere by those he knows

354 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ not? Sooner shall the Stork, leaving its Nest,
 “ regardless of the Calls its little Offspring
 “ vainly utter to demand its Care, roam to some
 “ distant Rock, and nurse officiously the Eagles
 “ Brood: Sooner shall Man stab Man to feed
 “ the hungry Lion’s Mouth, and call his
 “ Murder, Charity.”

“ Then learn, the first Advance to real Fame
 “ is private Virtue; which, though rooted in
 “ domestick Love, must yet extend its Branches
 “ ’till it reach the farthest Boundaries of Na-
 “ ture. Hence springs Temperance in your-
 “ self, to others Justice. Hence, the sweet
 “ Calm of an approving Conscience, more va-
 “ luable than the loud Applause of Tumult or
 “ of Multitudes.”

“ Nor yet, O Prince, despise the Voice of
 “ Fame; which, though o’erbearing in its first
 “ Career, grows calm as it extends, and mel-
 “ lows into Truth; ’tis noble to deserve Ap-
 “ plause, and he who scorns the Censure of
 “ Mankind, is more the Slave of fullen Pride,
 “ than conscious of Desert: The best may pity,
 “ when deluded Men affront the Virtue which
 “ deserves their Praise; but Fools alone
 “ deride the publick Clamors of misguided Sub-
 “ jects, whom it were better far by Mildness
 “ to convince, than by Neglect enrage.”

“ Noble

“ Noble Stranger, answered *Adbim*, I admire
 “ thy gentle and deserved Reproofs, and doubt
 “ not but some superior Being animates thy
 “ Frame.”

“ I am indeed, said *Nadan*, of that celestial
 “ Race, which watches o’er the Actions of
 “ Mankind; who may advise, but cannot
 “ force the human Will. But Prince, awhile
 “ forget the base Pursuit of *Lemack* and his Ruf-
 “ fians; To-night within this Cavern rest your
 “ wearied Limbs, secure from Danger or Sur-
 “ prize; for this Retreat is impervious to all,
 “ but those who are the Friends of Virtue.”

Thus saying, the Genius *Nadan* led the
 Sultan *Adbim* into his Cavern, which, though
 narrow in its Entrance, was within both beau-
 tiful and spacious.

Elegant Spars and Stones polished by Na-
 ture, formed the Inside of the Cavern, which
 was enlightened by a magnificent Diamond
 that hung in the Middle, and which reflected its
 bright Lustre on the Stones around it.

Nadan set before his Guest the Fruits of
 the Forest, and entertained him with his
 Conversation, so that the Sultan seemed still
 to be in the Company of the good Dervise of
 the Groves.

“ My Sultan, said *Nadan*, has been misled by
 “ his Courtiers. *Alla*, O *Adbim*, gave thee

" the Command of his faithful People, the In-
 habitants of *Persia*, and thou hast given thine
 Inheritance to another, to one who was un-
 worthy of the Seat beneath thee, yet hast thou
 exalted him above thyself; he who seeth only
 through a Favorite's Eye, shall soon have no
 other Sight to guide his ignorant uninstructed
 Will; the Counsel of the Wise and Good is a
 Prince's best Security; yet even the best
 Counsellor shall not always advise what is
 right, but in the Multitude of Sages is the
 Truth. 'Tis not the Sun, though glorious
 in his Course; 'tis not the Air, though sweet
 and salubrious; 'tis not the Earth, though the
 great Womb of Nature; 'tis not the Water,
 though refreshing and cooling; 'tis neither of
 these alone which giveth Life and Health to
 the Corn, but all, in their several Degrees,
 combine to form the Blade, and fill the burst-
 ing Seed."

" But, continued the *Genius*, those Limbs un-
 used to Toil, require Repose; and see, *Adhim*,
 at the Extremity of my Cavern are the Sofas
 of Rest."

The Sultan obeyed the *Genius*, although his
 Mind was desirous of still further Converse,
 and extended his wearied Limbs upon the Sofas
 of *Nadan*.

The Sun, which at the first Approach of Day, cast it bright Beams into the Cavern of *Nadan*, awakened the Sultan, and he sprang upward, revived by the wholesome Entertainment of the *Genius*, and searched for him in the Cavern, that he might thank his Benefactor.

But *Adbim*, having in vain sought for the friendly *Genius*, issued out of the Cavern, and began his Course toward the City of *Raglai*, directing his Steps by the Sun.

The Sultan travelled all Day, and at Night he ascended a broad spreading Palm, and rested on his Boughs.

Adbim continued his Journey two Days more, subsisting on wild Fruits; and at Noon he rested under the Shade of the Trees of the Forest, and at Night slept upon the wide extended Branches.

On the fourth Day as he finished his Repast, and was about to compose himself on a Bed of Leaves, he heard a Rustling among the Trees, and starting up, he perceived a Female walking in the solitary Paths of the Wood.

The Sight of the Female stirred up the Passions of *Adbim*, but his Heart beat with double Violence, when he perceived the Form of the beauteous fair One, was as the Form of *Nourenbi*, the Wife of *Mirglip*.

“ Ah! said the panting Sultan, dost thou
“ wander, O elegant *Nourenbi*, among these se-
creted

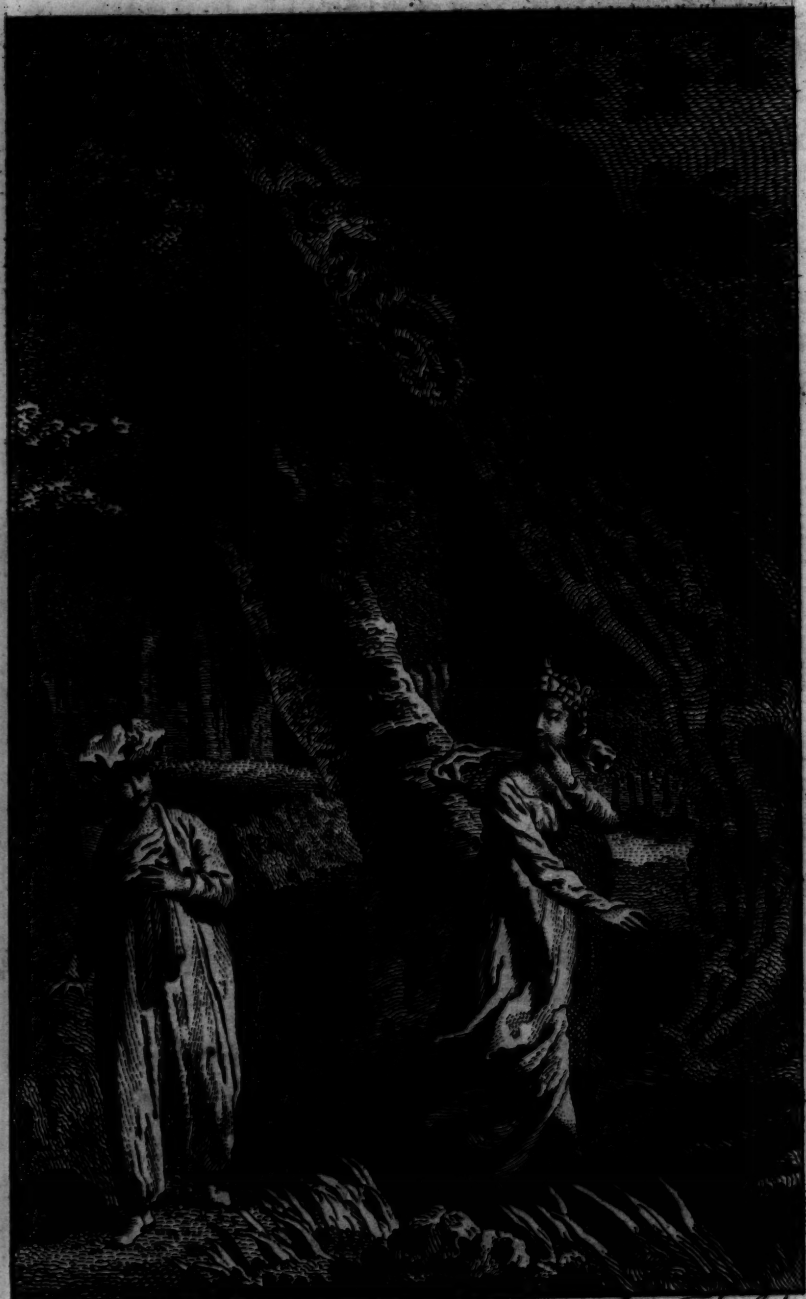
" creted Paths? Dost thou seek me in the Forest?
 " Dost thou force me to thy irresistible Charms?
 " Then Justice sleep, and Passion lead the Way;
 " Nature is frail, and thou with a new Blaze
 " of Beauty dost call me forth to Love.

" Yet hold, O trembling *Adbim*, stop thy
 " forward Limbs, while Virtue yet commands
 " them, nor yield thy Body up a Prey to Vio-
 " lence and base Ingratitude; thy Pleasure will
 " be fleeting like the passing Clouds, and
 " mixed with Passion, Cruelty, and Horror;
 " then Shame, with all her Stings and dark
 " Remorse succeeds; thy Friend distressed, thy-
 " self abandoned, and Life's fair Blossom nipped
 " by canker'd Thoughts, and Conscience keen
 " Remonstrance: But how to move from such a
 " Scene of Beauty! These sluggard Limbs rebel,
 " and every Passion urges to Possession: Ah!
 " *Adbim*, thou art but half converted by the
 " Dervise good Example, or *Nadan's* firmer
 " Speech; to thee the base Usurper *Lemack* is
 " a Saint, and thou dost seek to turn thy *Mir-*
 " *glip's* only Subject from her Loyalty."

As Passion and Honor thus took alternate
 Possession of the Breast of *Adbim*, he observed
 the fair One marked his Advance, but seemed
 not fearful of his Approach.

This

6 MA 57



A. Walker del.

Isaac Taylor sculp.

ADHIM and KAPHIRA in the Forest of GORVOV.

This rekindled the Fires of his Heart, and he ran, and fell at the Feet of the lovely Female.

“ O *Nourenbi*, said the admiring *Adbim*, fly
 “ from the base *Adbim*, who, forgetful of him-
 “ self, of *Mirglip*, and the good Dervise, doth
 “ with his Nobleness of Heart had never given
 “ thee from his longing Arms. Ah! did I
 “ call it Nobleness, to yield to the Slave *Mirglip*
 “ such Grace and Elegance of Form, as Nature
 “ made to bless a Sovereign’s Love! No, by
 “ my Soul, ’twas basely done, to sacrifice thy
 “ Beauties to the cold dull Dictates of that
 “ Phantom Justice, which, when rigidly ex-
 “ erted, doth rather turn to Injury than Blef-
 “ sing.

“ Ah, continued the Sultan, pausing, see,
 “ *Nadan! Pbesoj Ecneps*, calls! See, *Mirglip*
 “ bares his bleeding Breast, and warns me to
 “ desist! And Oh! methinks the gracious *Alla*
 “ too looks down upon me, and awed with
 “ Terrors, and with vengeful Thunder, writes his
 “ perfect Law in vivid Flashes on the Clouds.
 “ I yield, I yield, O holy Spirits of my Friends,
 “ and thou far holier God, I yield. O frame
 “ not such tremendous Vengeance for a Worm,
 “ but spare, and I obey!”

The beauteous Female was astonished at the prostrate Sultan, who having caught the Hem of her Garment, held it while he spake.

“Whate’er thou art, said she, O Stranger,
 “(whom by thy Speech and Nobleness of
 “Soul, I judge no despicable Parent clames)
 “fly swiftly from this dangerous Place, where
 “dark invisible Spells surround thee, and where
 “*Falri* holds his uncontrolled Reign. But if
 “I judge aright, you called yourself the royal
 “*Adbim*, or Fancy did beguile my credulous
 “Ear. Alas, Sir, here too doth vicious *Le-*
 “*mack* oft resort, and such sad Scenes of Hor-
 “rors have these Eyes beheld, as makes me
 “tremble at your Fate, should *Falri* or his
 “Friend discover where you wander.”

“Who then, said *Adbim* in Amaze, art
 “thou, O Daughter of the earliest Light; for
 “as I gaze, new Beauties break upon me, and
 “you seem most fair, to make your Friend
 “most miserable? Art thou not *Nourenbi*, the
 “Wife of *Mirglip*, the Daughter of the Dervise
 “of the Groves?”

“I am, replied the fair One, Daughter of
 “the Dervise of the Groves, the Sister of *Nou-*
 “*renbi*, the Friend of *Mirglip*, the wretched,
 “lost, unfortunate *Kaphira*!”

“Then, answered *Adbim*, O holy Prophet
 “I do thank thee, my Friend is satisfied, and

“I am

362 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ Strength, nor *Fabri*, nor his vile Associates,
 “ shall approach to hurt thee.”

“ I would to Heaven, O kind Sir, answered
 “ *Kaphira*, you were as well secured as I am :
 “ But see, the Monsters stop, as if they saw
 “ you not, and seem to wind toward the left,
 “ and seek the Cave of their beastly Master.”

“ By my Honor, said the Sultan, their base
 “ Neglect bears harder on my Pride, than
 “ would their utmost Malice, had they dared
 “ my Fury : What can this mean ? Is every
 “ Feature then of Royalty destroyed, that the
 “ fell Russians knew not whom they fought ? Or
 “ feared the Cowards to meet an angry and
 “ offended Prince ?”

“ Majestick *Adbim*, answered *Kaphira* sweetly,
 “ thy Form, alas, would instantly betray its
 “ noble Master, did not some secret Power de-
 “ fend thee.”

“ Perhaps, said the Sultan, recollecting him-
 “ self, I derive my Safety from this curious Ring,
 “ which on the Morning, when I waked on
 “ the Sofas of the *Genius Nadan*, I found upon
 “ my Finger.”

“ Kind *Genius Nadan*, answered *Kaphira*, hast
 “ thou too given thy just Protection to this noble
 “ Prince ? Yes, royal Sir, continued the fair
 “ One, shewing him a Ring like that he wore,
 “ these both I am assured are *Nadan's* Presents,
 “ and

“ and we are safe alike from *Falri* and his
“ Charms.”

“ If such Security attend us, answered the
“ Sultan *Adhim*, permit me to ask by what
“ strange Misfortune, were you brought into
“ these Confines of the Cave of *Falri* ?”

“ Prince, answered the fair *Kaphira*, as I was
“ walking in the Grove of my good Father the
“ Dervise *Phefoj Ecneps*, I observed a small
“ golden Ball before me in the Path : Pleased
“ with the shining Novelty, I endeavoured to
“ take it up ; but as I stooped, it rolled for-
“ ward before me, and I, eager to obtain it,
“ followed it beyond the Limits of my Father’s
“ Grove.

“ No sooner had I set my Foot upon the
“ Plane, which is the Boundary of the Grove,
“ than I perceived the Ball to swell ; startled
“ at the Sight, I endeavoured to run back into
“ the Grove, but either Fear or Magick de-
“ prived me of Motion, and I was constrained
“ to stand, and view the further Wonders be-
“ fore me.

“ The Ball continued to swell for several Mi-
“ nutes, till it hid the distant Hills from my
“ Sight, when bursting with a violent Noise,
“ it flew into ten thousand Pieces, and disco-
“ vered a bloated, Ferret-eyed Wretch, mounted
“ upon a bristly Boar.

“ The wild intemperate Love of Novelty,
 “ said the Wretch to me, has ever been the
 “ Ruin of your Sex: At first, allured by
 “ shining Trifles, they pursue in Wantonness,
 “ and inattentive follow beyond the prudent Li-
 “ mits of paternal Care. While *Kaphira* was
 “ contented with her Father’s Grove, *Falri*
 “ in vain attempted to molest her; but now
 “ Fate has resigned thee to my Arms, and thou
 “ shalt bless my nuptial Bed with many a Mon-
 “ ster like myself.

“ I shrieked aloud at the Voice of *Falri*, but
 “ in vain; the Monster descending from his
 “ Beast, seized me round the Waist, and put-
 “ ting me upon the bristly Boar, he seated
 “ himself behind me, and we were borne away
 “ with such Swiftnefs, that I knew not how
 “ we went.

“ In a few Hours we entered this Forest,
 “ and through winding Paths were brought in
 “ View of *Falri*’s filthy Cave.

“ New Horrors seized me at the Sight of
 “ such Variety of Filthiness, which were still
 “ increased, when *Falri* bid me welcome to his
 “ native Palace, and told me, the Marriage
 “ Rites were needless, as he doubted not his
 “ Love would last, at least as long as mine.

“ As we entered the Cave of *Falri*, I was
 “ surpris’d to see a little Personage standing at
 “ the

“ the upper End, and supposing it was some
 “ Relation of the Sorcerer’s, I cast my Eyes on
 “ the Ground, and would not look upon him.”

“ Fair Slave, said *Falri*, as we entered, to
 “ me, for I allow no higher Character to your
 “ Sex, than that of ministering to our Pleasures,
 “ here you are secure, as by my magick Pow-
 “ er, I do forbid your Regress from this Fo-
 “ rest, unless *Falri* approve your Flight.”

“ Thunderstruck at the Words of *Falri*, and
 “ at his Countenance, which shone with beastly
 “ Lust, I sighed, and returned no Answer to his
 “ imperious Commands.”

“ Fair *Kaphira*, said the little Personage, fear
 “ not, I am the *Genius Nadan*, and no Relation
 “ of *Falri*’s as you suppose. I am here invisible
 “ to that beastly Sorcerer, neither can he hear
 “ the Words of my Mouth. I cannot, indeed,
 “ release you, because your own intemperate
 “ Curiosity has misled you ; but since you erred
 “ in Innocence, I can baffle the Design of *Falri*.”

“ Here, continued he, extending his Hand,
 “ put on this Ring, and you shall be invisible
 “ to *Falri* and his accursed Friends, so long as
 “ you remain in this Forest of the Inchanter.”

“ I instantly took the Ring from the gentle
 “ *Nadan* with thankful Eyes, and fixing it on
 “ my Finger, I perceived the Countenance of
 “ *Falri* to change.”

“ Ah,

“ Ah, said he, art thou fled, proud Child of
 “ *Pbesoj Ecneps*, then are my Enchantments
 “ vain, and the Power which I worship is ac-
 “ cursed.”

“ No, answered the Genius *Nadan*, thou ac-
 “ cursed Slave, *Kaphira* is held in the Forest of
 “ *Falri* by the Sorceries of thy Art; but she
 “ shall, if she please, be ever invisible to thee
 “ and thy Friends, so long as thou dost detain
 “ her in this Forest.”

“ The Sorcerer enraged, felt about the Ca-
 “ vern, hoping to secure me; but I easily eluded
 “ his Search, and walked out into the Forest;
 “ where I have supported myself till this Time
 “ on the wild Fruits of the Place, and have too
 “ frequently been Witness of the Debaucheries
 “ and Immorality of its profane and wicked In-
 “ habitants.”

“ Beauteous *Kaphira*, said the Sultan *Adbim*,
 “ I pity your Misfortunes, nor am I able at
 “ present to relieve them; you, doubtless, have
 “ heard my unhappy Fate from *Falri* and his
 “ Crew; who, as *Nadan* informed me, has ever
 “ been the Friend of *Lemack* my deceitful Vi-
 “ ziar; and if it suit you to rest under this an-
 “ cient Palm, you shall be acquainted with such
 “ Particulars concerning *Nourenbi*, *Mirglip*, and
 “ *Pbesoj Ecneps*, your honored Father, as will
 “ doubtless

“doubtless be pleasing to one so nearly interested in their Fortunes.”

The Sultan *Adhim* then informed his beautiful Friend of *Mirglip's* Fame, of *Nourenbi's* Captivity, of the fortunate Issue of her Love, and of his secret Expedition to the Groves of the good Dervise: And having finished his Relation, and asked the fair *Kaphira's* Permission to love her with undissembled Affection, he set forward to the City of *Raglai* and the Towers of *Orez*.

But the Night advancing, he was obliged to rest again in the Forest; which gave him an Opportunity of recollecting that his Ring might possibly be of no further Service to protect him, when he was past the Confines of the Forest of *Falri*.

This Reflection made him resolve to stain his Face with some Berries, to cut his Beard like a *Calendar*, and to procure, in the Suburbs of the City, a Garment suitable to the Profession which he had assumed.

As the disguised Sultan entered the City, he perceived a Crowd, and mixing with the Multitude, he saw at a Distance the publick Cryer.

“Friend, said he, to the By-stander, what doth this Cryer offer to the Publick?”

“Ten

“ Ten thousand Sequins, answered the Man;
 “ to him who will bring the Head of the Trai-
 “ tor *Adbim*, to our Lord the Sultan *Lemack*.”

“ Alas, answered the Sultan, when I last vi-
 “ sited your City, *Adbim* was Sultan, how then
 “ is he become a Traitor?”

“ It is well, replied the Man, that a Friend
 “ of *Adbim* hear you talk thus; half what you
 “ have said would have cost you your Life, had
 “ any of the Emissaries of *Lemack* heard you.”

“ How then dare you confess, answered the
 “ Sultan, that you are the Friend of *Adbim*?”

“ I dare not, answered the Man, hold farther
 “ Conversation with you here; but if you will
 “ follow me, and submit to the Terms which I
 “ shall require, you shall hear more than you
 “ imagine.”

The disguised Sultan rejoiced at the fortunate
 Event, which brought him acquainted with one
 who seemed so ready to serve him though un-
 known, and hastened after the Stranger through
 several Streets and Lanes.

At length the Stranger stopped at a Baker's
 Shop.

“ Here, whispered he, Friend of *Adbim*, thou
 “ shalt have Security and Ease. Enter fearless,
 “ and partake of such poor Entertainment as I
 “ have; while I unravel to you some Mysteries,
 “ which will surprise and rejoice you.”

The Sultan entered with Pleasure the House of the Baker, who set before him some Cakes and Sherbet, and begged of him to eat freely, for his Company was sufficient Recompence for what he should consume.

Adbim, supposing he should shortly be able to reward the Baker very amply for his Services, eat heartily of what was set before him.

“ Our good Sultan *Adbim*, said the Baker, as they sat together, had won the Hearts of all his Subjects ; and the whole City laments the Tyrannies of *Lemack*.”

“ Was *Adbim* then, answered the disguised Sultan, so much beloved ?”

“ You know but little of *Adbim* the Magnificent, answered the other, to ask such a Question.”

“ Yes, replied the Sultan, I think I know him now ; though I confess I knew him but lately.”

“ And where then, replied the Baker elated, where is our beloved Sultan concealed ?”

“ I perceive, continued he, I am deceived in you Sir ; I thought to have communicated somewhat to you, but you are better able to inform me. Now by my Faith, Sir, you must bring me to our royal Master, that I may honor him as I ought ; and doubtless, many will be found in the City, who will be happy in falling prostrate before him.”

“ Perhaps, said the disguised Sultan, ere long
 “ we may be able to shew him to his injured
 “ Subjects: But at present, I do long to
 “ know what Numbers espouse his Cause, and
 “ wish him again on the *Persian* Throne?”

“ It is enough, replied the Baker, I will go
 “ and bring several with me, who are as much
 “ the Friends of *Adbim* as myself. In the mean
 “ Time, kind Stranger, solace yourself here in
 “ my House; and believe me, I am truly happy
 “ in meeting with one of your Way of thinking.”

The Baker then hastened out of his House, and left the Sultan, surprised at his free and voluntary Offer, to support the Cause of a Prince, whom perhaps he had never seen.

“ I was wrong, said the Sultan to himself,
 “ that I did not at once discover myself to this
 “ Baker; he frankly and openly assured me he
 “ was my Friend; why then is the spirited
 “ *Adbim* more close and mean than an illiterate
 “ and narrow bred Peasant? But I will, how-
 “ ever, let the good Man enjoy the first Disco-
 “ very; I will take him apart from the Friends
 “ he shall bring with him, and he shall have
 “ the Honor of introducing his Sovereign
 “ to his faithful Subjects; and if ever I again
 “ ascend the *Persian* Throne, not *Mirglip*, nor
 “ *Phesoj Ecneps* shall enjoy a Seat above this
 “ honest Baker.”

It

It was almost Night before the Baker returned to his Shop : The Sultan saw him coming with a Crowd at his Heels ; and he blamed him in his Heart, that he had thus imprudently subjected his Friends to the suspicious Eyes of the Vassals of *Lemack*.

The Baker entering his House, enquired for his Friend, the Stranger, whom he brought with him in the Morning ; and *Adbim* hastened to meet him at the Threshold.

“ There my Friends, said the Baker, this is
 “ the Man who was born to make a Holiday
 “ in *Raglai* ; seize him, continued he, O ye
 “ Guards of *Lemack*, and carry him before our
 “ Sultan, as one who dares prefer the slothful
 “ *Adbim* to *Lemack* the Lord of *Persia*.”

Adbim was thunderstruck at the Perfidy of the Baker, and the Guards instantly seized on him, and having fettered him with heavy Irons, dragged him toward the Towers of *Orez*.

The Crowd gathered as he passed along.
 “ Whom have we here ?” said they : “ A
 “ Friend, answered the Guards of Rebels and
 “ Traitors, whom To-morrow’s Sun will, at
 “ its first Appearance, behold on the publick
 “ Scaffold of Execution.”

The Guards having conducted *Adbim* to the Palace, enquired for their Sultan ; but *Lemack*, who was solacing himself in the Seraglio, ordered

the Prisoner to be cast that Night into the Dungeon at the Foot of the Rock, and the next Morning to be brought before him.

The captive Sultan entered the gloomy Dungeon with Firmness and Intrepidity; and the Guards having chained him to the Wall, barred up the Prison Doors and retired.

“ Monarch of *Asia* ! Light of Mankind !
 “ Terror of the Earth ! Glory of the East !
 “ said *Adhim* to himself, awake ! Put on thy
 “ Frowns and make the Nations shake ; open
 “ thy Mouth, and be thy Speech a Law ; nod,
 “ and let the Inhabitants of *Persia* fall prostrate
 “ at thy Feet. Yet hush thou Man of Might,
 “ Sultan of *Persia* beware, lest some base Pea-
 “ sant come, and with a feigned Tale, delude
 “ thy ready Ears, and snatch the Glories of thy
 “ Kingdom from thee ! Oh, Prophet, said the
 “ enraged Sultan, starting, ought but this I
 “ could have borne ; after having heard the
 “ wise Dictates of *Pbesoj Ecneps* ; after enjoying
 “ the Instruction of *Nadan*, the tutelary *Genius*
 “ of my Kingdom ; after the Reception of a
 “ magick Ring which preserved me from the
 “ brutal Force of the Sorcerer *Falri*, and having
 “ escaped the Guards of *Lemack* ; after all this,
 “ to be cheated of every Purpose by the low
 “ Cunning of a base born Peasant ! O Prophet,
 “ either take from me the Pride of Nature, and
 “ humble

“ humble my Conceits, or let me perish by some
 “ glorious Feat, worthy the Station to which
 “ thou once hadst raised me.—Yes, said he,
 “ pausing, I will be cool; weak are these
 “ Joints to work Deliverance, and these Limbs
 “ to gain my native Freedom! Here immured,
 “ within these Walls I once possessed, confined
 “ by Dungeons which I raised myself, and
 “ straitned by a Chain I made for others, I’ll
 “ learn the Weakness and the Pride of Man,
 “ and bear with equal Temperance, the Evils
 “ and the Smiles of Life. For me the Sun did
 “ rise, said *Lemack*, but forgot to say, for me
 “ the Dungeon gaped: The Fool of Fortune
 “ once, like the green Leaf growing on the
 “ topmost Branch, I now am cast by stormy
 “ Winds beneath the Traveller’s Foot: Once
 “ Lord of *Persia*, now an Iron-fettered Slave;
 “ yet even now possessed of greater Liberty, than
 “ all the ancient Sultan’s of the East, whose
 “ mouldering Dust would little more than fill
 “ the hollow Turban. Peace then thou lively
 “ Spirit, which dost guide the trifling Atoms
 “ of this mortal Being, the little that I am is
 “ *Alla*’s Gift, be he then Lord and chief Dis-
 “ poser of my Paths.”

With such Thoughts did *Adbim* calm his hot,
 impetuous Temper, waiting with Coolness the
 Return

374 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

Return of the Morning, which was to bring Life to others, but Death to him.

But ere the Moon, which glimmered through the Bars on the damp Walls of the mould-fretted Dungeon, was fallen from its Midnight Watch, the Sultan heard the Doors of the Dungeon grate, and presently he beheld the Reflection of a Light on the winding Passage, and could distinguish the Fall of Feet treading softly on the Pavement. Fear for a Moment possessed his Breast, as he expected Death was hastening to him before its appointed Time ; and his firm Mind was scarcely recovered from the boding Shock, when he saw a Female enter the Place where he lay, with a Lamp burning in her Hand.

The gloomy Cavern, and the cold Midnight Air, had chilled the Blood, and terrified the Mind of the affrighted Damsel, and she stood shivering before the Sultan, unable to utter the Motives of her Visit.

The Sultan not less alarmed, though less fearful than before, asked her on what Errand she came through the Horrors of the Night?

“ First, said the Damsel kneeling, let me,
“ O Stranger, loose you from these ignominy-
“ ous Chains.”

Upon which she took from her Bosom the Keys which unlocked the Fetters, and released the Sultan from his Confinement.

“ Gentle

“ Gentle Damsel, said *Adhim*, what means
“ this unexpected Kindness?”

“ I am, answered she, the only Daughter of
“ *Colac*, the Keeper of these Dungeons, and I
“ am called *Kufan*, because of the Blackness
“ of my Eyes: But were my Eyes like Jet,
“ and more brilliant than the Diamond, yet
“ never can they be fixed on a more lovely Ob-
“ ject, than on him who now stands before me.”

“ What, said *Adhim*, O wretched *Kufan*,
“ has none of thy Father’s Friends demanded
“ thee, that thou comest at Midnight among
“ these damp Walls to find thy Paramour, and
“ one, or I much mistake, whom thou hast
“ never yet seen.”

“ O foolish young Man, said she, ’tis enough
“ for you to know, that *Kufan* loves, and you
“ are happy; happy, indeed, when Love’s the
“ Price of Liberty.”

“ Disgrace to your soft Sex, said *Adhim*,
“ starting from her, avaunt! for rather had I
“ bear my Chains, than meet a Monster who
“ belies her Nature.”

“ Yet hear me, Fool, said she, ere Day
“ break in upon us, and cut off all future
“ Hope.—I have the Keys of every barred
“ Door which shuts you from Mankind, and
“ Freedom waits without to lead you into
“ Safety, if my Love be first preferred.”

“ I would

“ I would not wish to live, said *Adbim*, on
 “ such mean Terms : No, *Kufan*, base Minds
 “ alone can love for Profit ; but thou hast cast
 “ thy Sex’s decent Virtues far away, as I have
 “ heard in *Europe*’s colder Clime, where some
 “ bold Females walk abroad, usurping manly
 “ Vice, and cast their nauseous wild Embrace
 “ on every Passer by.”

“ Then said *Kufan*, her Eyes flashing with
 “ indignant Malice, die, cold senseless Wretch,
 “ and cheap thy Sacrifice of Life, which is al-
 “ ready more than half extinct.”

As *Kufan* uttered these Words, the arched
 Passages of the Dungeon echoed with an un-
 common Noise.

The Sultan *Adbim*, conscious of his Situation,
 was vexed in his Heart that he had suffered *Ku-
 fan* to unlock his Fetters ; and he doubted not
 but those who were entering, would suppose that
 he had consented to the Damsel, who was thus
 manifestly aiding his Escape.

In the Midst of his Anxiety and Discontent,
 the vile *Lemack* entered the Dungeon, supported
 by *Colac* the Keeper, holding a bloody Scymitar
 in his Hand.

“ Slave, said he to *Colac*, where is this Rebel
 “ whom Justice wakes to punish at this silent
 “ Hour of Night ; other Sultans leave the Ex-
 “ ecution of their Orders to the meanest of Man-
 “ kind,

“ kind, but they who hope to have them well
 “ performed, should act the Executioner them-
 “ selves. Yet, ah ! continued *Lemack* starting,
 “ whom have we here ; damned *Colac*, dost thou
 “ solace thus thy Prison Guests, and makest a
 “ Seraglio of my Dungeon !”

Colac no less surprised at seeing his Daughter with his Prisoner than *Lemack*, was about to answer him, when the Tyrant struck his Scymitar into his Heart, and fell with the murdered *Colac* on the Ground.

Kufan screamed at the Sight, for *Kufan* loved her dear Parent with a noble Fondness ; and though vicious in her Mind, was yet tender and grateful to the Father of her Life.

Lemack struggled on the Pavement to recover his Feet, but the Fumes of Wine overpowered him, and in broken Accents he stammered forth Execrations on the Author of his Misfortune.

Adhim perceiving no one came to the Assistance of *Lemack*, seized the Scymitar which the Tyrant had plunged into the breathless Body of *Colac*, and was about to strike it into the Heart of *Lemack* ; but seeing him breathless and extended, the Sultan forbore : “ No, said he, thou
 “ art not fit to die, nor would it well become a
 “ noble Spirit to finish that little of thee which
 “ Vice hath spared.” Then seizing on *Kufan*, as she knelt before her expiring Parent,

“ Damsel, said he, I admire your filial Piety
 “ and Tendernefs, but the Time is big with
 “ ftrange Events, and will not yield her Prece-
 “ dence even to Nature; wherefore rife, and help
 “ me to drag this unweildy Corps to yonder
 “ Chains; and hear me, Damsel, be obedient,
 “ and I will pardon and reward thee; for know,
 “ O *Kufan*, it is *Adbim* that directs your Arm.”

Kufan aftonifhed at the Words of *Adbim*, fell at his Feet, and was about to reply; but he obliged her to arife, and by Degrees they pulled along the ftupified Body of *Lemack*, and fecured him with Fetters and Chains; then taking off his royal Veftements, *Adbim* put them on himfelf, and commanding the Virgin to continue in the Dungeon, without making any Alarm, he paffed through the arched Passages, locking and barring the Doors, and afcended into the Court of the Palace with the bloody Scymitar in his Hand.

What *Adbim* expected, came to pafs, none dared meet him, as they fupposed it was the drunken, blood-thirfty Tyrant; and he arrived at the Seraglio unmolefted, where he beheld feveral Females weltering in their Blood.

“ Thefe, said he to himfelf, are the Victims
 “ of *Lemack*’s Rage; but I muft yet dif-
 “ femble.”

The Sultan then ascended the royal Couch, and having covered himself, he stamped on the Ground, to call the Eunuchs before him.

It was some Time before any durst venture into the Chamber, such Dread had they of *Lemack's* drunken Madness; but after a Time, supposing him fallen asleep, the Chief of the Eunuchs entered the Chamber.

“*Abelidab*, said *Adhim* to him, counterfeiting the Voice of *Lemack*, call *Holam*, *Pberizar*, *Humlack*, *Eupordi*, and *Melan* before me.”

Abelidab, the Chief of the Eunuchs, was astonished at the Commands of the sham *Lemack*, especially as three of those Emirs whom he had mentioned, had fled as soon as *Lemack* was proclaimed Sultan.

However, the prudent Eunuch supposed Remonstrances would be in vain, wherefore he sent for *Pberizar* and *Eupordi*, and acquainted them with the Sultan's Order.

Pberizar and *Eupordi* were thunderstruck at the Command; and they doubted not, but the Prisoner who was betrayed by the Baker, had discovered their secret Attachment to their lawful Prince.

Wherefore the good old Emirs came trembling into the Chamber, and fell prostrate before the royal Couch.

“ *Abelidab*, said *Adbim*, still counterfeiting
 “ the Voice of *Lemack*, withdraw with thy fawn-
 “ ing Mutes and Eunuchs.”

Abelidab obeyed, and left *Pberizar* and *Eupordi*
 alone with the Sultan.

Adbim then rose from his Couch, and discovered to his wondering Friends their long lost Sultan.

For some Moments the Emirs gazed in silent Transports, and knew not how to give Credit to their Eyes; but recovering from their Astonishment, they did Obeisance to their royal Sultan.

“ *Pberizar*, said the Sultan *Adbim*, it is not
 “ now a Time to unfold to you the Miracle
 “ which brought me here: We must be instant
 “ in seizing the Captains of the Army, who
 “ first supported *Lemack*, and the Viziers of the
 “ Court, who have basely deserted me, to fawn
 “ upon a vile Usurper. Give me then, faithful Emir, the Names of these Rebels, that
 “ we may, still counterfeiting *Lemack*, send for
 “ them into the Palace, and secure them with
 “ those Chains they meant to fix on us.”

Pberizar, in Obedience to his Sultan, gave in a List of the Ringleaders of the Rebellion, and *Abelidab* was called in, and sent to bring them singly before the counterfeit *Lemack*.

The Viziers and Captains each expecting some further Preferment, obeyed with great Alacrity

crity the royal Summons, and as they entered, the Emirs seized on them, and led each of them through a back Way, into a separate Place of Security.

The first Movers of the Sedition being confined, *Adbim* discovered himself to *Abelidab* and his Eunuchs, and commanded the Trumpets to sound, and the Criers to go forth, and proclaim the Arrival of *Adbim*, the lawful Sultan of *Persia*.

This was done so suddenly, that the Soldiers who had lost their Captains, knew not which Way to move, but throwing down their Arms, many ran out of the City, while others repaired with great Submission to the outer Gates of the Palace.

Pberizar and *Eupordi* went out to meet the Penitents, and putting themselves at their Head, they seized on all the strong Places of the City, and sent around to the Friends of *Adbim*, to repair under their Standards.

The Citizens in general rejoiced at the happy Exchange, and those who were as wickedly inclined as the Tyrant *Lemack*, were obliged to join the general Voice, and cry, "Long live "*Adbim* the Magnificent, our lawful Sultan!"

The Imans who had been driven out of their Mosques by the Tyrannies of *Lemack*, entered them

them again with Joy, and gave Praise to *Alla*, for the Return of their Sultan.

Pherizar was now sent to the good Dervise of the Groves, requesting his Attendance, with the excellent *Mirglip*.

When the faithful Emir reached the Grove, he found the mild *Pbesaj Ecneps* weak and infirm, and with Difficulty brought him forward in a Palanquin towards the Towers of *Orez*, so that the Emir feared, they should not reach *Raglai* by the tenth Day, which was appointed for the Trial of *Lemack*.

As soon as *Pherizar* was gone forth, Couriers were dispatched also, with all Haste, to the different Provinces, to order their respective Governors to repair to Court, and Men well affected to *Adhim* were sent in their Stead; and this was done so quickly, that the Sultan had placed proper Men all round his Empire, before the News of his Return was known.

These Things being well executed, *Adhim* committed the Keys of the Dungeon to *Eupordi*, and informed him of *Lemack's* Situation, and the Assistance he had received from *Kufan*, commanding him to leave *Lemack* fetter'd, and to bring *Kufan* before him.

The Damsel, who had received no Nourishment during her Confinement, which lasted till the Evening of the Day following her Midnight Adventure,

Adventure, was weak, and faint with Hunger and Terror, and the Presence of *Eupordi* added to her Fright, so that she fell motionless at his Feet.

Eupordi seeing *Kufan* fall, ordered his Attendant Guards to raise and support her; then going forward toward the Usurper *Lemack*, who lay snoring on the Ground, he caused double Chains to be fastened on him.

Lemack awaked not till the Chains were hung around him, when shaking his huge Corpse, and grunting forth a Groan, he essayed to rise, but found himself pinioned to the Earth.

“ In what cursed Region am I wandering,
 “ said he, rubbing his Eyes? and who are these
 “ Imps before me, who seem to personate the
 “ Spirits of the Damned? Surely Death is
 “ passed, and Hell awake! Ah! I shall eat no
 “ more! Nor taste again the luscious Grape!
 “ I must exchange the soft Carpet, for this
 “ damp, slippery Cave; and for the lively Female,
 “ these cold, adamantine Chains! O
 “ *Alla*, never did I pray before, but give me
 “ Life and Luxury again, and I will worship
 “ thee!

“ Gods! continued he, looking on the Emir,
 “ is not that *Eupordi*? whom I meant, had Life,
 “ dear precious Life, been given me but a Day,
 “ to have sacrificed for his cursed Rebellion.

384 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ Art thou too here, said he, cold canting
 “ Emir, loyal Slave! and could not *Adbim* and
 “ his Virtues save thee! Then Virtue was a
 “ Farce as e’er I thought it, and he the wisest
 “ that made his Paradise on Earth. Come
 “ Friend of Priests, religious, good *Eupordi*,
 “ come learn to curse of me, and laugh at holy
 “ Cheats, who have deprived thee of Life’s
 “ Blessing, and now do leave thee here, a Prey
 “ to this dark Grave.”

“ Blasphemous Slave, answered *Eupordi*,
 “ thou art yet alive, if that be called Life which
 “ thou possessest; which is indeed but Life’s
 “ Slavery, a fearful Vassalage to disordered Ap-
 “ petite, and craving Passions; to live like
 “ thee, the Drudge of Luxury, were a Curse,
 “ and not a Blessing, a grievous Burthen, and
 “ no Gift to be desired: But haply Life with
 “ thee is short, for now our royal Master reigns
 “ again, and thou art *Adbim*’s Prisoner.”

“ Prisoner! said *Lemack* confounded, his
 “ Countenance falling, and his Limbs con-
 “ vulsed with Fear; righteous *Eupordi*! Is
 “ then my royal Master living, and returned to
 “ his long expecting Subjects? O let me haste
 “ to kiss that Garment which enrobes him, and
 “ to lick the Dust which bears the Pride of
 “ *Persia* on its Surface; happy for me, my
 “ Lord again vouchsafes to rule his wide Do-
 “ main,

“ main. Poor weak old Man! the Cares of
 “ State depressed my unpenetrating Mind; and
 “ every Day convinced me, none but our royal
 “ Master could sway with just impartial Balance,
 “ the royal Sceptre of the *Persian* Throne.”

“ I now retort that canting Phrase thou gavest
 “ me, said *Eupordi*, and from thy Example
 “ judge, the vicious Tyrant when deposed, be-
 “ comes a Slave most abject.”

“ Good *Eupordi*, replied *Lemack* in Tears,
 “ hast thou no Compassion on a fallen Brother?
 “ Did I then suffer thee to live for this? O fly,
 “ kind Emir, and at *Adhim*’s Feet, beg Mercy
 “ for thy Friend.”

“ Whatever our royal Master shall command,
 “ *Eupordi* must obey, said the Emir; but think
 “ not that he means in secret Silence to deprive
 “ thee of thy Life; no, *Lemack*, just and noble
 “ in his Soul, he has called the solemn Divan,
 “ and means to judge thee for thy Crimes. Ten
 “ Days are yet appointed to assemble the Viziers
 “ and Emirs to the Divan.”

“ Then am I lost indeed, poor wretched Man,
 “ said *Lemack*, to meet the Frowns of our of-
 “ fended Nobles, who will rejoice to spurn the
 “ Man they saw with Envy, Favourite of our
 “ Sultan.”

“ Speak not thus hastily, *Lemack*, said the
 “ Emirs, of our *Persian* Nobles, above the low

“ Conceits of Envy or of Malice, they will judge thee as their Brother ; and where Doubt hesitates, there Mercy shall prevale.”

Thus said *Eupordi*, and retired, commanding the Guards, who had in vain endeavoured to recover *Kufan*, to lay her Body beside her Father *Colac*.

Adbim having heard the dismal Tale of *Kufan*, ordered all funeral Honors to be paid her and *Colac*, and continued to their Family the Post which the Father enjoyed, commanding his Treasurer moreover to pay the Widow a thousand Sequins.

In the mean Time *Falri*, surrounded by Sorceries, had rendered the Forest of *Goruou* impervious to the Troops of *Adbim*, who, in the Midst of his Cares, had not forgotten the beautiful *Kapbira* ; baffled by his Inchantments, the Monarch wished himself to seek her in the Forest, but he considered that his Life was his Peoples, and that publick Utility must be preferred to private Happiness.

Falri, knowing by his Art the Overthrow of *Lemack*, cursed the foolish Drunkard in his Mind ; and he had left him to himself, to perish by the Hand of *Adbim*, had not the Success of the Sultan been a Canker to his own Breast.

Wherefore he resolved by some secret Contrivance, to ruin the Happiness of *Adbim* ; and

as *Nadan* protected the Sultan from Enchantment, *Falri* hoped to make his new fangled Virtues, as he called them, the Sources of his Misery.

The following Night he stood before *Lemack* in the Dungeon, but the dispirited Wretch could scarcely speak to his Adviser *Falri*; and when he found the Enchanter was not able to release him, he wept like an Infant.

“ Wretched *Lemack*, said *Falri*, Craft shall
 “ prevale, where Force may not; did I not
 “ sacrifice *Mirglip* to Calumny, then fear not
 “ but *Adbim* shall be snared by the Deceits of
 “ *Falri*.”

Thus said the Sorcerer, and disclosed to *Lemack* the foul Purpose of his Heart; but *Lemack*, to whom Revenge was of little Value, when his Life was forfeit, answered the Sorcerer only with his Groans.

On the tenth Day arrived the faithful Emir *Pberizar*, with *Pbesoj Ecneps* the Dervise of the Groves, and the temperate *Mirglip*; but the good Dervise, fatigued with his Journey, was unable to attend his royal Master; and when *Mirglip* came into the Presence of *Adbim*, the Sultan having welcomed him to *Orez*, ordered him to watch his Father's Health, and excused every Kind of Attendance on himself.

The Sultan then entered the Divan, and being seated on his Throne, with his surrounding Viziers and Emirs, he commanded the Rebel *Lemack* to be led forth from the Dungeon.

The unwieldy *Lemack* moved slowly through the Ranks of Guards, who were placed on each Side to secure him, and his Chains rattled on his Limbs, as he heaved his distempered Sides with heavy Sighs.

An horrid Gloom o'ercast his Brow, and Fear and Dismay trembled on his Eye-lids; foul Tears ran trickling down his furrowed Cheeks, and his Jaw, falling from its worn-out Socket, rested on his protuberant Paunch.

As he came into the Presence of *Adbim*, he fell at the Foot of the Throne, and groaned for Mercy, vowing everlasting Fidelity to his Lord, and Penitence for the Crimes he had committed against *Adbim* and his Subjects.

The royal *Adbim*, though enraged at his Hypocrisies, was nevertheless moved at his abject Viziar; and in the Nobleness of his Heart, he would have forgiven his Crimes, had he not called the solemn Divan to Judgment.

The Rebellion of *Lemack* was too glaring to admit of any Palliation, and *Adbim* found that none of the Viziers chose to speak in his Behalf.

“ My Subjects and my Safeguard, said the
“ royal *Adbim*, fear not to speak in Behalf of this

“ poor

“ poor Prisoner, for I swear on my Sceptre, the
 “ Man who pleads best for *Lemack*, shall have
 “ Thanks from me.

The Divan still continuing silent.

“ Then, said *Adbim*, I will speak, and ask
 “ ye, Nobles, whether this *Lemack* be guilty of
 “ Death, who usurped not our Authority, since
 “ it was delegated to him? and if he abused it,
 “ mine was the Fault, not his.”

“ Just, and generous Sovereign, answered
 “ *Pberizar*, more lovely to the Guilty than to
 “ those who have never offended, you have
 “ called me here to speak the just Sentiments of
 “ my Heart, and therefore, I conceive *Lemack*
 “ had been acquitted by your Voice, had he
 “ not publicly offered a Reward for the Life
 “ of his Prince.”

The Divan rang with Applause at the Words of *Pberizar*, for *Lemack* was so abhorred by the People, who knew more of his Wretchedness than the generous *Adbim*, that the mildest of them thought his Death was absolutely necessary to the general Peace.

Adbim, overcome by the Reasonings of his Counsellors, yielded up *Lemack* to their Will; and the wretched Viziar sunk to the Ground, while he heard on every Side the Sentence of his Death pronounced.

The

390 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

The royal *Adhim* having determined the Fate of *Lemack*, commanded him to be detained in the Divan, during the Trial of several innocent Persons, who in the Usurpation of the Viziar had met with no Redress.

The Nobles in the Divan were amazed to see, with what Candor and Perspicuity the Sultan decided; divesting himself of every Prejudice, and not permitting Royalty on the one Hand, nor Popularity on the other, to bias his Judgment, or influence his Decrees.

Lemack beheld these Transactions with a different Eye. The Justice of *Adhim* struck the sharpest Stings in his Conscience; he saw with Contempt, Virtue triumph, and Vice abased; he saw private Advantage yielding to publick Justice, and the Law triumphant over Partiality and Affection.

And now the different Parties were retreating, every one satisfied with the Equity of their Sultan; and the publick Crier gave Notice, that the Causes were all determined, when a young Man from the Extremity of the Divan, called out, and desired to be heard.

The Assembly were so much charmed with the Address of their Sultan, who seldom before had attended the Divan, but left the Management of Justice to *Lemack*, (except where Humor or Caprice led him to be particular)
that

THE TALES OF THE GENII. 391

that they were pleased to find there was yet another Cause to be tried ; wherefore, making Room for the young Man; they let him pass toward the Foot of the Throne.

The young Man led in his Hand a veiled Virgin, and falling prostrate at the Footstool of *Adhim*:

“ Pattern of every human Excellence, just Lawgiver of *Persia*, said the young Man, “ I beseech thy Patience to hear me a few Words.

“ I am, O Sultan of *Persia*, the Son of a “ noble Emir of thy Court, and being smitten “ with the Beauties of this fair Damsel, I asked her “ Consent to marry me, provided I could prevale “ with her Father to receive me for a Son-in-Law. “ The Damsel consented to the Terms I proposed, and I went in Search of her Father, “ who yielded to my Entreaties : And now, O “ Sultan, that I have done all that was required “ of me, the Damsel refuses to go before the “ Cadi, and take me for her Husband.”

“ Damsel, said the Sultan, to the Virgin “ who stood veiled before him, has this young “ Man spoke the Truth, or has he deceived “ thee into a Promise ?”

The Damsel held down her Head, her Hands fixed in each other, and answered nothing.

“ If, continued the Sultan, you make no “ Answer, Virgin, I must conceive you guilty, “ and

“and enforce the Promise which you seem now
 “so unwilling to fulfil.”

The Damsel still continued silent, yet her
 Breast heaved with Sighs, and her Knees shook
 with Fear.

“The modest Distress of the Virgin, said
 “*Adbim*, will not suffer her to speak, and her
 “Fear arises from female Delicacy. Lead her
 “forth, young Man, continued the Sultan,
 “and let the Cadi ratify your Vows.”

As the Sultan spake these Words, the beauteous Virgin fainted in the Arms of the young Man, and the Attendants of *Adbim* hastening to unveil her, and give her Air, discovered to the astonished Sultan the Features of the long-lost *Kaphira*.

Adbim halted from his Throne, and was about to assist in recovering her, when checking himself, and stopping :

“Hold, said he, aloud, to himself, Sultan
 “of *Persia*, forbear, for by *Pbesoj Ecneps*’s Consent, by *Kaphira*’s Silence, and by thy own
 “Decree, she is the Wife of another.”

The Sultan *Adbim* spake this, with a Firmness and Resolution which astonished every Hearer, though they were ignorant of the Cause; and as he left off speaking, he ascended the Throne, commanding the Eunuchs to spare no Pains, in succouring the beauteous *Kaphira*.

In

In the mean Time he dispatched *Abelidab*, the Chief of the Eunuchs, to request the Presence of *Mirglip* in the Divan, and as the good young Man entered, “ *Mirglip*, said he, behold thy “ Sister *Kaphira* !”

Mirglip, elated at the Words of the Sultan, ran towards his Sister, who was then reviving from her Faintness; and taking her from the Arms of the young Man, he embraced his Sister *Kaphira*.

Kaphira looked on him with a Look of Tenderness, and with a deep Sigh said, “ From “ whence comest thou, O *Mirglip* my Brother !”

After a tender Interview between *Mirglip* and *Kaphira*, the Sultan asked *Mirglip*, “ Whether “ he knew the young Man who attended his “ Sister ?”

“ Author of all my Joys, answered *Mirglip*, “ I remember well the Face of this noble Youth, “ and am surprised that my Sultan recollects “ not the Features of *Bereddan* the Son of *Holam*, who came to inform you, at the Dervise’s, of the Rebellion of *Lemack*.”

“ Just *Alla*, said *Adbim*, starting, I am indeed blind, not to acknowledge the friendly “ Offices of *Bereddan*, to whose faithful “ Services I owe my Crown and Life.”

“ *Bereddan*, continued the Sultan, lead away “ the beauteous *Kaphira*, I ask no more; doubt-

“less you have the Permission of *Pbesoj Ecneps*,
 “and to suspect your Faith were Cruelty and
 “Injustice.”

“Indeed, replied *Mirglip*, he has ; ten Days
 “since, the young Nobleman returned to us in
 “the Groves of my Father, and told us, he had
 “in vain followed the Steps of *Adbim* his
 “Sultan ; but that, journeying through the
 “Forest of *Goruou*, he had espied the fair *Kaphira*
 “a Prisoner to Enchantment ; and engaged,
 “if my Father would reward his Love, to re-
 “lease her from the Tyrannies of *Falri*.”

“The good old Dervise willingly consented,
 “and *Bereddan* flew from the Groves in search
 “of *Kaphira* ; his Success we knew not, but
 “seeing him here with *Kaphira*, we doubt not
 “but he hath well deserved the Love of our
 “Sister.”

The fair *Kaphira* looked in Amaze on *Mirglip*
 as he spoke, and clasping her Hands and lifting
 them to Heaven, “O *Alla*, said she, defend me!”

The Sultan, who would not trust his Eyes to-
 ward her, fearing their well known Influence,
 was, however, somewhat confounded at the Pre-
 ference which *Kaphira* had payed to *Bereddan*,
 after the sweet Converse he had enjoyed with her
 in the Forest ; but he concluded, that Gratitude,
 and her Father's Promise, had bound her to
Bereddan,

Bereddan, and he resolved to sustain the mighty Shock with Firmness and Intrepidity.

But the Resolutions of *Adbim* were vain; Love, mighty Love, possessed his Frame; and though his Mind resolved to suffer, yet his Body sunk a Prey to his contending Passions.

The Emirs seeing their Sultan fall, crowded eagerly to release him; and *Kaphira* shrieked aloud at his Fate, and had *Bereddan* suffered her, she would have ran the first to support her Lord.

By Degrees the Sultan recovered, and turning toward *Bereddan*, "Cruel Emir, said he, forbear, far hence lead thy rich Prize; and thou, O Prophet, learn me to forget myself and her."

The Sorcerer *Falri*, who had personated *Bereddan*, to deceive the good Dervise and destroy the Peace of *Adbim*, exulted in his Success, and led away the unwilling fair One through the Divan, blessing *Adbim* aloud for his disinterested Justice.

The Crowd saw with Rage, the sham young Emir hastening away; and had not the noble Virtue of *Adbim* awed their Minds, they had sacrificed the false *Bereddan* to their Resentment.

As *Bereddan* passed along, the abject *Lemack* rose from the Earth, whither he had cast himself after his Condemnation, and turning to *Adbim*,

“ Disposer of my Being, and just Judge of
 “ *Persia*, said he, swear to forgive thy Slave his
 “ Iniquities, and I will unravel to thee such a
 “ Scene of Sorcery, as shall release *Kaphira*
 “ from him, who now bears her away.”

“ Speak then, Viziari, said *Adbim* hastily, and
 “ relieve my Doubts, and I swear to reward
 “ thee with thy Life.”

“ Seize on the sham *Bereddan* instantly, re-
 “ plied *Lemack*.”

The Words of *Lemack* were needless, for the
 Crowd in the Divan had seized him the Moment
Lemack began to speak.

The Sorcerer *Falri* perceiving, that his false
 Friend *Lemack* was about to betray him, be-
 gan to mutter his Incantments, but he found
 a superior Power withheld him, and the Spirits
 who had served him, remained deaf to his secret
 Incantations.

Instantly the *Genius Nadan* appeared in the
 Divan, and turning to *Adbim*,

“ Prince, said she, fear not, for *Lemack*
 “ having given up *Falri*, his Sorceries will no
 “ longer protect him.”

“ Speak then, O *Lemack*, said the Sultan to
 “ him, and discover to thy Prince, by what
 “ Artifice has *Falri* prevailed on the beauteous
 “ *Kaphira* to listen to him !”

“ First,

“ First, answered *Lemack*, let these Bonds
 “ be taken from me, which ill become the
 “ Friend of *Adbim*, and the Man who alone
 “ could restore *Kaphira* to his Arms.”

The Spectators were enraged at the insolent
 Change, and saw again with Fear the deadly
 Spark of Malice issue from his Eye, and his
 Brows knit with surly Importance.

“ Release him, Guards, continued *Adbim*,
 “ but watch well his malicious Cunning, lest
 “ some of my Subjects curse the Hour of his
 “ Freedom. But hear me, wretched *Lemack*,
 “ said the Sultan, take heed that Truth, a
 “ long neglected Guest, come from thy Lips.”

“ On Truth, said *Lemack*, hangs my just
 “ Reward ; then hear me Sultan : By thy Arts
 “ o’erthrown, and bound in yonder Dungeon,
 “ this *Falri*, by his Inchantment contrived to
 “ see me, and told me, by what Artifice he
 “ meant to ruin *Adbim*’s Peace.

“ First likethyself, arrayed with *Adbim*’s Visage
 “ and with *Adbim*’s Form, he wandered round his
 “ own Domains, seeking *Kaphira*, whom, by her
 “ Ring conceled, he sought in vain, till the artless
 “ Virgin, supposing he was *Adbim*, discovered
 “ herself to him. By easy, smooth, and flat-
 “ tering Discourse, he soon prevaled upon her
 “ to yield herself to him, and brought her in
 “ Disguise beyond the Power of *Nadan*. Then
 “ personating

398 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ personating *Bereddan*, whom he had caught
 “ wandering in Search of his royal Master, and
 “ confined in his beastly Cave, he went to
 “ *Phesoj Ecneps*’s happy Groves, and with a well
 “ told Tale, allured the unsuspecting Dervise to
 “ promise him his Daughter.

“ His Plan thus happily succeeding, he en-
 “ tered the Cottage, where before he had left
 “ *Kaphira*, and now, no longer *Adhim*, but the
 “ *Iham Bereddán*, he claims her Vow of Marri-
 “ age; she, affrighted, declares her Innocence;
 “ and *Falri*, under a Pretence of Justice, brings
 “ her to the solemn Divan, hoping to blast the
 “ Pleasures of my Sultan, and to make his just
 “ Resolves the Occasion of his future Tor-
 “ ment; a Feat indeed well worthy of his Ma-
 “ lice, but of little Comfort to poor *Lemack*’s
 “ Heart, who, bound by ignominious Chains,
 “ was left to perish like a cast-off Garment.
 “ Indeed he promised fair, bid me not doubt,
 “ and preached up Faith to one who never yet
 “ would credit Heaven; told me I should
 “ again enjoy the *Persian* Empire, and fed me
 “ with an empty Tale, thinking I would not
 “ help myself, when fit Occasion served.

“ Yes, false Deceiver, continued *Lemack*,
 “ shaking his Hand at *Falri*, with all thy Cun-
 “ ning hast thou yet to learn, a wise and cautious
 “ Man will never suffer to oblige his Friend.

“ Born

“ Born for myself alone, I move not at another’s.
 “ Beck, unless I see my own Advantage move
 “ where I do.”

“ Base, wretched *Lemack*, said *Adbim* sternly,
 “ blast not the Face of Justice with thy odious
 “ Speech, nor triumph in the Life which Ingrati-
 “ tude has obtained thee. From Self alone,
 “ and not from publick Virtue, rises the In-
 “ former’s Tale; a Curse to those who trust him,
 “ and the Scorn even of those his Meanness be-
 “ nefits: Go then, vile Wretch, detested by thy
 “ Friends, despised by all Mankind, with last-
 “ ing Infamy be branded, till sick of Life,
 “ and weary of your Vileness, you curse the
 “ ungenerous Means which lengthened out your
 “ Shame.”

As *Adbim* spake, *Lemack* looked pale with
 Rage, and struck with just Confusion, answered
 not, but limping forth, he left the Divan,
 knowing not where to turn, or hide his Head
 from the just Fury of the Multitude, who fol-
 lowed at his Heels with Hisses and Imprecations.

In the mean Time, the Sultan proceeded to
 pass Judgment on the Sorcerer *Falri*, but here the
Genius Nadan interposed.

“ *Falri*, O Sultan, said *Nadan*, though now
 “ confined by my Charms, is nevertheless not
 “ subject to a Mortal’s Power; for he must ever
 “ live, while foul Excess and bloated Luxury
 “ controul

“ controul Mankind : However, Prince, thus
 “ far thy Sentence shall extend, to drive him
 “ from thy Kingdom and the *Persian* Empire.”

“ If such my Doom, said *Falri*, release me,
 “ *Genius*, and I will fly far hence away, to
 “ some *European* Clime, where Art and Sci-
 “ ence shall but live for me, and Commerce
 “ raise her swelling Sails, to bring Varieties to
 “ feast my dainty Palate.”

Thus spake the Sorcerer, and changed into
 his natural Form ; he spread his foul black Pi-
 nions to the Air, then waving them aloft,

“ *Persia*, said he, farewell ; high pampered
 “ by fair *Albion*’s Luxuries, I’ll soon forget thy
 “ simple, uninviting Diet !”

“ And now, said the *Genius Nadan*, leading
 “ *Kaphira* toward *Adhim*, receive, O Prince,
 “ the just Reward of all thy Toils, and haste
 “ to bless the lingering Sight of the good Der-
 “ vise with his Daughter ; and remember, that
 “ every Joy you feel with fair *Kaphira*, was
 “ honest *Mirglip*’s Gift.”

Nadan having finished his Tale, bowed be-
 fore the Throne of the Sage *Iracagem*, and that
 faithful Instructor arose, and returned his
 Salute.

“ Bounteous *Nadan*, said the sage *Iracagem*, we
 “ are indebted to you for much Instruction, who
 “ have

“ have blended the Doctrines of Temperance,
 “ with the Exercise of Justice; and taught our
 “ listening Pupils, the Love of virtuous Friend-
 “ ship, and the sweet Rewards which rise from ge-
 “ nerous and from noble Actions. Nor have we
 “ more to teach, nor they more to hear. Hark,
 “ friendly *Genii*, the Charm is broken! Our
 “ Mansion totters on its mouldering Base! The
 “ fleeting Scene rolls far away, and all the visi-
 “ onary Dream dissolves!”

“ Kind Reader! The *Genii* are no more,
 “ and *Horam* but the Phantom of my Mind,
 “ speaks not again; Fiction himself, and Fiction
 “ all he seemed to write; nor useless shall his
 “ Life be deemed by those, who blush at worse
 “ than Pagan Vices in enlightened Climes.

“ In friendly Guise these Sheets were written
 “ to lead thee unto Virtue; and the proud,
 “ gaudy Trappings of the *East*, with all its wild
 “ romantick Monsters, have risen far above
 “ their usual Sphere, to serve the Cause of mo-
 “ ral Truth. But then perchance you’ll ask,
 “ What shall that Truth avail, now all the
 “ beauteous Wildness is no more, which was
 “ the Spring and Mover of this Pagan Virtue?
 “ The *Genii* all are fled, who watched attendant
 “ the virtuous Mind, and crown’d it with Suc-
 VOL. II. F f f cess;

“ cess; and the Reward ceasing, the Incentive
 “ to noble Actions ceases with it.

“ If then, you will yet spare me a few Mo-
 “ ments, and listen to me, I trust you shall not
 “ long lament the Loss of *Horam*, and his
 “ friendly *Genii*; for were the Foundations of
 “ Morality laid only in Phantom and Imagi-
 “ nation, Persuasion would be so fruitless, that
 “ every moral Writer, dissatisfied with his ill
 “ Success, might justly cast his Works into the
 “ Flames.

“ Prepare then for a Scene more worthy of
 “ your Sight than human Fancy could conceive,
 “ a Scene tremendous ! wonderful ! and great !
 “ full of Mercy and of Truth, where Heaven it-
 “ self inclines to Earth, and God becomes an
 “ Offering for Mankind !

“ Behold the moral Veil rent in twain, and
 “ from thick Clouds of Darkness, the Sun of
 “ Righteousness arise ! Behold Death nailed on
 “ the Cross, and Mercy springing from the
 “ Grave ! Redemption brought to Man by an
 “ heavenly Being, far superior to Angels or
 “ ministering Spirits; and the Voice of God
 “ declared to us by his Son, whom he hath ap-
 “ pointed Heir of all Things; by whom also
 “ he made the Worlds; who being the Bright-
 “ ness of his Glory, and the express Image of
 “ his

“ his Person, and upholding all Things by the
 “ Word of his Power, when he had by himself
 “ purged our Sins *on the Cross*, sat down on the
 “ right Hand of the Majesty on high ; being
 “ made so much better than the Angels, as he
 “ hath by Inheritance, obtained a more excellent
 “ Name than they.

“ We then may make an happy Exchange
 “ from Pagan Blindness to Christian Verities,
 “ and look upon ourselves as Creatures dignified
 “ with Heaven’s peculiar Grace. For us cometh
 “ the wonderful Counsellor, the mighty God, the
 “ Prince of Peace ; travelling from *Edom* in
 “ the Greatness of his Strength, mighty to save,
 “ the Lord our Father, our Redeemer ; whose
 “ Name is from everlasting, whose Arm brought
 “ Salvation unto his People, and his Righteous-
 “ ness it sustained him ; who put on Righteous-
 “ ness as a Breast-Plate, and an Helmet of Salvation
 “ upon his Head ; the Garments of Vengeance for
 “ Clothing, and was clad with Zeal as a Cloak ;
 “ who preached good Tidings unto the Meek,
 “ who came to bind up the Broken-hearted, to
 “ proclaim Liberty to the Captive, and the
 “ Opening of the Prison to them that are bound ;
 “ our Sun shall no more go down, neither shall
 “ our Moon withdraw itself, for the Lord is our
 “ everlasting Light, and God our Glory.

404 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ Fear not then Worm of *Jacob*, and ye Men
 “ of *Israel*; fear not ye who are come to the
 “ Brightness of his Rising; fear not ye who
 “ are the Ends of the World, for your Hearts
 “ shall be enlarged, and ye shall see the Salva-
 “ tion of the Lord; for ye have an Advocate
 “ with the Father, who is above all, and over
 “ all, even *Jesus Christ*, the righteous Son of
 “ God.

“ To have God for our Friend, is more noble
 “ and satisfactory than the Mediation of de-
 “ parted Souls or ministering Spirits. To have
 “ Heaven for our Comforter, and the Holy
 “ Spirit for our Guide and Director, is far supe-
 “ rior to the Assistance of *Genii* or any interme-
 “ diate Being.

“ The meanest Christian is far above the most
 “ exalted Heathen; though clothed in Poverty,
 “ he who sanctifieth upholds him, and he who
 “ justifieth hath been sacrificed for him. He is
 “ greater than Kings, and mightier than the
 “ Princes of the Earth, for he is the Temple of
 “ God, and the Spirit of the Lord dwelleth in
 “ him.

“ How greatly then are we beloved of God,
 “ and the Children of Mercy, through the
 “ Light of that bounteous Religion, which is
 “ the Gift of an all-powerful Father, of an all-
 “ merciful

“ merciful Mediator, and of an all-sanctifying
“ Spirit. What new Worlds of Bliss do these
“ sacred Truths open to our dim, faded Sight?
“ What Scenes of endless Glory do they un-
“ fold before the faithful Eyes of those who
“ seek the Christian Law of Truth? Thrones,
“ not tottering, but triumphant and everlasting!
“ Powers, Principalities, and Dominions, not
“ gained by Conquest and the Sword, but the
“ sweet Reward of duteous Faith and Love!
“ Myriads of Angels singing their Heart-felt
“ Hosannas of Praise and Thanksgiving, and
“ conquering Armies of Martyrs, who have
“ subdued the World by Patience, Long-suffer-
“ ing, and Faith unshaken! All these, and
“ Glories unspeakable inconceivable, Blessings
“ unbounded and everlasting, shall be the Por-
“ tion of the pious and faithful Christian, when
“ even the Earth itself shall pass away as a Scroll
“ before the Wind, and moulder into Atoms
“ like a Moth fretted Garment!

“ In that awful Moment, how glorious shall
“ the Faithful appear, when the omnipotent Sa-
“ viour, clothed with a Vesture, dipped in his
“ own meritorious Blood, and having on his
“ Thigh a Name written, KING OF
“ KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS!
“ shall say unto them, Come, ye Blessed of my
“ Father,

406 THE TALES OF THE GENII.

“ Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for
“ you from the Foundation of the World ;
“ enter into the eternal Joy of your Lord, and
“ become the *Sons and Daughters of the Lord*
“ *Almighty !*

F I N I S.

6 MA 57



